

THE LIFE OF
EDWARD WHITE BENSON



1883. 1883.

Dr. Samuel:

1883.

THE LIFE OF
DWARD WHITE BENSON
SOMETIME ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

BY HIS SON
ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON
OF ETON COLLEGE

*"Not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake, having
the same conflict which ye saw in me, and now hear to be in me."*

NEW EDITION, ~~ABRIDGED~~

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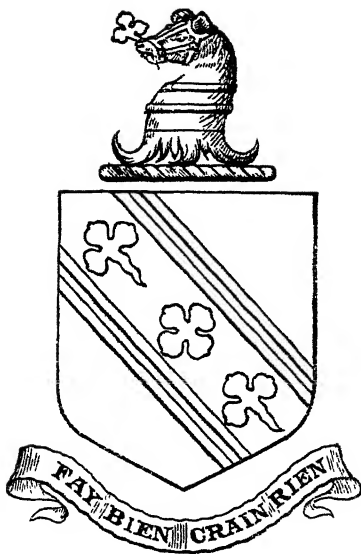
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To My Mother.

*To her who loved him best, whom he loved best ;
To her, who gave her life to guard, to tend,
To comfort ; loving wife, deep-hearted friend,
True comrade, to the threshold of his rest :—
Not with unreasoning worship softly drest
To please his mood, but subtly wise to blend
Large love with tender counsel, to unbend
The anxious brow, and cheer the labouring breast.*

*Therefore, because to-day the sacred fires
Of Love and Loss burn gently, fragrantly,
I who have drawn his likeness, drawn with tears,
Proud tears, and infinite longings, great desires,
The loving labour of laborious years
In love, in hope, I consecrate to thee.*



ARCHBISHOP BENSON'S ARMS.

PREFACE TO THE ABRIDGED EDITION.

IN the present edition of my father's biography, which is abridged from the first two-volume issue, I have aimed at retaining all that is necessary to present the story of his life and to illustrate the development of his character. Little has been rewritten, but I have had reluctantly to omit many interesting letters and reminiscences, which would have been out of proportion in the present volume, and which considerations of space made it impossible to include. Moreover, several chapters have been greatly abridged; such subjects as the Natal Controversy, Parliamentary Work, relations with Colonial Churches, were treated with a fulness of detail in the earlier volumes which is impossible in the smaller space at my disposal now. Any reader who wished to follow up an episode more minutely could do so by referring to the large edition.

It need hardly be said that a work of this kind could not possibly have been undertaken or carried through without the cordial sympathy and active assistance of my father's dear friends and fellow-labourers. In the first edition I printed a long list of friends and helpers to whom special thanks were due—and I cannot express my gratitude too strongly for the affectionate patience with which they answered my enquiries, and for the eager

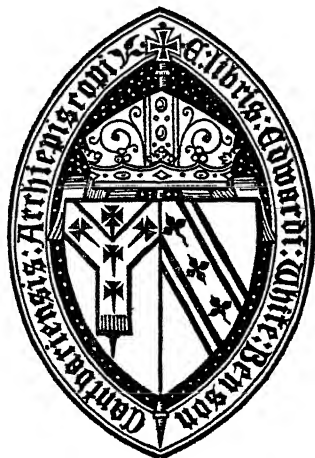
warmth and unfailing sympathy with which they met. But besides those to whom I owe particular thanks, there are innumerable other friends who have given me most ready and willing aid; and I can only express regret that I have not space to extend still further my list of benefactors. Of my mother's sympathy and assistance, this is perhaps not the place to speak, but any reader of the book will see how much I owe her all through; and I may also add that I could hardly have accomplished my task at all, if it had not been for the loving help given me by my sister, who not only offered very many fruitful suggestions, but largely cooperated with me in the arrangement and construction of the second volume of the edition.

In the present edition my thanks are due in the first place to Her Majesty the Queen, for the gracious mission accorded me to publish both letters of her father written to my father, and also other documents of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, for a similar privilege granted to the Bishop of Durham, for his deeply-valued contribution to the Bishop of Winchester, who has given me the most generous assistance and wise criticism throughout. Canon C. B. Hutchinson and Mr Edmund Gosse, have supplied me with interesting reminiscences of Chancellor Dibdin, who has not only put his essay at my disposal, but has given me much help in a special and technical kind. For valuable contributions of careful advice, or the loan of important letters, I am indebted to Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, the Lady Mabel Lindsay, Miss Wordsworth, Mr H. Lee Warner, Professor H. J. Sidgwick¹, the Rev. Arthur Carr, the Bishop of St Asaph, Canon F. E. Carter, the Rev. J. A. Reeve, of Llandudno, the Rev. Professor Mason, Viscount Halifax, the Bishop of Natal, Lord Ashcombe, Lord Stanmore, the

¹ Professor Sidgwick died Aug. 28th, 1900.

Chancellor Crowfoot, the Rev. Chancellor Worlledge, the Very Rev. A. J. Macleane, Dr A. W. Verrall, the Rev. C. W. Penny¹, the Rev. L. J. White-Thomson, the Rev. Prebendary Tucker, Miss Hutchinson, Mrs Margoliouth, Mr Athelstan Riley, the Rev. Colin Campbell, the Rev. E. L. Ridge, the Editor and Proprietor of the *Quarterly Review*, and all others who in response to my appeal sent me letters and papers of interest. To my cousin, William Hatchett Jackson, of Keble College, Oxford, who has assisted me with the proofs and given me much useful information; to Mrs Rendle, who has compiled the Index; to Mr F. E. B. Duff, of King's College, Cambridge, and to my friend, Hugh R. E. Childers, of the Inner Temple, who revised, verified, and corrected the book throughout.

¹ Mr Penny died March 30th, 1898.



ARCHBISHOP BENSON'S BOOKPLATE.

EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

WHEN I was beginning to consider the possibility of writing a Memoir of my father, I received the following letter from the Bishop of Durham, to whom a common friend had written saying that he had dissuaded me from attempting it :

AUCKLAND CASTLE,
BISHOP AUCKLAND.
Dec. 29, 1896

MY DEAR ARTHUR,

I feel very strongly that it would be almost 'impossible' for any one to attempt to write your father's Life but you. The work comes to you as a sacred charge. Every one who has knowledge will feel the same.

Forgive me for writing. It will be a great and difficult task, but it is your work.

Ever yours affectionately,
B. F. DUNELM.

These words, from one of my father's oldest and dearest friends, practically removed any doubts I had entertained on the subject. I accordingly made up my mind to attempt the task. I have been marvellously assisted by certain conditions ; (1) by the perfect order in which my father kept his letters and papers ; (2) by the readiness with which his friends and contemporaries contributed their recollections ; and (3) by the extreme fullness with which in later days he wrote in his Diary the daily events of his life, so that the account of his Primacy is mainly autographical ; indeed, the existence of this Diary, which is one of the most complete and candid documents which it has ever been my lot to study, made the relation of the years of his Primacy a comparatively easy task.

I may perhaps say a word further of the Diary : not a quarter of what my father wrote is here given : for many reasons it would be impossible, consistently with the exercise of a seemingly discre-

to publish it in full in the present generation ; but it is so minute in detail, so frankly outspoken in criticism and appreciation, and reveals so deep a devotion and so eager a character, that I cannot help hoping that it may eventually be possible to give more of it to the world.

Up till the time of his acceptance of the Primacy my father was brought into connection with interesting people, but not with public events; he was not given to wasting much time in ambitious reveries; the work that he was engaged in, the position that he occupied, always, most characteristically, appeared to him to be the most important work and the most momentous position in England. His biography is simply the history of an intensely vivid nature, touching life at many points—through antiquity, history, art, religion, literature and tradition, and throwing itself with equal ardour into all. The day was never long enough for my father, and even at night he lived in fantastic and fiery dreams.

There appeared to be no choice between slowly and gradually evolving an elaborate work, which should be a minute contribution to the ecclesiastical history of the time,—and for that my professional life as well as my own capacity afforded little opportunity—and sketching in broad outlines and rapid strokes, with as much living detail as possible, a biographical portrait. I have therefore not hurried the reader through the earlier years, in order to expand the more eventful scenes of the Primacy, but have endeavoured to let the life reveal the gradual growth in holiness, in purpose, and in wisdom which by degrees of grace fitted my father to wield a great influence, to direct a huge organisation, and to inspire potent ideals. It seemed better to attempt to draw as careful a picture of my father's life and character as possible, and to touch on events through the medium of personality rather than reveal personality through events; and it has seemed the truest piety to preserve as far as possible the due proportions of light and shade in the biography; if the attitude I have adopted may seem almost too detached or critical, I honoured and loved my father too much to be misunderstood by any who knew what our relations were. As to reticence, I hold that I discharge a greater duty by drawing a true picture of a man of intense vigour and decision, of eager life and lively faith, in these uncertain, frivolous and restless days, than if I held my tongue and allowed his radiant example to appeal only to the narrower circle of those whose privilege it was to know and love that stately presence, that commanding look, and that swift and generous spirit while it was still with us on earth.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE *pages* vii—ix

EXTRACT FROM PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION *pages* x, xi

CHAPTER I. (1829—1848.)

Ancestors and family history—Childhood—School-days at Birmingham—Dr Prince Lee—Correspondence with J. B. Lightfoot—Holiday Tutorship in Scotland 1—27

CHAPTER II. (1848—1859.)

Cambridge—First visit to London—College life and friendships—Deaths of his mother and sister—Unitarian relations—Mr Francis Martin—Cambridge distinctions—Reading-party at the Lakes—Chancellor's Medal—Rugby—The Sidgwicks—His colleagues—Visit to Rome—Ordination—Offer of Lectureship at Trinity—Dr Temple—Offer of the Headmastership of Wellington College—Tour in Germany—Marriage—Reminiscences of Rugby days . . . 28—65

CHAPTER III. (1859—1865.)

Wellington College—Buildings—Opening—Duties of the Headmaster—The Chapel—Bishop Wilberforce—Charles Kingsley—Discipline—Teaching—Dr Verrall's Reminiscences—Letters . . 66—98

CHAPTER IV. (1865—1873.)

Home-life—Ecclesiastical influences—The Wordsworths—Prebendary of Lincoln—Holidays with Wordsworths—Miss Wordsworth's

Reminiscences—Letters—Dr Temple's appointment to Exeter—Offer of the living of Dorking—Vacant Headmastership of Rugby—Death of Bishop Prince Lee—Visit to Stonyhurst—Offer of the Chancellorship of Lincoln—Installation—The last Speech-day—The last Sunday
99—131

CHAPTER V.

Literary—The *Concio*—Lyrics 132—137

CHAPTER VI. (1873—1876.)

Lincoln—The Chancery—Work at Lincoln—Night-schools—*Cancellarii Scholae*—Canon Crowfoot's Reminiscences—Mission—Offer of Hulsean Professorship—Offer of the Bishopric of Calcutta
138—155

CHAPTER VII. (1876—1878.)

Truro—Foundation of See—Offer of Bishopric—Letters—Leaving Lincoln—Kenwyn—Lis Escop—Consecration—Enthronement—Pastoral tours—Death of his eldest son Martin . . . 156—177

CHAPTER VIII. (1878—1881.)

Truro Cathedral—Laying the Foundation Stone—Letters—Convocation—Diary—Home-life—Diocesan tours—Lyric . . . 178—199

CHAPTER IX. (1881—1883.)

Letters from Truro—Holiday at Davidstowe—Reminiscences of J. A. Reeve—Illness and death of Archbishop Tait—Offer of the Primacy—Letters—Primacy accepted—Farewell speech—Farewell sermon at Kenwyn 200—227

CHAPTER X.

Addington—Study—Chapel—Lambeth Palace—Personal appearance—Conversation—Argument—Table-talk—Habits of life—Arrangements of day—Work—Sundays—Economy and liberality—Love of detail—Feudal instincts—Family life—Poem . . . 228—268

CHAPTER XI. (1883—1885.)

The Diary—Visit to the Queen—Enthronement—Opening of Lincoln—Visit to Yorkshire—Dovedale—Franchise Bill—Additions to Ladies—Views on the position of Women—Bishop Templeton—Death of Bishop Wordsworth—Restoration of Peterborough—Revised Version—Switzerland—General Election of 1885—Literary work—Ecclesiastical Courts—Patronage—Clergy Discipline—Benefices Bill 265

CHAPTER XII. (1885—1887.)

Illness—House of Laymen—Bamborough Castle—Tour in Holland and Belgium—Jubilee—Sonnet on St Paul—The Lakes—Consecration of Truro Cathedral—Eastern Churches—Bishopric of Jerusalem—Assyrian Church—The Assyrian Mission 301

CHAPTER XIII. (1888.)

Diary and Letters—The Sweating System—Cambridge—Lambeth Conference—Visit to Scotland—With Lightfoot and wife at Braemar—Bishop Lightfoot's illness—Attitude towards Symbolism and Ritualism—Letters on Worship 333

CHAPTER XIV. (1889—1890.)

Visit to Lightfoot—The Shah—His sixtieth birthday—Visit to Mr Spurgeon—Switzerland—Visitation Charge, *Christ and His Church*—Death of Bishop Lightfoot—Death of Robert Browning—Birmingham Bishopric—*Lux Mundi*—Dr Westcott to Durham—Switzerland—Professor Tyndall—Death of his eldest daughter and brother 355

CHAPTER XV.

The Lincoln Trial—The Archbishop's Court—Jurisdiction—Proceedings—The Judgment—The Appeal—Survey by Professor Sidgwick 383

CHAPTER XVI. (1890—1892.)

At Reigate—Death of Archbishop Thomson—Letter from the Prince of Wales on Gambling—At Pontresina—Welsh Disestablishment—Church Congress at Rhyl—Tour in North Africa—Carthage—Death of Duke of Clarence—Peterborough—Wellington College—Yorkshire—In Scotland—Foreign Missions—S.P.G.—C.M.S.—Mahomedanism—Scientific basis for Mission work—Caste—Position of the Archbishop of Canterbury—Natal 425—464

CHAPTER XVII. (1893—1894.)

Florence—Villa Palmieri—Church Defence—Albert Hall Meeting—Marriage of Duke of York—Birmingham Church Congress—Diffusion of Church Knowledge—Work—Florence—Bishops' Manifesto on Welsh Church—A survey 465—487

CHAPTER XVIII. (1894.)

Reunion—Rapprochement with Rome—Lord Halifax and the Abbé Portal—Visit to Baron's Down—The Proposal—Correspondence with Lord Halifax—Anglican Orders—*Ad Anglos*—The Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*—The Archbishop's intended reply 488—523

CHAPTER XIX. (1895—1896.)

Florence—Armenia—Death of Lord Selborne—The General Election—A Diocesan tour—Mr Gladstone at Hams—Mr Gosse at Addington—Ordination—Visit to Eton—Wedding of Princess Maud—Visit to Ireland 524—548

CHAPTER XX.

Character—Vigour and vitality—Puritan elements—Artistic strain—Duchess of Bedford's description—Bishop Baynes' description—Prayer—Bishop Westcott's sketch of the development of the Archbishop's life—Gradual growth 549—575

CHAPTER XXI. (AUTUMN, 1896.)

Ireland—Hawarden—Death—Funeral 576—586

INDEX 587—601

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Archbishop Benson, 1883	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Archbishop Benson's Arms	<i>p. vi</i>
Archbishop Benson's Bookplate	<i>p. ix</i>
Three Miniatures: Mr Christopher Benson, Captain White Benson, and Mrs William Sidgwick	<i>facing p. 2</i>
No. 72, Lombard Street, Birmingham. The house where the Archbishop was born	" 4
E. W. Benson (sen.), the Archbishop's father	" 5
The Gatehouse, Skipton Castle	<i>p. 6</i>
Silhouettes of Edward White Benson (sen.) and Harriet (Baker) Benson, the father and mother of the Archbishop	<i>facing p. 9</i>
The Archbishop as a boy, circa 1841	<i>p. 13</i>
Headmaster's desk, King Edward's School, Birming- ham	<i>facing p. 17</i>
The Archbishop's rooms in the New Court, Trinity College, Cambridge	<i>p. 47</i>
The Archbishop as a young man, after a sketch made by L. Saulini, Rome, 1855	<i>facing p. 53</i>
Wellington College, Berks	" 66
Chapel at Wellington College	" 72
Edward White Benson, Headmaster of Wellington College, 1867.	" 100
The Chancery, Lincoln	" 138
Edward White Benson, Chancellor of Lincoln, 1876	" 145
Lis Escop, Kenwyn, Truro	" 161
Old St Mary's Church, Truro, circa 1877	" 178
Truro Cathedral, East End	" 184
The Archbishop in his study at Addington, circa 1890	" 230
The Garden Front, Lambeth Palace	" 232
The Archbishop at Addington, on his mare Columba	" 253
The Choir, Truro Cathedral	" 317
Addington Park, 1896	" 380
At the Villa Palmieri, Florence, 1895	" 525
The Archbishop's body resting in Hawarden Church	" 583
The Archbishop's grave in the N.W. aisle of the nave of Canterbury Cathedral	" 584
The Archbishop's Monument	" 586

CHAPTER I.

FAMILY; EARLY YEARS; SCHOOL LIFE.

*" Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum."* HORACE.

" Tela manu jam tum tenera puerilia torsi." VIRGIL.

THE Archbishop was descended from a stock of Yorkshire yeomen—"dalesmen" to give them their proper name—"the rude forefathers of the hamlet"—"simple persons," as Michel Angelo said, "who wore no gold on their garments."

The earliest ancestor discoverable is a certain Thomas Benson, Ranger or *Forestarius* of the Nidderdale Forest belonging to Fountains Abbey. He acquired the freehold, on the dissolution of the Abbey, of the forest lodge of Branga which he inhabited. On the small estate, now known as Banger Houses, near the secluded hamlet of Thornthwaite, in the parish of Pateley Bridge, ruled a succession of sturdy yeomen for nearly three hundred years. Then came a generation of mercantile enterprise. About the middle of the eighteenth century a Christopher Benson, who enjoyed the patriarchal title of "Old Christopher" in the dale, made a modest fortune, and acquired land and houses at Pateley Bridge, and at the end of the same century we find two of his sons, Christopher and Edward Benson, the former a substantial

York merchant, and the latter a prosperous man of business living in a prebendal house in the Close at Ripon.

Edward's eldest son, White Benson, was born at Ripon in 1777, the same year in which his father succeeded to an estate left him by Mr Francis White, the Chapter Clerk of Ripon, for no better reason than that they had often been partners in a rubber of whist.

Christopher Benson of York left two daughters, both well-endowed with this world's goods. One of them, Eleanor Sarah, married her first cousin, White Benson, the Archbishop's grandfather: the other married a large mill-owner of Skipton, Mr William Sidgwick, my mother's grandfather; thus the Archbishop and his future wife were second cousins.

White Benson, a brilliant and attractive young fellow, went into the Army, entering the 6th Royals, Warwickshire Regiment. He was the friend and boon companion of his Colonel, Prince William Frederick, afterwards Duke of Gloucester: he left the Army with the rank of Captain, having by reckless extravagance and high play dissipated a handsome fortune; his wife's estate of Harefield, close to Pateley Bridge, was sold to pay his debts. He had mild literary tastes, and published a volume of poems and ballads.

Mrs White Benson was left a young widow with an only son, Edward White Benson (1800-1843), my grandfather, a clever, sickly child; he received a careful scientific education. We hear of him going to Bishophthorpe and being petted by Archbishop Vernon Harcourt and his daughters. The boy, who little dreamed that his own son was to be Archbishop of Canterbury, left on record that the most awe-inspiring sight he had ever seen was Archbishop Vernon Harcourt of York, in his wig, descending from his carriage at the west door of York Minster.

Eventually Mrs Benson gave up her house in York and led a somewhat wandering life. She was often in London



John Lee, Esq.
 1st Regt. of Foot, 23rd May
 1757.



Captain White Benson.
 1st Regt. of Marines, 23rd May
 1757.



Mary (Carter)
 Mrs. William Carter
 from a miniature
 by Sir Godfrey Kneller, 1757.

at the house of Basil Montagu, who had married Captain Benson's sister, and it is recorded in an old letter that she met "Mr Wordsworth the poet" there. A few years later she married the Rev. Stephen Jackson, curate-in-charge of Sheldon in Warwickshire: here her son was brought up, writing and reading much, and practising chemical experiments in the production of colours. Edward White Benson, possessing a modest competence out of the wreck of his father's fortune, married young,—a Miss Harriet Baker,—and endeavoured to supplement his little income by setting up as a chemical manufacturer in Birmingham. It is curious to note that the Baker family were staunch Unitarians; but Harriet Baker joined the Church of England before her marriage to my grandfather, who was a strong Evangelical.

They were married in August 1826, and my father was born on July 14th, 1829, being the eldest child. The house in which he first saw the light was No. 72, Lombard Street, Birmingham, then a pleasant street of old-fashioned houses, with gardens; it is now overbuilt with factories.

My grandfather was an author; he published two books, *Education at Home* and *Essays on the Works of God*, besides being a contributor to scientific journals and encyclopaedias. Botany was also a hobby of his, and he was gratified by receiving the diploma of Fellow from the Royal Botanical Society of Edinburgh.

He was a considerable inventor, his chief discoveries being the "nitric acid dipping-bath" for electrotyping purposes, a process for manufacturing white-lead which is still known by his name, and several other minor inventions. But he was a most unbusiness-like man, and, though considerable fortunes were made out of at least three of his inventions, he never succeeded in acquiring any money for himself.

One of my father's earliest recollections, stamped on

his mind by childish terror, is that as he played one evening by the nursery windows in Lombard Street, Birmingham, looking out on the red-lighted windows of the laboratory,—a building, formerly a coach-house, which stood at the end of the garden,—a muffled explosion was heard, the glass of the laboratory windows flew out and descended in a tinkling shower, and a great burst of white smoke volleyed out through the panes; a moment later he saw his mother, white-faced, run down the path, and in a few minutes she returned with the laboratory assistant half leading, half supporting his father between them, his face streaming with blood, up the garden paths. Some detonating powder in a mortar had exploded; the room was all wrecked, and a ledger on the table cut in two. His father was long and seriously ill from the shock, but his eyesight was not permanently injured as, foreseeing the explosion, he had had time to shelter his face with his hands. My father had been with him in the laboratory, during the progress of the experiment, a few moments before.

Shortly after this my grandfather, wishing to augment his modest revenues, accepted the Managership of large alkali works at Stoke near Droitwich. He thereupon settled at Wychbold, a little rustic village near Droitwich, not far from the little Church of Upton, in a low irregular timbered house called Ivy Cottage, which soon proved too small for the growing family; he therefore took a farmhouse close to Wychbold called Brook House, a simple old-fashioned red-brick grange. The farm-buildings were used by a neighbouring farmer; but my grandfather retained the pleasant sunny garden, with a little ha-ha looking over some fields, at the bottom of which ran the brook from which the house took its name. There were old orchard trees all about, and a great climbing pear-tree on the wall of the dairy.

With this house most of my father's early memories



NO. 72, LOMBARD STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
THE HOUSE WHERE THE ARCHBISHOP WAS BORN.

From a drawing by Henry Tait.



E. W. BENSON (SEN.), THE ARCHBISHOP'S FATHER.

From a pencil sketch.

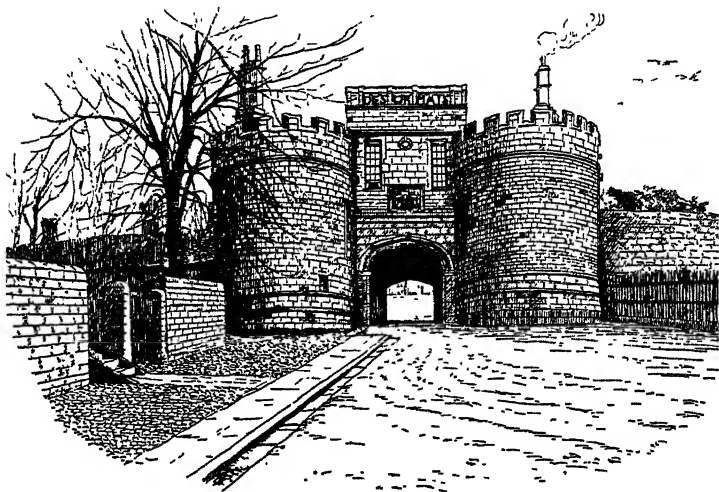
were connected. It was not a large house, there being but a parlour and dining-room, a little room upstairs, called the book-room, where my grandfather worked, and a few bed-rooms. Here my father could recollect being taken upstairs every Sunday, after the early dinner, and lifted in his father's arms, to look at an engraving of Paracelsus, a philosopher for whom my father had a great admiration and affection in later years: the picture always hung close to his desk at Addington. The worn aspect of the man with his long nose, deep-set eyes, and expression of painful expectation impressed itself very deeply on his childish mind.

My father used often to describe to us his recollections of my grandfather. He was a pale slim man with large eyes, very like his cousins the Sidgwicks—there is a strong resemblance in his portrait to Professor Henry Sidgwick. He must have been a man of great force of character; he was a strong Evangelical Churchman, and a man of singular unworldliness and piety. He was a total abstainer of an almost bigoted type; in one of his many serious illnesses he refused all stimulants, and was only saved by an energetic doctor who poured brandy down his throat when he had sunk into semi-unconsciousness. One of his characteristics was a horror, inherited by my father, of talking about money-matters, which he thought highly improper. But this reticence led afterwards to a serious catastrophe which will be related later.

Old Mrs William Sidgwick, daughter of Christopher Benson of York, my father's great-aunt, lived at Skipton, in the Castle, where my father spent many happy holidays.

She was rather a *grande dame* at Skipton and the boy was in some terror of her, though he admired and revered her greatly. But everyone was very kind to him; he paid many visits to Yorkshire in his early years, going from house to house, and his letters are full of parties and picnics, riding and shooting.

On one of these visits occurred the incident that made him for so many years of his life hold shooting



THE GATEHOUSE, SKIPTON CASTLE.

in abhorrence: he heard for the first time the piteous cry of a wounded hare shot by one of the party, I think by my father himself. He was seized with sickness, being extraordinarily sensitive to the sight of suffering, gave his gun to the keeper, and going home, registered a vow that he would never shoot again.

My father's cousin Margaret Cooper, daughter of Mr John Benson Sidgwick of Stonegappe, a country house near Skipton, writes:

The first time I saw your father was when he came to Stonegappe as a little boy in frocks and pinafores. I should think about five years old. He stayed a long time with us..... One circumstance I recollect perfectly; and have often thought of it since your father was made Archbishop. We were near the fire; William was sitting on my father's right knee, your father on a low stool at his left side—and my father said, “

wonder which of you two boys I shall see Archbishop of Canterbury." Then came various questions—"What is Archbishop of Canterbury?" and so forth.

About 1836 my father began his first lessons. His father had curious and original ideas on the subject of education, and in order to train his son in a sense of responsibility and to acquaint him with the value of time, he never prescribed any particular hours at which his lessons should be done. My grandfather breakfasted late, the asthma from which he suffered giving him often very broken nights. At breakfast he had a fancy for sitting with his legs not under the table but sideways to it, while he ate his simple meal of tea and dry toast, hearing my father his lessons meanwhile. Then the next day's lessons were set, and soon after that my grandfather set out for the works; the boy generally accompanying him and being allowed to ramble about, talk to the workmen, and ask what questions he liked. It was there that he acquired the extreme love for the conversation of simple working people which was afterwards characteristic of him.

In the course of the morning the boy had to find his way back for the early dinner, his father remaining at the works. And then for the rest of the day he was free to do his work when he liked.

He used to shut himself up in the book-room and try to work: but his attention was often distracted by the books all round the room. His aunt, Mrs Chavasse, who used often to stay with them in early days, and was a great ally of my father's, writes:

I am bound to say your grandfather's books, and above all *talking*, was a great temptation to your father. A constant cry was "now, White, *do* go on with your lessons"—"Aunt Mary Ann, just let me read you this, it is only a little bit of Southey. I shall get it off my mind and really be able to work *then*." Then came a few of White's opinions about literature in general. It was a hard task to get the lessons all done. At that time he was between 10 and 11 years of age.

One memorable winter afternoon when he was much behindhand with his work, his mother found him perched on the top of the library steps, reading Shakespeare. "Now, White," she said, "you had better finish your work"; and slipped out of the room again.

The boy, entranced by the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, read on, vowing to himself that it should only be one page more, but at last he turned a page and found a little engraving of Bottom standing in the forest glade with the ass's head on him. The picture, in the dimly lighted room, struck him dumb with horror. It never occurred to him to think of it as other than a true picture of a sentient being; such a monster then might be seen on earth, met with perhaps in the lonely lanes by Upton. He gazed on it with growing terror and at last summoned up courage to put the book back on the shelf: but he used to tell us that for weeks the thought of the picture being there, on the high shelf, was a nightmare to him, and it was not for years that he dared open the volume.

I think that this is perhaps the best place to insert a few lines from some autobiographical recollections of his childhood, written by my father at Cambridge shortly after his mother's death in 1849:

"One of the earliest if not the earliest thing in my remembrance is the being held by my mother's arm round my knees against her bosom, and looking into her face. I remember no thoughts, no words, no other remembrances even, but that she was beside a window and her face was towards the light—nothing else but a pure sensation of happiness.

"And I must have been a very young child when I used to sit upon a chair beside my mother's dressing-table, and watch her dressing her hair. My first ideas of all beauty were from my mother's face. I well remember thinking how different my own face in the looking-glass was from



SILHOUETTES OF EDWARD WHITE BENSON (SEN) AND HARRIET (BAKER) BENSON,
THE FATHER AND MOTHER OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

hers. That it was nothing but pleasure to gaze at her—while there was a misty sort of dislike to seeing myself.

“Since then I have been told that my babyish admiration of her loveliness was not misplaced. All distinctness of recollection is much later; and now I only think of her high forehead and clear eye, and the command in her lower face which has awed me many a time in my schoolboy days.

“At the Brook House, as afterwards at Winson Green, my father used to teach me Latin and Geometry and the easy parts of Algebra, while at his breakfast, and at his spare time from dinner. I made progress, but was very idle, and sadly addicted to lying; I used to be severely punished, but it was my most easily besetting sin. I can even remember monstrous figments which when quite a child I used to relate to strangers, for I was immensely talkative.”

My grandfather, finding his family growing up, began to cast about for some means of increasing his limited income, and endeavoured to turn to account some of his chemical discoveries; and he eventually went into partnership with some friends for the manufacture of white-lead in 1838. They founded the British White-Lead Company, and built large works on Birmingham Heath. My grandfather invested his whole fortune in the concern. His health at this time began to decline; he took an old house with a pleasant garden at Winson Green, some way from the Works, but finding the daily walks too much for him, moved first to Spring Hill in Birmingham, and finally into a small house in the Works, which had been built for a Manager. In this house my father's life was mainly spent, till he left school. He used to speak of the Works as being then quite in the country, with much open, even wild, ground all about. He used to recall with particular delight the adjacent canal where water-flags grew luxuriantly.

The business at first prospered, but eventually in 1842, owing to insufficient capital, the Company failed; the worry told on my grandfather's health, never very strong, and in Feb. 1843 he died, rather suddenly, after enduring horrible sufferings, from an internal tumour.

On his death the partners made an arrangement with my grandmother greatly to her disadvantage, though kindly meant.

They offered her the house for life, and in lieu of the income that my grandfather received as partner, they gave her an annuity to terminate with her life. It was an unfortunate thing that she accepted it, but she shared my grandfather's views about money, and took exactly what was offered her. She was in strong health herself and no doubt thought that she would eventually be able to save money: the Works were closed, but my grandmother retained the house, and the children had the run of the disused buildings.

In a little room that had formerly been an office, in the silent and deserted factory, my father established an Oratory; here was a table rudely draped, and stools for kneeling. The walls were hung with rubbings of brasses from neighbouring Churches; on the table stood a plain wooden Cross, made by an old carpenter and paid for out of the boy's scanty pocket-money. It is very characteristic of my father's critical love of detail that he told me what a blow it had been to him when he found that the carpenter had neatly rounded off the ends of the Cross, to make it look more finished, instead of leaving them square. Here he said the Canonical Hours daily, alone, or with some school friend—and he had several—of like tastes.

But what redeems this story from the domain of precocious sentiment is, that my father was much annoyed by surreptitious visits made to his private Chapel by his sisters, in his enforced absence at school, and to show that

Grace was not yet wholly triumphant, he made an ingenious device which automatically both recorded and avenged the advent of any intruding worshipper: he had as yet no democratic views about the right to worship, and, as he afterwards said, his interest in liturgical things was for many years mainly an aesthetic one. Still it may be noted that in one of his earliest letters, written to his uncle William Jackson, in 1843, the following postscript, dashed in hastily in his odd formal handwriting, occurs: "*Dear Uncle, if I continue to wish to be a clergyman, do you think there is any probability of it? E. W. B.*"

My father entered King Edward's School at Birmingham at the age of eleven; Mr Prince Lee, afterwards Bishop of Manchester, being Headmaster. His school life was by no means uniformly prosperous; at one time, he used to relate, he passed through a period of unmitigated wretchedness; his home education had been desultory, and he had never learnt how to manage his time; and now that he was left more to his own resources—though under a firm and kindly rule this difficulty was soon overcome,—there came a period when, as he told me, for weeks together, he was caned, he believed, every day. "White was always a pickle," wrote the sister of one of his schoolfellows.

His first form-master was the Rev. George Moyle, who grounded him well, and, as he used gratefully to say, "taught him how to work." Under the Rev. S. Gedge he made rapid progress, and seems to have then first felt the promptings of ambition.

At home, things were in a melancholy condition; the Works had been closed, and his father, whose health was miserable, was in constant pain, spent sleepless nights and suffered from great dejection of spirits. Thus the boy at the most critical period of his life lost his father's wise and affectionate control.

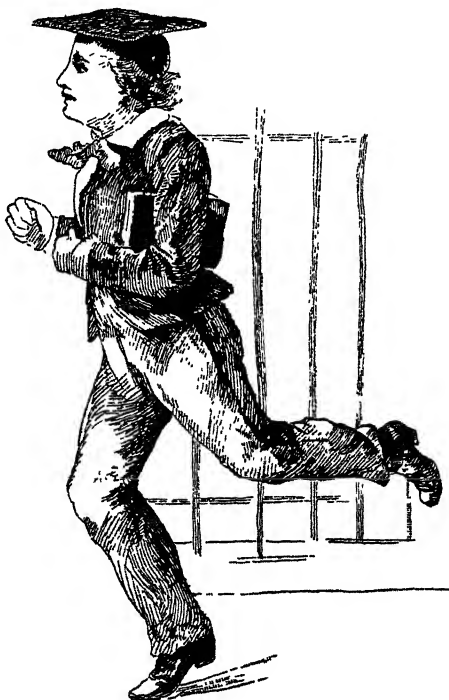
On the other hand he gained influence and self-respect

from his school friendships which gave him great delight. Brooke Foss Westcott, now Bishop of Durham, was then a senior boy, and my father has told me with what awe he used to watch the First Class round Prince Lee's desk, Westcott leaning his head on his hand, the only boy who was permitted this luxury. Owing to their respective positions in the school, my father hardly made his acquaintance while at Birmingham. But there was a boy a year older than himself, Joseph Barber Lightfoot, the late Bishop of Durham,—whose mother then lived a little way out of Birmingham,—with whom he was soon on terms of intimacy. Other friends were Fred Wickenden, afterwards a Prebendary of Lincoln, a boy keenly devoted to art and antiquities, and very dearly beloved by my father; C. B. Hutchinson, Master at Rugby and now Canon of Canterbury; Charles Evans, afterwards Headmaster of King Edward's School; E. J. Purbrick, afterwards Rector of Stonyhurst, Provincial of the English Jesuits, and now Provincial of the Jesuits in the United States; Henry Palmer, and many others. They were all day boys.

The road leading from Birmingham to the White-Lead Works at Birmingham Heath bifurcated at one point; and by the other branch of the road Lightfoot daily made his way to school; the two boys made an arrangement to meet here, waiting for each other, if there was time. The first that arrived, if the time pressed, had to place a stone in a hole in the wall as a signal that he had been there. The boys also took long walks together on the half-holidays, and explored the antiquities of the neighbourhood. They were keen theologians and discussed what they read with freedom.

I may here mention an amusing incident connected with my father's first appearance in print in the year 1842. He and Henry Palmer, mentioned above, conceived a great admiration for some questions set them weekly on the

Gospel of St Matthew by one of the masters ; they took them down, and eventually, without considering that they were not their own, had them printed at a cost of some four pounds and exposed for sale, "for the use of schools"



THE ARCHBISHOP AS A BOY, CIRCA 1841.

After a drawing by a Schoolfellow.

in a small green paper cover. This curious little book, of which I have a copy, was my father's first literary venture. Needless to say not more than a copy or two sold, and financial ruin stared them in the face. My father confessed and the money was paid ; but a correspondence on the subject may here be inserted. It is interesting to know that the reconciliation was completed.

To Henry Palmer.

SIR,

Will you be kind enough to pay Wrightsons and Webbs the half of the £3. 15s. which is owing to them for the Matthew Questions? I will pay my share; you can then do what you like with that half of the copies still remaining, which falls to your share, I will take mine. The letter which you sent me being overweight, I have had to pay 2d. for it; this you *must* have known.

You know as well as I do, that the letter in which I called you a rogue was written in joke, but as you have chosen to take it in earnest, Remember—"qui capit, ille facit," "He whom the cap fits must wear it."

I say also as you have assigned a reason why *I* am a *fool*, I will tell *you* why you are a *rogue*. You wish to break off all connection between us. Be it so. E. W. B.

H. Palmer to E. W. B.

(Reply to preceding.)

Read quickly.

Read this note as if nothing had arisen between us.

I have mistaken and wronged you in your letter, and am sorry for it, but all the same you have wronged me.

I did *not* suppose that your letter was a joke, but—knowing that your first was—I wrote one which was intended as a joke, but which from your second letter I thought you had wilfully misconstrued.

You wrong me for supposing that I wished to get out of the Matthew Questions—such a purpose never entered my thoughts—on the contrary, I have increased means of paying my share and an opportunity of very likely disposing of the *whole*.

The letter, I did *not* send overweight on purpose. I am surprised you should think so.

I do *not* wish to break off with you, and can explain why I was not disposed to receive your letter as a joke at this particular time.

You mistake and deceive yourself in your threat. If you wish to make up with me *as I do with you*, I am waiting outside to see you.

H. PALMER.

Not long after my grandfather's death, my grandmother very wisely got my father a member's ticket for the Free Library at Birmingham. He fell in with the Tracts for the

Times, and read them with avidity, finally taking out the book and reading it as he walked homewards. As he walked he heard behind him a light footstep, and looking up saw to his great surprise his mother who had walked into Birmingham. "What book have you got, White?" He handed it to her in silence, knowing that her strong Protestantism would take fright. She looked at the title and they walked on for some time in silence; presently she gave him the book back. "I don't care for the book, White, nor for the people who write such things: but I don't wish to stop you reading what you wish: only you ought to think, would your father have approved of it?" "Yes, mother, I have thought of that, and I think he *would* wish me to be acquainted with what is going on in the Church." "Very well, White, then I haven't another word to say."

When my father was in his sixteenth year an incident occurred which nearly changed the course of his whole life. A partner in a commercial house at Birmingham, who had been a personal friend of my grandfather's, hearing that Mrs Benson was not well off, wrote to her a very kind letter offering to take her eldest son into the business on very favourable terms, with an eventual prospect of a partnership: he added "it is as good as making his fortune." Mrs Benson consulted her late husband's half-brother William Jackson, who wrote to Prince Lee to ask his advice. Prince Lee replied that Benson was a boy of very great promise and should be kept at school. Mrs Benson thereupon went with William Jackson and his sister Mrs Chavasse, to call upon Prince Lee, who told her that he was confident that the boy would never make a man of business, but that he would probably do exceedingly well if he stuck to school and went to the University. The result of this was that William Jackson and John Benson Sidgwick offered to pay my father's expenses at school,

and to start him at the University, an offer which was gratefully accepted.

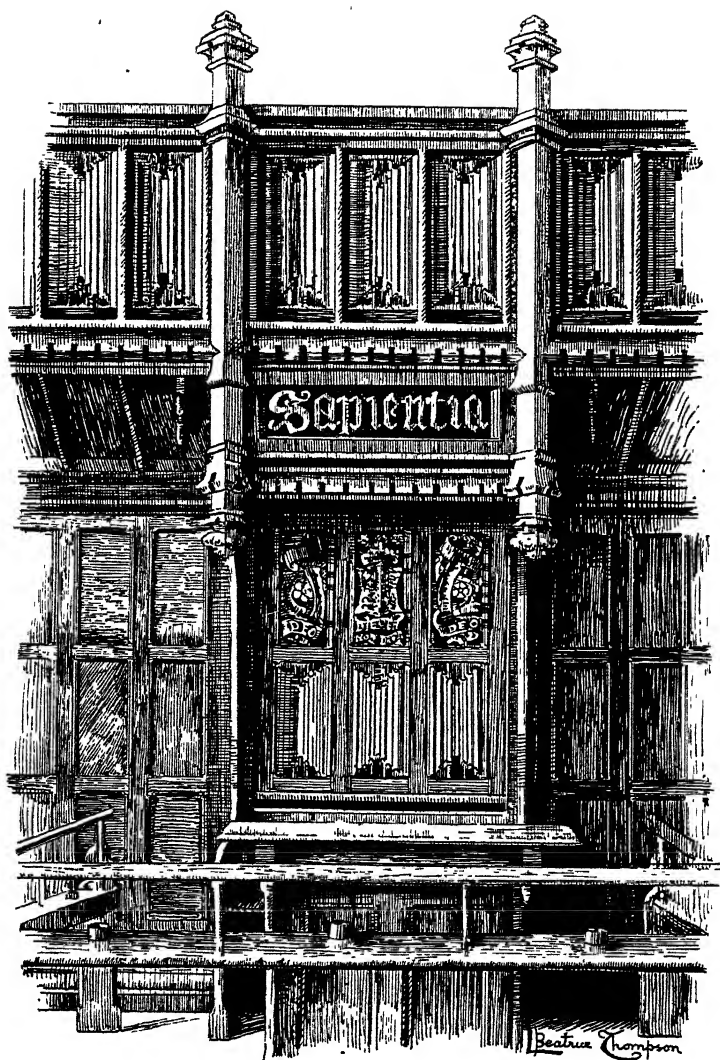
The impression which he produced on his schoolfellows was a very strong one. Canon C. B. Hutchinson, his life-long friend, writes :

He was very fond of architecture and could sketch quickly, with a light and effective touch ; and as he always read up the history and antiquities of the places or churches we visited, he was an admirable guide and companion. It was while still at school that he laid the foundation of his remarkable knowledge of Liturgies and Church Ritual ; studies that he pursued *con amore* ; for with a spirit of devotion and reverence, he united a love of order and dignity in Ceremonial : and it was a thoroughly characteristic answer that he gave to a friend who asked him "What he would like to be." "I should like to be a Canon, and recite the daily offices in my Cathedral."

His entire freedom from affectation or self-consciousness, his modesty and courtesy and consideration for others, with his constant high standard of thought and conduct, and his winning smile and sympathetic manner, secured him great influence and esteem amongst all his schoolfellows. As an illustration of the effect produced on others by the simple dignity and graciousness of his manner, a leading Physician of the Midland Counties who had invited Benson with other schoolfellows to keep his son's birthday, ventured a prophecy as he pointed at Benson—"that boy is a born courtier, and he will prove it later on." But it was not this feature that impressed his companions, though they never had a doubt that a brilliant future awaited him ; it was the feeling that there was in him something higher, purer, more spiritual than they could realise elsewhere, which made us all feel while with him that we could live a better life, frame fairer ideals, and feel more able to carry them into practice than at other times.

The influences under which my father's life were moulded were, I have shown, very various, and singularly favourable to the production of an independent and affectionate disposition.

There was first the piety of his father's character, a piety broadened by intimate acquaintance with matters scientific. Then he had a very affectionate and cultivated



HEADMASTER'S DESK, KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM.

From a drawing by L. Beatrice Thompson.

home circle, full of interest in books and art; but at the same time there was no kind of luxury, indeed, the bracing discipline of poverty—not the poverty which degrades, but the poverty which condemns the unnecessary and is strict with itself. On the other hand he had plenty of genial social influences in his numerous visits to the friendly country houses of his various cousins and relations at Skipton and the neighbourhood. Lastly he was under the influence of a profoundly stimulating teacher, who exercised a personal fascination on his pupils both in the direction of literary taste and religious feeling. From Lee he caught the sacred fire, the desire of knowledge; the belief that while it is the imperative duty of every man to *do*, it is no less imperative, in order to make doing effective, to *know*. Then too he was surrounded by an equally enthusiastic and congenial circle of intimate friends. With all these things, with health and wit and light-heartedness and a sense of duty, and a love of things fair and pure, and personal charm and beauty, he was well equipped for happiness—happiness of which he experienced much in his life, though I think seldom consciously.

For Prince Lee he had an almost romantic attachment. He was never tired of talking of his teaching. In the first place Lee had a marvellous memory, seldom using a book in school, and being able to repeat page after page of Thucydides without a mistake. The consequence of this was that all his scholars who resolved to be not only like him but exactly like him, learnt immense portions of the classics by heart. My father, whose memory, though lively, can never have been accurate, learnt as many as five or six books of Virgil by heart, and could for many years repeat them continuously. The great delight of the boys was, however, the Greek Testament teaching, into which Lee threw himself with such remarkable energy, that he would often keep his First Class long after the

appointed hour and yet never provoke a murmur. Lee had been Craven Scholar, Fellow of Trinity, and an assistant of Arnold's at Rugby. He was the son of a former Secretary of the Royal Society. Besides being a classical scholar he was a widely read and cultivated man, and not only illustrated his teaching with quotations from Wordsworth and Walter Scott, but heaped scorn upon boys who could not appreciate or identify an English quotation.

Lee had a great personal fascination; everything about him was idealised; he suffered from ill-health, and the boys used to gaze at him with wonder as he taught with pale brow and kindling eye, often knowing that he had not tasted food that day and that he was in constant pain. But besides being most inspiringly taught in school, the promising boys were often invited to his house, and to hear him talk about books or turn over portfolios of engravings was a treat that they coveted and long remembered. His system was to stimulate intellectual tastes, and to leave the boys with a great deal of leisure time to pursue any subject that attracted them; the best boys were not sacrificed to the mediocre and unintellectual.

My father's reverence for Lee was reverence as for a character almost divine; I shall never forget how in 1877, in Cornwall, when we were being entertained by a leading clergyman of the diocese, our host said to my father genially at dinner, "By the way, Bishop, you were under Lee at Birmingham, were you not?" "Yes, indeed," said my father, all in a glow. Then followed a highly disparaging criticism. There was a silence, and my father grew quite white—then he said to his host, "You can hardly expect me to agree to that, when I owe to him all that I was or am or ever shall be." Our host tried to qualify the expression: but my father was completely upset, and hardly said a word for the rest of the evening. As we went to bed he said to me, "Lee was the greatest

man I have ever come within the influence of—the greatest and the best—you see how people are misunderstood.”

After Bishop Lee's death my father preached a memorial sermon, afterwards published with the title CAATICEI¹, in which he said:—

“The boy, who, with all a boy's faults, tendencies, fancies, indolent and dangerous inclinations, came under his influence, was first spell-bound by what he heard and saw, and then it began to have a strange effect on him. It awoke first a craving for the intellectual as against the selfish; then the intellectual itself began to seem unsatisfying for all its beauty and for all its wisdom: he began to long for the spiritual, and to his surprise here, too, he found himself understood, and met and upraised.

“Let me be more definite. Never less and seldom more than twenty-five boys were at one time under his influence as his own proud scholars at the head of his school. For about ten years at Birmingham they came to him and left him in even flow: their intercourse with him was hourly, and their loyalty absolute. The love of him was always at the height; they were bound together by it then and ever since: it was the perfectness of affection for him which has made so many of them seek his own profession. And how was it established? Whatever gentleness, whatever courtesy, whatever strictest honour he showed to the greatest, was paid to these boys in fullest measure, and on them he lavished all his stores; for them he took the poets, Latin and Greek, and read them like no pedant; he wrought out with exquisite taste and truth the pictures that were in words, and more, the touch of feeling, the pathos, the moral greatness, but above all things, again and again let me say it, the very *truth*.

“And then for them the life of Athens was lived over again—for them the very art of Athens rose vividly as in a

¹ “The Trumpet shall sound,” see pp. 20, 121.

vision and linked itself with endless illustration to the arts of later date. And this was a new means of winning, and purifying, and exalting. To him that art only was precious which was true to nature and the inner truth: that which was merely imitative he scorned as he did that which was merely gorgeous.....And yet the chief power lay in the method: it was not so much the teaching he infused as the ardour he aroused, as the truth-seeking spirit he created, in those who were worthy."

And again:

"This one thing is the first and last they learned of him, that the personal friendship of Jesus Christ our Lord was that gift which God was incarnate to bestow on every man who sought it.

"And the second thing to which he turned ever more and more with a trust more full of awe, and yet ever more full of resolute confidence, was the thought that that Personal Friend would come again to judge the world.

"It is a boyish recollection, dear to many, how—reading with them the Greek Testament, and expounding with his own most lucid and yet thrilling forms of expression, in terms that never missed one touch of accurate scholarship, yet never withdrew the thought an instant from the sanctity and divine truth which it enfolded—he one day broke off in an uncontrollable throb of emotion at the words, 'To them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation.'

"It was but half understood that day: it was wonderingly spoken of many a time afterwards; but later it was felt to be the very keynote of his life by one or two to whom full twenty years after he said—'There is but one word I would wish to have upon my gravestone, and it is a Greek word of course,' he added with a smile, 'it is the word *CAITICEI*—"The trumpet shall sound,"'—'Yes,' he said again, 'The trumpet *shall* sound.'"

Lee was appointed Bishop of Manchester in 1847. The boys subscribed for and presented him with a testimonial, my father acting as secretary and being the moving spirit.

My father wrote to Lightfoot, who was then at Cambridge, long letters describing the events of the week.

When we came into school Mr Lee was sitting back in his seat ; he looked very pale—and certainly I thought looked at me in a very peculiar manner as I passed beside him—indeed all thought that there was something unusual in his manner. When he began to read prayers he read with difficulty, and was evidently much affected by something or other, for the corners of his mouth were working strangely. However, his voice soon grew stronger, and he read on to the end. Still nothing was known at all, but we soon after went up with Davison's Chapter on the union of free-will in man with Divine fore-knowledge. Mr Lee gave us one of the fairest pieces of his own eloquence that I ever heard—he spoke of those who believed in fixed fate, so that man had no will of his own—and he alluded by way of illustration to the wretched criminal whose case had been just made known—and then said that if all the influences of the Holy Spirit upon him had been exercised only that he might incur the guilt of scorning them, and that because he could not do otherwise—and that if all the longings and prayers of the good men, aided by Christ's Spirit, and accepted for Christ's merits, had been a mere mechanical thing, then God was transformed—he was not *our* God—the God of Scripture, but a demon. And here Mr Lee's eyes filled with tears, he seemed almost choked, and he leant on his desk—and after repeated attempts, and with great difficulty, he said, "This is an awful subject, and one which is peculiarly interesting to me at this time." After a short time he went on—you know we have all seen him several times moved to tears, but I never saw him so much moved as then. All this of course increased the mystery, and his last sentence completely rooted out all idea of the Bishopric.

.....On Sunday evening I went to my uncle's to meet Mama who had been nursing him ; and to take her to Church. Mr Hodgson (the surgeon) had seen her and told her that Mr Lee was appointed Bishop of Manchester. When I knew it so for certain I was thunder-struck. I could have done anything—I could have laughed or cried or danced or sung or anything in

the world but stand still and think—it was positively dreadful. Here was all cleared up and in such a manner. I really was so selfish that I did not feel glad a bit till I had walked two or three hundred yards—and then I thought how very wrongly I was doing—yet I could not help it, and my eyes filled with tears once or twice during the evening service.

There are but few letters before this date, but as soon as his school-friend J. B. Lightfoot, who was one year his senior, went up to Cambridge in 1847 they began to correspond voluminously.

I give one or two extracts from this interesting series of letters.

To J. B. Lightfoot.

EMBSAY KIRK¹.

July 23, 1847.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

All my old friends in ideas etc. are coming over again and puzzling me sadly. You may imagine the difficulties I feel when it is assumed as a matter of course, and a ground to argue upon, that Dr Arnold was a good man indeed but holding very mistaken and dangerous opinions. "*Nulla salus extra ecclesiam*" is the prime feeling; and love for the Church (i.e. of England) is what children are to be specially and above all things taught. But they now go a step further than I ever heard before. You must know that the Roman Church may be a true Church in Italy, but in England it is not only in error, but in heresy, and schismatical. All the love they have for the Sacraments, and love for Churches and Chancels as places especially holy in themselves, and all the veneration of the priestly character, seems inclined to furnish them with a high principle of action, but not, as I firmly believe, the highest. I hear much of the Church, Baptism, the Eucharist, and so on, but very little of *Christ's Church*, *Christ's Baptism*, the *Lord's Supper*. It is as if Christ had come down from Heaven as some great teacher to found a Society which should have power to save of itself all who belonged to it, and as if He had then gone away again; the Atonement and Mediation

¹ A house near Skipton to which Mr John Sidgwick moved from Stonegappe.

of Christ seem to be very little thought of in reality of feeling, however much they may be acknowledged in doctrine.....

But I must conclude at once.—God bless you in Christ;

My dear fellow,

E. W. B.

*To J. B. Lightfoot, on the formation of a small
Society for holy living.*

“Non nobis, Domine.”

*Sunday Evening,
Oct. 31, 1847.*

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

.....How far Louis has told you of our conversation, or what project he has definitely mentioned, you do not inform me. Yet I think there cannot be any mistaking, in your words “the sooner something is done the better,” which I think good and true. But we must remember how very young we are, and how very much unformed our minds are, in comparison with what they will be in the course of a few years. And therefore, (although I think that without some definite outward bonds of union we cannot hold together, and that it is very advisable that we should meet and have together a peculiar Service, and declare solemnly to each other, before God Almighty, what our intentions and resolutions are,) still these vows must not be perpetual—and a certain form must be agreed upon by which they may be renounced—and all must be secret, we must observe strict silence, except to one another—at present I include only yourself, and Louis and myself—we must agree what *we* will do, and then we may consider about admitting others.

To consider, then, what we are to do. It must be nothing *new*. We must not seek for new truths; if we do so, if we seek any new Angels beside those who have been declared to us to be such, we are more likely than not to find that appearance of an Angel of Light, into which Satan transforms himself. We are then to seek to do nothing which we are not as Christians already concerned to do. At Baptism, you and I, before the Blessed Trinity, before all Angels, and the whole Church in heaven and earth, made three solemn vows. These vows have not yet been uttered by lip, by the other of us three, but he knows in his heart that they are binding upon him no less, and his solemn declaration we shall one day hear, I hope and trust. But now, we have not kept these vows. You have not kept yours, you know—

and how often I have broken mine, God only knows, for it is beyond my power to reckon. Now I think that by such fellowship as this, rooted in love, between three only who are not ashamed to speak to each other of God and Christ and spiritual things, we may each under God's blessing mutually aid and forward one another, and then as we grow older, when increased knowledge and experience shall have given us power, we may better teach others in the way. One point particularly has struck me—we promised to renounce that which doubtless exists for *us*, the vain pomp and glory of the world. Have we even attempted this?

Again, the noblest object of all is one which few have as yet aimed at. The Kingdom of God was for the *Poor*. Oh! let the *Poor* have the Gospel preached unto them. Let us league with all our souls and hearts, and powers of mind and body, that it may be no more God's witness against us, "My people perish for lack of knowledge."

Let us determine while our hearts are still warm, and unchilled by the lessons of the world, to teach the *Poor*—and to alleviate the condition of those, with respect to whom disclosures occasionally reach our ears, that tell us how darkly and coldly the shadow of death yet rests upon thousands and tens of thousands in Christian England, the pride of the nations.

And again to promote the Spiritual Unity of the Church, even if the outward union may be difficult or even impossible to effect, should be our earnest endeavour.

All these things are noble objects to live for, to study for, to write for, to pray for, to die for. Yet we must ever bear in mind the immense danger of exalting any one doctrine too high. And again, that these are secondary objects; that we are neither to seek to perform our vows for the vow's sake, nor to fulfil Christ's words for Christianity's sake, nor to teach and raise the poor for the poor's sake, nor to unite the Church for the Church's sake, nor to learn and teach the Bible for the Bible's sake. But all is to be done for Christ's sake, to the Glory of God.....

E. W. B.

To J. B. Lightfoot.

BIRMINGHAM HEATH.

July 5, 1848.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

.....Do not say anything to me about "conscientiously formed opinions as to the propriety" of going to hear Newman

preach—for I have none. I went one Sunday evening in Lent because I wished to hear him, and I did hear him, and I am very glad that I did. He is a wonderful man truly, and spoke with a sort of Angel eloquence, if you comprehend me. Sweet, flowing, unlaboured language in short, very short, and very pithy and touching sentences. Such a style of preaching I never heard before, never hope again to hear. Yet it reminded me very forcibly of Arnold, and his appearance was exceedingly interesting; he was very much emaciated, and when he began his voice was very feeble, and he spoke with great difficulty, nay sometimes he gasped for breath; but his voice was very sweet, rather like Westcott's though. But oh, Lightfoot, never you turn Romanist if you are to have a face like that—it was awful—the terrible lines deeply ploughed all over his face, and the craft that sat upon his retreating forehead and sunken eyes. He was a strange spectacle altogether—and to think of that timid-looking, little, weak-voiced man having served old England as he has done. For his manner, I could not describe it to you more exactly than in the words which old Izaak Walton used of Hooker. "Of a mean stature and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortifications;.....though he was not purblind, yet he was short or weak-sighted"—when N. began to preach the light near the pulpit was extinguished—"and where he fixt his eyes at the beginning of the sermon, there they continued until it was ended." This was remarkably so in Newman. His subject was the Gospel of the day, the Parable of the Sower; the Wayside Hearers. He illustrated it beautifully by the manner in which *names* caught in casual conversation are listened to. How some names glide over the ear without in the least affecting us, while names of dear friends, or of public characters whom we view with love or admiration, cause a strange thrill within. How eagerly we listen to catch some piece of information about them, and how the *very name* recalls scenes and awakens in us thoughts, that supply us for hours with matter for reflection. He went on to apply this to religion, or rather to religious feeling; what a world of thought was stirred by the name Stephen, by the name Paul, by the name of the lowliest Christian who was known to us for some deed of devotion or piety; above all "by that most Holy and most Reverend Name, Our Lord Jesus Christ." Then if you had seen how his eye glistened and his whole face glowed, as he turned round to the Altar, lifting his Priest's cap, and bowing low, while he pronounced His name, and with such a voice—you

could not but have felt your heart yearn towards him, and when you observed what a thrill ran through the congregation, you must have said, "Surely if there be a man whom God has raised up in this generation with more than common powers to glorify His Name, this man is he"—but how was it spoiled when he linked in "the Name of the Holy Mother of God"; when he joined together "Jesu! Maria!" How painful was it to think that he had been once an English Churchman; and yet how can we wonder at the change when we think of the thousands of prayers offered up abroad and at home, in Church and in Chamber, that Newman might be converted? I am very much inclined to that opinion of Pusey's which I well remember laughing at, that he was removed from us for that we valued him not as we should have done, and were unworthy of him. How sincerely do I hope that it may be as Pusey also said, "That he was only labouring in another portion of the Lord's Vineyard"; yet to my mind it is difficult, nay impossible, to conceive that he has not sinned the sin of those who have left their first love. *Ora pro Jacobo*¹ Henrico Newman.

But most sad of all was it to watch him during the chanting of the Loretto Litany. Through the invocations to the Blessed Trinity, and those to most of the Saints, and the beginning of those to the Virgin, *arx Davidis, Turris Sionis, Janua Coeli*, etc. etc. he went on chanting indeed, but withal somewhat carelessly and looking about. But when they came to *Spes peccatorum, auxilium fidorum, salus Christianorum*—(to the Virgin, mind you) he clasped his hands fervently, and looked up with an expression of face, I had well-nigh said heavenly, but how far from that!

In the summer holidays of 1848, before he went up to Cambridge, my father took a holiday tutorship. He had to teach two boys of the name of Wicksted, whose father was then tenant of Abergeldie Castle. Of a large number of letters written from Abergeldie to his mother and sisters I select the following.

To his Mother.

ABERGELDIE.

September 9.

The Queen arrived yesterday about half-past two o'clock. She has come in the quietest way possible—has dismissed

¹ A not wholly uncharacteristic error for "*Johanne*."

all her guard, and immediately upon arriving at her house, (although after a ride of 50 miles) walked up to the summit of the hill that stands above the house. She herself, the Prince, and three children were in one carriage without attendants. The Prince stood up to look at Abergeldie, and looked very stately, and the Queen's bow as she passed close beside us was very dignified. At first I thought I was disappointed in her looks, but now I don't (think) I was. She looked very well but dreadfully cold. She gazed most attentively at the Castle, of which she will possibly buy the present laird's life interest: in the evening there were bonfires, &c. &c. but the great lack here for receptions of the kind is the want of bells: there was nothing of that kind to raise one's spirits.

To his Mother.

ABERGELDIE CASTLE.

Sep. 15, 1848.

MY DEAR MAMA,

.....The Prince of Wales is a fair little lad, rather of slender make, with a good head and a remarkably quiet and thinking face, above his years in intelligence I should think. The Sailor portrait of him is a good one, but does not express the thought that there is on his little brow. Prince Alfred is a fair chubby little lad, with a quiet look, but quite the Guelph face, which does not appear in the Prince of Wales. The Princess Royal is the exact counterpart of her mother, with a will of her own, I should think. The Queen was, I should say, the *most plainly* drest lady there; a nice looking little Highland gentleman was soon brought to amuse the Royal boys, and they were soon as deeply engaged in conversation as children at their age usually are—meantime the Princess found a playmate in the wee Miss Farquharson—and they talked away at a great rate. "Have you got a garden?" was one of the questions which the Princess answered with a "Yes, have you?" The subjects were not however allowed to be *too* familiar—I saw Lady Gainsborough several times check little Ross when he got too free and stood in front of the Princes.

Now, don't fancy me a "vulgar observer of great folk"—only I have recorded these things for your special edification, and my sisters', to whom commend me with all love.

E. W. BENSON.

CHAPTER II.

CAMBRIDGE AND RUGBY.

"Here sits he, shaping wings to fly." TENNYSON.

*"For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade: at least some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just."*

GEO. HERBERT.

MY father was elected to a Subsizarship at Trinity in 1848. Before going up, on his way to Cambridge, he paid his first visit to London, staying, I believe, with the Lightfoots, who were then living at Vauxhall: he began an elaborate diary at Cambridge, somewhat grandiloquently entitled a "Journal of College Residence,"—but it appears only to have extended to two pages; it is headed by this little distich:

*"Beata, Sancta, Gloriosa Trinitas
Opus secundet quod domus nōrit Sua."*

After giving his first impressions of London, he adds:—

Doubtless there is high and holy work for heads and hearts and hands in the generation to come. If I work not in it, with it, for it, heavy and deserved will be my condemnation.

Emmanuel!

Besides his Subsizarship he held one or two small Exhibitions from Birmingham to eke out his slender finances;—and slender indeed they were: the family was growing up, and Mrs Benson was very hard put to it to pay for

their education. With her acute dislike of mentioning money matters she preferred to undergo real privation rather than ask her relations for help. She cut off every possible luxury, dismissed servants, and cheerfully threw herself with her two elder daughters into the work of the house; she even schemed to embark again in business with one of her husband's patents for the production of colours, an idea which fortunately fell through.

My father managed to get through his first year at Cambridge upon something over £90. All hospitality except of the most casual kind was of course out of the question, and my father has spoken to me feelingly of the miseries he endured through living with a large circle of more or less wealthy friends. He read hard, both in mathematics and classics, and reduced sleep and exercise to a minimum.

He gave up all games and recreations except bathing, and limited himself to walks, taking the various "grinds" to Grantchester, Madingley, or Coton in turns, and exploring the churches of the neighbourhood. One sacred institution he founded: he breakfasted with Lightfoot every Sunday on a veal-and-ham pie, and the two set the greatest store by this simple festivity. After breakfast they read some passage of the Fathers together, and this was my father's first introduction to Cyprian, whose *De Unitate* they read and discussed.

For mathematics he had a considerable aptitude, but he always maintained humorously that his success in them was hampered by an indolent Coach, whose name I forget.

My father used to give a most absurd account of his visits to this Coach, who was a pronounced Evangelical: he was always in bed when his pupils arrived, and was roused with difficulty. He used then—through a chink in the bedroom door—to propound a sum to fill up the time. Then he made an elaborate toilet, singing hymns all the

time out of a little volume with immense unction, occasionally putting in a head accompanied by the hymn-book at the door and propounding another problem. My father said that the result of this species of coaching was that he went into the Trigonometry paper of the Mathematical Tripos ignorant of the meaning of the symbol π . In his freshman's term he attended the lectures of Professor Sedgwick on Geology; about these my father wrote in 1887: "It was the first course of voluntary lectures I ever attended; at the conclusion of the course Sedgwick said with some emotion that he would never lecture again; but this I believe he said with the utmost sincerity year by year for many years later. He impressed me with the belief that my real bent was for geology."

My father's health was not good at Cambridge: he suffered much from colds, headaches, and other sedentary complaints: indeed he was so ill at the time of the Mathematical Tripos that he did his papers lying on a sofa in the Senate-house, a concession obtained by the kindness of his friend Mr Francis Martin, Bursar and afterwards Vice-Master of Trinity.

His principal friends while at Trinity were his old schoolfellows, Westcott, Lightfoot, Hutchinson, Ellis and Wickenden; besides these were Henry Bradshaw and Arthur Duke Coleridge of King's, Arthur Gordon, now Lord Stanmore, George Cubitt, now Lord Ashcombe, Prince Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein Nöer¹, who was then a Fellow Commoner of Trinity, and is long since dead: among the older men, besides Mr Martin, were E. M. Cope, James Atlay, then Tutor of St John's and afterwards Bishop

¹ Prince Frederic followed his father, the Prince of Nöer, into exile in 1849. While young he was largely concerned in the numberless intrigues and plots which complicated the already sufficiently tangled Schleswig-Holstein question. Somewhat later Prince Frederic abandoned politics, took to literature, married, dropped his princely style, and lived a quiet life as Count de Nöer, dying in 1881.

of Hereford, Professor Sedgwick, W. C. Mathison, then Tutor of Trinity, and H. A. J. Munro. My father's first rooms in College were attics up the staircase on the north side of the Gate leading from the New Court to the Bridge and Avenue.

His home letters from Cambridge to his mother are mostly concerned with the smallest details, furniture, food and little economies. In the vacations he continued to correspond with Lightfoot.

To his Mother.

I am still happy here. It is surprising how little self-denial I have to practise; to live in comfort is perhaps an incentive to work, but I could scarcely be uncomfortable if I tried. And think of George Herbert, the high-born and wealthy, having "to fast for it" if he ventured on buying a new book.

With most hearty love to yourself and the "little ones,"

Believe me your truly affectionate Son,

E. W. BENSON.

To J. B. Lightfoot, on his prospects.

Jan. 22, 1849.

MY DEAR JOE,

If we do not *now* begin to think of *The Church* (I mean metaphorically of course, as representing our future position whatever it may be—(there's an explanation!)—) we shall never take any decided stand. I have no idea of going *with* circumstances, like a feather on a mill-stream. I have not done so hitherto, and my success in spite of friends' opposition, and apparent lack of the needful, has not been such as to make me think the plan a foolish one. Had I for the last eight years been content to follow the apparently open path, instead of pressing straight for the spire that rose behind the thick woods—I might now have had my pockets full of money, at least fuller than they are now, and my head full of accounts. I need not tell you, I think, that I prefer being as I am; the same course as *that* from the present as its ἀφορμή would probably in twenty years leave me soft asleep, instead of energizing for the love of God. If the choice is allowed me, surely I will choose with Mahomet and not take my Paradise in this world.

I have been thinking a good deal about Australia too—but Jerusalem with its English Bishop, and the East that *must* ere long be English, and the great transactions that *must* yet take place there, have not, I think, an inferior claim at any rate.

Thine, E. W. B.

In the summer of 1850 a terrible domestic catastrophe occurred. The house in the Lead Works was in a most insanitary condition, a fact of which Mrs Benson was unhappily unaware: the children were attacked by a fever which eventually proved to be typhus. They all suffered, but most of all Harriet the eldest, my father's favourite sister. His mother, in her letters to Cambridge, studiously minimised the seriousness of the malady, fearing it would interrupt my father's work and depress him.

Harriet grew rapidly worse, and died very suddenly. Lightfoot was informed of what had happened, hastened in to break the news to my father, and found him writing a comforting letter home, to cheer his mother and sisters.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

May 29, 1850.

MY DEAR NELL,

I have not had a letter these two days. My examination is past and the men fast going down. I shall find staying here quite unbearable unless you give me very frequent accounts, if but a line a day: I shall imagine the very worst, and really I shall be coming down myself forthwith in spite of all injunctions. I was rejoiced that she was a little better on Sunday, but fear she may be worse again—I wish I could transport you all at once to this pleasant place, it is growing very warm and all our fine trees are in full beauty, and the meadows brighter with flowers than any I ever saw. A breath from them would do you good....

Thus far had I written when Lightfoot came in and the strain was changed for ever.

(Written on the remainder of the sheet.)

May 29, 1850.

DEAREST MOTHER, DEAREST ELEANOR,

There is no comfort in me, yet I must needs try to comfort you with that which has somewhat comforted me even

already. David knew more of sorrow than we, but his Psalms tell us how, and how fully he was comforted, so that they are yet powerful to comfort others, ages after. Luther was so filled with sorrow for "his beautiful, his gentle daughter, lovely and full of love" that her image he says haunted him day and night: he sought comfort and found it in thinking of the death of Christ, how He triumphed over death so greatly that the deaths of all believers ever since are but as it were a lesser triumph.

And she too, doubt we not, has even now enjoyed her triumph, even in her weakness wrestled with death and found him stingless, through the dear might of Him Who loved her.

How may we look back on all her spent years and thankfully remember how full of grace and praise they ever were; how little she displayed of common passions, how obedient, how thankful she was. But not in this is our trust, we know that none are righteous, none clean before God, but as Christ's righteousness and purity is reckoned to them. And though she had not come to an age when religious feeling is very actively displayed, yet we all, I think, saw tokens of God's work going on within, the lesson of Christ's doctrine leavening her whole heart: we trust that He hath so clothed her in His robes that she entered boldly before the Throne of the Almighty God. None but the unwise and the foolish take the departure of the righteous, such as in their measure serve Him, to be misery: they are taken away from the evil to come; if any is in store for us hereafter, God give us whom He leaves to meet it, His Grace to stand against it. As yet we see it not, may be we shall not see for many a year, and may be never in this life, why she is called. But a reason there is, and a good one somewhere—we shall feel well assured of it when the first of our grief is over, and we may be happy to think that she is this day in the Tabernacles of Rest, safe and at rest until the day of His coming.

The Peace and Comfort of God the Holy Spirit be with you :
so prays your ever most loving Son and Brother,

E. W. BENSON.

My father hurried off to Birmingham to find that his mother, who had nursed the children with the utmost devotion, and worn out her strength in so doing, had on the previous day laid out her daughter's body with her own hands, made all arrangements for the funeral, and late at night had gone in to have a last look at the dead

child: she had then returned to her own room, had undressed, and retired to bed, and had died in her sleep from failure of the heart's action. She was discovered dead and cold on the next morning. It was to meet this ghastly shock that my father arrived, in ignorance that his mother was even unwell.

He made arrangements for the double funeral, and then set himself to investigate his mother's affairs. He found, what he had been told, but seems not to have properly realised, that her entire income, except a few hundred pounds which were invested, was an annuity. The invested money was nearly valueless, and he eventually discovered that a sum of rather over £100 was all that they had to depend upon.

His relations all came to his aid. His half-uncle William Jackson behaved with extraordinary generosity; and the orphans went off to various relations; Eleanor and Ada to the charge of Mrs William Sidgwick, whose dead husband was my grandfather's first cousin, and had been his dear and intimate friend. Mr Thomas Baker, Mrs Benson's elder brother, then a prosperous Manchester solicitor, offered to take the youngest boy, Charles, and bring him up as his heir; Thomas Baker was a devoted Unitarian, but he did not even stipulate that the boy should be brought up a Unitarian. My father however decided that he ought not to submit his brother to Unitarian influences, and declined the offer with a spirit which at least reflected, under the circumstances, the utmost credit on his attachment to the principles of the Christian faith. Mr Thomas Baker sent a rather indignant rejoinder, to which my father replied:—

.....Permit me once for all to state—tho' well known to you—those points of Church doctrine and Church practice which seem to me to bear upon the matter of my youngest brother.

Besides the Eternal Father Whom you worship with us, I, according to the unchanging Creed of the Catholic Church,

believe that there is in the Godhead a Second Person, His Eternal Son, and a Third Person, the Holy Ghost: that the second of These having assumed on earth, and now retaining in heaven a human existence in addition to His Divine, and having here done certain acts affecting our eternal state, is entitled to a distinct and peculiar worship.

Before Him I believe that I shall, soul and body, stand: the natural relation between Him and myself will then prompt the question "If I be God, where is Mine honour?" it having been my bounden duty in this life to do everything I could to promote His Glory. How would confusion cover me remembering that I had withdrawn one of His creatures, and that one given by Him to be my brother, from the knowledge and service of Him as God and Lord, and from the worship of the Adorable Trinity?

These are considerations—and whither shall I look for weightier—which would press hard on me as a layman. But now—to say nothing of private devotions, and all that those words imply—I do night and morning as a Member of my College, I shall constantly hereafter as a Priest in the English Church, if God will, several times in every public Service, proclaim "Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," I shall offer humble prayers on my own behalf and on behalf of the Church at large, to my Redeemer: I shall conclude every Service, every discourse, with ascriptions of praise to Him with the Father and the Holy Ghost—with what conscience or with what countenance if memory should ever suggest that in one person's case, and his the dearest that could be, I had robbed those Divine Persons of the worship and the praise that should have proceeded from his heart, his mind, his lips, his whole life? Whom could you more rightly brand as hypocrite than him whose professions should have been so loud, whose acts so discrepant?

This is a very serious matter; and I hope you will not think bitterly either of the young man's presumption, or the young Churchman's bigotry. Bigot (so-called) thus far, a conscientious Catholic must ever be.....

With my openness and freedom you will not, I trust, be displeased: it proceeds from my sincere wish to vindicate my conduct in your eyes, and my confidence that it admits of vindication.

After a few terrible weeks my father returned to Cambridge. As he entered the Great Court, looking and feeling very desolate, Mr Martin, the Bursar, whom he

only slightly knew, met him and asked him to come to his rooms: from that time dated a warm friendship between the two. Mr Martin, a childless man of an intensely affectionate nature, became devotedly attached to my father, and treated him for years as a favourite son. But his affection was similarly given to my father's brothers and sisters, to the expenses of whose education he contributed, and to whom he eventually left a large proportion of his fortune. I can well remember Mr Martin, a clean-shaved clear-skinned old gentleman, very precisely dressed, with high collars scraping his parchment-like cheeks, large grey eyes, and a fierce gruff manner which was to a child ineffably disconcerting. My eldest brother was named after him. "Uncle" Martin's visits were more feared than liked by us as children; but the letters from him to my father, which my father tenderly preserved, testify to a most absorbing and yet wise affection which never hesitated to give the most unpalatable advice in trenchant terms, and all seasoned by the most paternal devotion. Mr Martin was an earnest Christian—"Ministre de l'Évangile" as he used to write after his name in the visitors' books of foreign hotels. He was a just, eccentric and generous man, who concealed his native tenderness of heart under the most grotesque gruffness both of voice and manner.

Mr Martin by timely advances set all my father's affairs on a business footing, and from that time adversity never came near him in the guise of poverty.

The following short extracts from the Diary of 1850 are of interest:

Jan. 24th. Little thought Harriet and I at our parting kiss this night¹ that it was the last. Little my mother and I, when so early the next morning I would not let her accompany my gloomy walk to the Railway!

¹ This entry was made subsequently to his sister's death.

March 23rd. The strange light on the old court after Evensong.

April 7th. Low Sunday. Westminster Abbey. Chr. Wordsworth preached.

April 13th. Discipulus juratus et admissus.

May 29th. My beautiful, my gentle sister has entered into the Tabernacles of rest.

May 30th. Going home I learnt that my mother followed her through the dark valley, not but a pace or two behind.

June 3rd. O most Mighty. O most Merciful.

Mon. July 15th. Dream of Harriet covered with stars.

Tues. July 16th. Dream of H. in the great Couch.

Fri. Aug. 16th. Yesterday and to-day much haunted by images of my mother and sister. Pray God they leave me not.

Sunday, Sep. 22nd. Canterbury. Cathedral at Evensong. (Staying at St Augustine's.)

Sep. 30th. In this week the Bull published creating Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster¹, and the Popish Prelates of England.

Oct. 14th. Harcourt declaimed in Hall, on the principles of Statesmanship, describing Sir R. Peel's² character as a model. The Master had forbidden this, and his name was therefore not mentioned in the declamation.

Dec. 24th. Finished Hesiod's strange lists of Days of good and bad luck, in time to hear the Cathedral (Lichfield) Bells ring in the Day of Days that has destroyed them all. "Afflavit spiritu et dissipantur."

Among my father's diversions at Cambridge was the foundation of a "Ghost" Society, the forerunner of the Psychical Society, for the investigation of the supernatural. Lightfoot, Westcott and Hort were among the members.

He was then, as always, more interested in psychical phenomena than he cared to admit.

Among his earlier papers I find a long account of a singular dream he had at Cambridge, that he was suspected of complicity in the murder, apparently, of Prince Lee, tried, condemned and executed. The narrative, which

¹ Wiseman.

² Sir R. Peel was thrown from his horse on Constitution Hill, and died July 2, 1850.

is long, and told with great minuteness and all manner of whimsical details, contains the following curious passage :

When I was in bed that night Lightfoot came into the room. There was only a glimmering of light, so that I could scarcely see him, but he shook hands with me, and I assured him again and again that I was wholly innocent—and he believed me. I then begged him to go to the Master, if my innocence ever came to be established, as I felt confident it would be, and represent it to him as the last dying wish of one who had died so young and innocently, that he would allow a small tablet to be put up in the ante-chapel “in an obscure place,” I said, “no, I don’t mean obscure, but lower down than the busts, you know—however, I don’t want to be thought to pretend humility—you know what I mean.” I began to feel my wits wandering again, as they did whenever I tried to think, so I made haste, “Let there be on the tablet these words—‘*In memory of Edward White Benson, a scholar of this college, who was hanged—oh, that will not do—what must it be?—perished—who perished innocently on a charge of murder*’; and, Lightfoot, if ever you are Archbishop of Canterbury, put up a pillar to my memory on the path up to Coton¹, where Lee was murdered—I should have been Archbishop of Canterbury if I had lived, you know.” So far I remember what my words were, and then I thought I should get light-headed if I went on talking—so Lightfoot went away. Presently I began to think whether there was not a place apart for the souls of those who were unjustly executed, along with the souls of infants. This was worse than anything yet—however I began to think it was only a line of Virgil, and that it was not so in the Kingdom of Christ—so I felt comforted, and of sound mind again, and then fell asleep.

One of the few prizes that he won at Cambridge was a silver cup for an English declamation, by a graceful speech on the “Praise of George Herbert.”

It was delivered in the Hall of Trinity College on Commemoration Day, 1851.

I give a few extracts from this oration, as specimens of his early style ; speaking of the Puritans, he writes :

.....As their triumphs proceeded, their extravagances reached a wilder height than in quieter times can easily be credited.

¹ A village near Cambridge.

There was no man so robust as to escape the contagion. If his heart did not burn with the common enthusiasm, he had at least the trick of it upon his tongue. The shrewdest statesman was not ashamed to urge some public measure by the recital of his private devotions, and of the whispers that had answered them. The sternest soldier, on the worst of missions, prayed thrice before he executed it. High or low, in the council and in the barrack, in the court and in the ale-house, religion was on all tongues, and wore all fantastic guises, whether obtrusively paraded in commissions from the High Court of Parliament, or put to shame in the grotesque names which colonels and captains compounded for themselves out of whole texts of Scripture.

Of the writings of George Herbert, he says that only the initiated few are likely to take pleasure in them. He goes on :

Nay, Coleridge narrows yet more the circle of his true admirers ; "a cultivated judgment, a classical taste, a poetic sensibility," are not enough, he implies, to lead us into the recesses of the Temple. The reader must be a Christian, both a zealous and an orthodox, a devout and a devotional Christian. But even this will not quite suffice. He must be an affectionate and dutiful child of the Church, and from habit, conviction, and a constitutional disposition to ceremoniousness in piety as in manners, find her forms and ordinances aids of religion, not sources of formality ; for religion is the element in which he lives, and the region in which he moves.

The oration thus concludes :

He has left them a good inheritance in that bright example of which our villages and churches shall long reap the fruits ; in that fair life which gleams forth from among the dark memoirs of the time, among crooked or fanatical politicians, among bold, bad generals, among weak yet artful churchmen, like the poet's bough of golden leaves and fruit, glistening through the gloomy forest of Avernus.

To us peculiarly belongs the pride that we count him among our own worthies, and the pleasure of contemplating his gentle studious life in this place, and recalling how his graceful person and noble bearing, his sweet voice, his quick quaint wit, were the ornament of these our tables.

My father was also Members' Prizeman for a Latin

Essay. He never won a University Scholarship or a Browne Medal. Indeed I believe that his scholarship was always of an eclectic type, and bore too strongly the impress of his own vivid tastes and prejudices. He was a writer of beautiful Latin verses, but his Greek composition was seldom quite first-rate. He remained to the end strangely ignorant of accents, which he thought frivolous. Eventually he came out a Senior Optime in Mathematics (in spite of π); Eighth Classic in the Classical Tripos—a bitter disappointment—and Senior Chancellor's Medallist, which atoned for all his disappointments.

My father's state of mind and belief at Cambridge is very clearly portrayed in his diary, which for the year 1851 is full and precise. I do not trace the smallest allusion to anything of the nature of religious doubt. I do not believe such a thing ever entered his head. It is customary to speak as if all thoughtful natures necessarily passed through a state of enquiry, when the mechanical faith of childhood breaks up, and then is either solidified and vitalised, or dissipated. I do not think that my father ever had such a period; at least I can find no trace or hint of it in a very full and outspoken diary. His faith was deep, ardent and innate from a very early stage. Most of the entries end with a Latin ejaculation, such as *Miserere mei Dñe* or a prayer, often in Latin too. His preoccupations are evidently mostly ecclesiastical, though not concerned with ecclesiastical politics—there is an occasional allusion to the Gorham case, but he had a special link with it from the fact that the son of the plaintiff was then an undergraduate at Cambridge, and was a friend and associate of his own. Details of ecclesiastical art and architecture are constantly present; he records his visits to churches, and the diary is full of little sketches of pinnacles, traceries, cusps, finials and other ornaments.

There is not much reference to his classical reading, though he read energetically and reproached himself much with waste of time. There are very few allusions to modern literature; many to his friendships and many plans for his brothers and sisters. There are frequent and tender mentions of his mother and sister Harriet, and the most constant and feeling expressions of gratitude for the kindness heaped upon him by friends and relations. His own power of winning and retaining affection seemed a constant surprise to him.

He writes in his Diary :—

Monday, Jan. 20th. Walked to Cherry Hinton, immediately after morning Chapel, with Lightfoot. He tells me I am getting extravagant notions of indulgence and enjoyment, the very reverse of my former ascetic notions. That tender-hearted old fellow however got quite melancholy when I represented myself years hence as a thread-bare-coated half-starved country clergyman with a large family, and himself as paying me a passing visit, a pompous well-fed old tutor of his College, and bidding me then observe what had been the effects of self-indulgence in articulo conjugii, and in preferring to stick to my "Monastic Orders" which no bookseller would take at last, instead of self-denying, college feeding, and dunce-grinding.—Unlike *him* at any rate.

Thursday, Feb. 13th. My conscience accuses me of having wasted very much time, this week, or at least mis-spent it as regards the object of my being here, and having also caused others to mis-spend theirs. Time mis-spent by me may greatly affect the welfare of my family. I have wasted in profitless talk the time that I should have grudged to my sick friend or a letter to my brothers and sisters. As I return across the court I see burning the lights of my competitors and my juniors, and am nightly full of self-reproach. Lord grant me such repentance that I shall not know remorse.

Monday, April 14th. To-night while reading with E. a gnat flew into the candle, and immediately fell down, dead as I thought—however he presently began to struggle in his pains, and I asked E.'s leave to put the creature out of suffering with *his* paper knife. He granted it, but said, "Your sympathies with the brute creation are extravagant." I said, "What! you wouldn't leave it in its misery—" "Oh I don't mean on this occasion

only," he said. He is the kindest hearted-fellow that can be, yet he would not have killed that fly. Yet looking at it in extenso—a lord of creation *ought* surely to end the misery of the creature which he cannot cure—to have no *sympathies* with those exquisite tabernacles of life, the Wonder of Angels!!

(Staying at Exeter with his uncle, William Jackson.)

Sunday, June 29th. Holy Communion. This afternoon Uncle William and I went to service at Cathedral; we stationed ourselves beside one of the South aisle pillars towards the west end of the Nave. We thus escaped the miserable spectacle of a choir and the respectables who go to hear, and we were able to follow service with our books. Meanwhile the aisles were filled with several hundreds of people promenading up and down talking and laughing, children running in and out, while the vergers kept the centre of the Nave clear by bullying children who could, and women who, they thought, would, not resist them. Maid-servants finely dressed with awkward imitations of their mistresses' manners, men standing astride with long-tailed coats, turned down collars, greasy hair and ducks, all irreverent—and E. W. B. kept from devout service more by the world within than the world without.

Miserere, Jesu, Jesu, Miserere, Miserere, Miserere, Miserere.

In the Long Vacation of 1851 he went for a reading-party in the Lakes with Mr Mathison, Tutor of Trinity.

The journal of this visit is very full indeed, and contains the most minute description of natural scenery and effects of sun and cloud—most minute, but not particularly felicitous. There are some careful sketches of mountain-shapes and woods, but more conscientious than artistic.

Friday, Aug. 1st. We went round the back of Arnold's house and grounds, I carried my hat in my hand all the way past them, and for all the laughing which this caused enjoyed a very deep pleasure in looking at his trees, his walks, his Pathway, his view of Nab-Scar and Fairfield; had they known how I owe to him my very self, they would not have been so much amused.

Aug. 12th. Wordsworth in the Prelude is quite right in describing Grasmere as "smiling with pleasure at its own beauties"—or as Tennyson has it "pleased to find thyself so fair"—it is just the impression it conveys. Yet, and this strikes me more and more, I doubt if one of my companions would *feel* this as I do. Is it all

nonsense, and *can* one make oneself fancy anything whatever of this kind? I do not believe it *at present* at least. I believe there is a *real* language and I shall try to learn it, for as yet I am most grievously ignorant of it, until I can understand it for myself without a poet to interpret—"and *I* will talk with rocks and trees."

Tuesday, Sept. 9th. The folk expeditioned to-day to Scaw Fell having carred from Ambleside to Millack, I went on to Rydal Water, and leeward of the large island wrote several letters, and looked at the outside of my Tacitus, and afterwards sketched poor Hartley Coleridge's cottage. My sole company was a beautiful heron, who being like me melancholy, or having broken his shin, like me, or a wing upon some Striding Edge of the clouds, preferred staying at home to going a fishing. Now and then he wheeled about to assure himself that I was brewing no mischief. All things were bathed in a mellow September afternoon light, and once or twice for a few minutes the water was so calm that the four ridges of hills to the left, and Loughrigg to the right, with all their lines and shadows and colours, even the tiny white pinnacles of the Chapel, were imaged as fair, or even more magically fair, than the reality. Who am I who without *doing* aught am moved about by strong hands, and laid down in these paradises among the hills of the Lord and the trees of the Lord;—and profit not.

It was a beautiful sight to see the herons come home, rising into the golden sunlight above the hills I could not tell from whence, and sailing on the glorious arches of their wings, on and on—always alone, and each as he came down with outstretched neck and pendant legs ready to settle, taking one last sweep down, then up, on to the summit of the tall Scotch fir, to take a survey of the realm, and, as another approached, plunging into the thick heads of lower trees with a loud goodnight to his neighbours, and to all the fair land and water round about him, and a Deo Gratias for all his day's happiness, pleasant unto the ear of his dear God, if not consciously addressed to him.

MY HEAVENLY FATHER CARETH FOR THEM.

I AM OF MORE VALUE THAN MANY HERONS.

The Rev. J. Bowman, of New Southgate, sends me a little reminiscence of my father's Cambridge life which may be mentioned here. On a certain Degree day in 1850 or thereabouts, a West African undergraduate named Crummell, of Queens', a man of colour, appeared in the

Senate House to take his degree. A boisterous individual in the gallery called out "Three groans for the Queens' nigger." Mr Bowman says that a pale slim undergraduate, very youthful-looking, in the front of the gallery, who appeared to be taking no particular interest in the proceedings, became scarlet with indignation, and shouted in a voice which re-echoed through the building, "Shame, shame! Three groans for you, Sir!" and immediately afterwards "Three cheers for Crummell!" This was taken up in all directions, and Mr Bowman says that the original offender had to stoop down to hide himself from the storm of groans and hisses that broke out all round him. Crummell's champion was E. W. Benson of Trinity.

In 1852 after the Tripos, he went for a long visit to Yorkshire; he there wrote to his cousin Mary Sidgwick, mother of his future wife:

Saturday, June 5th. Once again round Bolton by Haughton thro' the woods and back by Barden Tower. I never felt anywhere as I do at Bolton, my German books I cannot keep open there. I have all the while I am there a perfect *Sunday-feel*.

What glorious work it would be to set up as I first thought five years ago that place once more, if it with its woods could be obtained as a nursery for priests—for young clergy and candidates to study in, and a home for aged or disabled clergy with their families. Meanwhile *Walk about Sion and Go round about her and Tell the towers thereof, Mark well her bulwarks*—and then, if the Lord will, we may one day *Set up her houses*.

The following extracts from his diary of 1852 describe how the news about the Chancellor's Medal reached him.

Well, to Bristol we went. Had a delightful party at dinner at Mrs Sidgwick's, and established ourselves delightfully at No. 2 Belgrave Terrace, houses just built and delightfully situated overlooking the whole extent of Durdham Down, there being no houses to face them, and giving a peep of the Severn and occasionally of the Welsh mountains.

A place, a time full of interest to me for my whole life, either

as the first outspringing of a great blessing, or to be for ever looked back upon with vexation of spirit. God grant the former. But more of this presently.

It was known that the Classical Tripos list was to be published on Thursday the 25th of March, and for this I was anxiously waiting, as were all my home-friends, to say nothing of my Cambridge friends. But to the former I had said nothing of the Medal Examination, as never supposing that it would yield me any fruit. I only begged all my friends to be satisfied if I were fourth or fifth in the Tripos list, but I had secret hopes that I might perhaps be bracketed with Hammond, and so indeed had most Cambridge friends though never expecting me to beat or even equal Macnaghten¹. Up till Wednesday evening I had preserved a tolerably cheerful countenance, though with not unfrequent quailings, and heavings of the heart and stretching of arms, &c.—when as we were all seated round Mrs Sidgwick's table a large party, and I at one end, in the middle of a long story, the door opened opposite to my right hand, and "if you please Sir," said Chacey, "a gentleman from Cambridge wishes to see you." For a moment owing to the nervousness I suffered I felt a blank horror and showed it, but as a great relief it occurred to me that it would surely be Whittard with whom I had a glorious walk in Blaise Castle Woods a day before, or Westcott whom I knew he was expecting. But no—by this time I was in the hall and it was Mr Martin himself, in great coat, muffled all round the face with shawls, and his hat and carpet-bag in one hand—"Well, how are you?"—"Oh, very well, Sir," breathless—"how are you?" "Very well." My only idea was that all the evil rumours which as I knew had been circulating about my place in the Classical Tripos were about to prove too true, and that he was come to break it to me, though the list itself would not be out till next day. "Well, I am come to bring you news from Cambridge—good news," he added. "Oh! what?" "Well, you've got the Senior Medal." "No! Impossible—I don't believe it!" "You have though, and Macnaghten the second." Well, by this time I was in the room again, and Mr M. also, all hands upon him, and all mouths enquiring what the Medal was. "Why the highest of the University honours," he said, I remember, "the last and greatest"—and I had positively achieved *that*. I couldn't believe it. I remember executing some extraordinary jumps, and the con-

¹ Now Lord Macnaghten.

sequence was that I had next to catch hold of, and lean my head against the door. And now everybody with one hand was shaking me and with the other undressing Mr Martin. When Frisk who had long been distressed by the excitement, and had now fully made up his mind that I was at the bottom of it, gave one bark, and made a rush at my leg, and shook the trouser furiously. This restored us all to our senses. Mr Martin's disrobing was quietly finished and he sat down to tea. What an evening that was. How happy everyone looked, and how kindly they looked, and how blithe we were to hear how Mr M. had been waiting at the Vice-Chancellor's door in the morning till the University Marshal came out and acquainted him with the decision as soon as it was made. And how he set off to run nowhere, and suddenly pulled up, quite surprised at himself, and how soon after he found that he was running again and still nowhere, and at last went to several of my friends, and at Ellis's was so breathless that he was obliged to take a piece of paper to write it, and at Scott's was so queer that the Prince who was reading with him said "Der Herr ist be—something," meaning "amazed,"—and when he got at last to his own rooms Bateson came straight from the Vice-Chancellor's and reminding him how he (B.) had joked him before the examination about "his friend Benson," with a "We've got two better than he is for the Medal," now came with a kind palinode to tell him all about the votes, and that the decision was unanimous. Ah! well-a-day, never again shall I enjoy such an evening, for it was *the* reward, full and precious, of long labour against hope. Brother and sisters, aunt and cousins, and Miss Crofts, "what eyes were in their head!" and Mr Martin was folding my hand all evening into all shapes, and dear little Minnie, now with one, now with both arms round my neck, stroking my hair, patting my forehead—there was not one happiness wanting—yes, one, which I then felt, a more definite consciousness that the three whose work has been done now several years were sympathising with this bright gleam in the course of my work. But be it so, or be it not so—It is well, I know—All is well.

There was never a night to me before or since when with the same feeling of thankfulness and perfect restfulness I laid my head on the pillow. I awoke several times in the night. But it was always to one calm happy feeling of, God has blest me.

My father settled down at Cambridge after his degree in his rooms in the New Court, looking out upon the

Backs; one of his windows was so close to the window of the library that it was almost possible (quite possible,



THE ARCHBISHOP'S ROOMS IN THE NEW COURT,
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

says one of his contemporaries) to climb across. He read German and was pleased with Uhland, while Heine he detested; the very thought of Heine made him shudder. He took a few pupils, but describes himself as being very lazy and sauntering about in the summer mornings in the Backs with a book, only to find on his return that it was not the book he had intended to take.

But this life of leisure and rest, much needed after all he had gone through, did not last very long. In 1852, Dr Goulburn, the Headmaster of Rugby, offered him a mastership there; my father has told me how he was leaning out of his window one summer morning, and saw Dr Goulburn, whom he knew by sight, strolling up the lime avenue. A minute afterwards there was a knock at his door, and on

going to open it, he found the Headmaster standing there, who introduced himself, and then and there asked him to come to Rugby. This offer was singularly congenial. He was to assist Dr Goulburn with the Sixth Form, but was only to have one hour's teaching a day and some composition; he was also to have the Schoolhouse boys as private pupils, some fifty in number. It was understood that he wanted time to read for his Fellowship, and this was expressly stated. After some consultation he accepted it. He had always been ambitious to be a schoolmaster ever since he had read as a boy Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, and that he should find himself teaching Arnold's Sixth Form, in Arnold's library, was not the least attractive feature of the post. But further, it gave him an immediate opportunity of taking upon himself the education of his brothers and sisters. Grateful as he had always been for the kindness of relations who had undertaken this, the obligation had constantly weighed on him. There was a further point which influenced him. Mrs Wm. Sidgwick, his cousin, was intending to settle at Rugby for the education of her boys Henry and Arthur: my father's youngest sister Ada was living with them. To Mrs Sidgwick he was devoted; but besides that there was his little cousin Mary Sidgwick, called Minnie, then a girl of twelve, to whom he was already tenderly attached, and who (he had confided to the pages of his Diary in many entries too sacred for quotation) he already hoped some day might become his wife.

He boarded at first in lodgings on the Dunchurch Road, but it was soon arranged that he should live with the Sidgwicks. Mrs Sidgwick inhabited a pleasant house in the suburbs of the town, called the Blue House from the colour of its bricks, with a large garden, with open ground in front of it, agreeably planted with elms. The household was a singular one. Besides Ada Benson,

Mrs Sidgwick's sister, Henrietta Crofts, lived with them, a lady of masculine appearance, with a deep voice, moods of dark depression, and a most incongruous sense of humour. William Sidgwick, the eldest son, was shortly to win a Scholarship at Corpus, Oxford. Henry and Arthur were very promising boys at Rugby; and a cousin, Edward Sidgwick, now a solicitor, lived with them and also attended the school. My father, though not even nominally the head of the house, was always apt to dominate any society in which he lived. Miss Crofts was of a generous but morbidly jealous disposition; Mrs Sidgwick, the most sweet-tempered and affectionate woman, had a misplaced belief in the process of "talking people round"; Ada Benson, my father's sister, a clever attractive girl, was fully as determined as himself. But, in spite of occasional *contretemps*, the household enjoyed extraordinary happiness.

Rugby in those early years, and as I first remember it a few years later, was a very different place from what it is now. The School-buildings, of a somewhat Puginesque Gothic, were well-proportioned and almost venerable. The incongruous and streaky additions and the flimsy gazebo known as the Chapel Tower were non-existent. The streets bore the appearance of those of a quiet country town. The station had not assumed the prominence that it now bears, and the tract of land between the town and the station had but a few respectable houses, instead of the new and uninteresting streets that now cover it. The country, the flatness of which Dr Arnold used to deplore, is pleasant pasture land, rich in wood and water, and great grass fields.

My father used often to describe how delightful his work was. He had only the first lesson in school; he used to read most of the morning, and in the afternoon ride all over the country. He acquired at this time that extreme

love for horses and riding, which never left him. In the evening he worked with individual pupils.

My father's colleagues at Rugby were certainly a distinguished body; rarely have there been collected at any public school so many men who made their mark in the world afterwards. Besides Dr Goulburn and Dr Temple, the Headmasters under whom he served, there were G. G. Bradley, afterwards Headmaster of Marlborough and now Dean of Westminster, J. C. Shairp, afterwards Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and Principal of St Andrews, Charles Evans, afterwards Headmaster of King Edward's School, Birmingham, and Canon of Worcester, T. W. Jex-Blake, afterwards Principal of Cheltenham, Headmaster of Rugby and now Dean of Wells, C. B. Hutchinson, now Canon of Canterbury, and others.

It is a remarkable list; and it is not to be wondered at that the society of such colleagues proved stimulating and encouraging.

My father kept a somewhat spasmodic diary at Rugby, summarising the events of months in a few lines: he writes in March, 1853:

The good-natured rallying of the masters on my youthful looks set me at ease with *them*, and Chas. Evans soon put me in the way of my work, and soon I was settled and busy—I had fifty-two private pupils at once, form work for a first lesson only, as I had to read for my fellowship and could not undertake more. I enjoyed the work thoroughly, and frequently had to take the Sixth form for Dr Goulburn, which was pleasant. How strange the first time to kneel down in Arnold's school with the Rugby Sixth and use Arnold's familiar Prayer before work. Could I have believed it?

My visit to Cambridge for the fellowship examination, happy, and the result satisfactory.

My ordination at Christmas by Bishop of Manchester at Bury January 9. The rest of my holidays spent at Redland.

My second half year is gliding on as happily as the first, busy, full of energy and spirit. But I am doing very little work for

myself, my health is so unsteady and Dr Barnard's language so strong that I dare not (do more). Two years he says I ought to give to recover a strong body, if I am to live and work heartily. I trust I am doing right—but it is fearful to see the year rolling on so fast and my books at a standstill.

In 1853 my father was elected a Fellow of Trinity, and he then took up more school work and at the same time threw himself with great energy into theological reading. He studied Hippolytus, the Greek Father, with a view to producing an edition: he alludes to this in his *Cyprian* as his "juvenile lucubrations."

My father refused a boarding house, but cultivated intimate relations with his pupils: in the holidays he travelled assiduously, visiting Rome with Lightfoot, and working many hours a day at churches and galleries. He also visited most of the important French Cathedrals, and, to show the minute accuracy with which he threw himself into details, he identified and catalogued the Statues at Rheims, several hundred in number. He then began the patient accumulation of pictures, photographs and engravings, mostly of sacred subjects and ecclesiastical buildings, of which he procured a great number, neatly arranged in portfolios. When at Rome he was presented to the Pope, Pio Nono; and he and Lightfoot having come to the Vatican in frock coats, he used to describe how the services of a friendly Chamberlain were volunteered to pin the offending garments into the shape of dress-coats. On the same visit my father had his hat crushed over his brows by an enthusiastic spectator, because, unconscious of the Pope's approach, he had not removed it in time.

To Mary Sidgwick, then twelve years old.

ROME. HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE.

Dec. 31, 1854.

MY DEAREST MINNIE,

.....The Pope was there.....He looked a wonderful figure, but more like a picture or a statue or a dream, as sixteen

men in scarlet robes lifted him upon their shoulders, and two splendid fans of white feathers and peacock's, on poles 10 feet high, were borne behind him like an eastern potentate, and he was slowly borne through the Church making the Sign of the Cross over the heads of the people perpetually as he went, while the tapers burned quietly on the altar, and the great circle of lamps glowed round the tomb of the Apostle. Then one looked up and saw round the dome beneath the great mosaics the awful legend, "*Tu es Petrus—et super hac petra aedificabo ecclesiam meam—et tibi dabo claves regni coelorum*"—and felt for a moment as if they really must be the historical chain that bound the earth to the shore of the Sea of Galilee, as if this were the mountain of the Lord's House exalted in the top of the hills. But it passed away in a moment—and one felt there must be a truer fulfilment somewhere,—and then as one came out one saw the bronze statue of St Peter with half his foot kissed away, and his bran-new ring for the occasion glistening on his forefinger, and—alas, alas—and once more the Pope came close past me, attended, but on foot and in his ordinary dress, passing to his lodgings, and he lifted up his hand again to send his blessing amongst us—how strangely are good and evil mixed in this complicated earth!

Ever your most affectionate,

EDWARD.

In 1854 he had been ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Manchester, by letters dimissory from the Bishop of Ely. My father's account of his examination is so curious that I must here repeat it. He was told to call upon the Bishop's Chaplain, a country clergyman, and presented himself at the Rectory at the appointed time. The Chaplain, it seems, did not catch his name and asked him to be seated—and then after one or two general remarks, on learning that he was a candidate for Orders asked him the date of the Call of Abraham. The future Archbishop confessed total ignorance, and the Chaplain stared at him hard for a moment with a dissatisfied expression, and presently asked him the date of Solomon's birth. Again he pleaded ignorance and was met with a "Very bad, sir, very bad indeed: most reprehensible ignorance." My father



said that he had not expected such questions. "Well, what did you expect, sir?" said the Chaplain, "a knowledge of the sequence of the events of Bible History is a necessary part of a clergyman's knowledge—Come, what have you read?" My father mentioned a treatise of Cyprian's and some other books. The Chaplain frowned and asked him another date of which he was again ignorant. He then said sternly, "What College do you belong to?" "Trinity." "What degree?" "Eighth Classic." "Any University or College distinction?" "Senior Chancellor's Medallist and Fellow of Trinity." "Oh!" said the Chaplain with a genial smile, "you are Mr *Benson*, mentioned in this letter from the Bishop of Manchester; I beg your pardon—I didn't catch the name—most stupid—we may consider the examination at an end," and he politely handed my father a document which had been lying sealed and directed upon a side-table, to the effect that he had passed a most creditable examination. My father used to add that at the same time a fellow-candidate writing on the "sacrifice" in the Holy Communion, mentioned under one head the sacrifice of the body and soul of the receiver. "What do you mean, sir?" said the Examiner. The man referred to the Office. The Chaplain turned hastily over the pages, found the proposition sound, but pointing to the obnoxious words, said with pompous emphasis, "*Reasonable*, sir; *reasonable*, you will observe."

My father's examination for Priests' orders was somewhat similar. Dr Corrie, late Master of Jesus College, was Examining Chaplain to Bishop Turton of Ely. My father went to see him, and was told that he would be excused the ordinary examination, but must select some Patristic treatise and come on a certain day to do a paper. He came, began the paper, when the Master was called away: he obligingly said, "Come and see me on such a day for your certificates

—when you have done your paper put it on that table, and leave a paper-weight on it.” My father did as he was told, and in a few days called as directed. The Master received him, not very graciously, and asked him why he had not done the paper he had been set. He replied that he had done it, and glancing at the side-table, saw that the paper was lying where he had placed it, with the paper-weight still in its place. He pointed this out to the Master, whose only reply was to hand him his certificate with a somewhat embarrassed smile, adding, “the examination in *your* case, Mr Benson, is purely formal.”

In Mrs William Sidgwick he found another mother; he writes to her from Cambridge, which he often visited in the holidays, on Jan. 29, 1856:

There is a quiet joy in being here, the courts, the grounds and the Hall have a thousand lights upon them for every man who has been nurtured in them, which no other eyes can see. But above all the Chapel, with its quiet Service, and then the chants and the anthem on the high days, exercise a power over me which no other place in the world can do. But it would not do for me, I think, to live here; it has been very good for me to live at Rugby, and to be with you, I am sure I feel gentler and more *even*, and as if I had advanced a little, though alas! it is very little, in the wisdom which is above. But above all I thank God that He has given me one little heart to be so much mine now, and to grow more and more mine daily all our lives, as mine is already hers wholly, and I doubt not, but trust in Him that He will teach us how to do each other good, and build each other up, both by softening and strengthening, and that to *your* joy also.

I fear you will be tired by my running on so long about self—but it *would only* be to his most affectionate mother from her

Most affectionate son,

E. W. BENSON.

As regards my Church views it is too long a subject to enter on, whole sheets would not be enough if I wrote as fully as I ought if I once began. I can but say that I truly believe myself to agree with you on all points touching Church authority, and

the view I take of our own Church as the most perfect expositor of the Christian Religion which has existed since the days of the Apostles—as having the great bulwarks of the Apostolical Episcopate, Presbytery, and Diaconate, the true administration of, and instruction concerning the Sacraments, as the means of grace appointed us, and as teaching in all the true doctrine of the Word of God. If there are any questions to which I can briefly reply, which you wish to ask me on this matter, I will with great pleasure. For this I can do, not as bearing at all on *the* subject with us in the way it appears in your last, but as quite a general matter, and because I am both surprised and sorry that you do not seem to know more of me than you do.

Good night—my head aches—and my heart too a little—but forgive me, and that will go far to cure the latter, and what remains to be cured must cure itself.

Your affectionate nephew once more,

E. W. BENSON.

About 1857 my father's health began to break down: he was attacked by bad neuralgia and general nervous prostration. A visit to a celebrated doctor resulted in his being advised to leave Rugby altogether, and to give himself complete rest. He went up to Cambridge and conferred with Mr Martin and his Trinity friends: and the result was that he was offered a Lectureship, with an almost immediate prospect of a Tutorship. This he accepted, but for reasons which will appear he never actually went to Cambridge.

Meanwhile, in 1857 Dr Goulburn retired from Rugby, and Dr Temple, who became my father's lifelong friend, was appointed to succeed him. Dr Temple may not have been distinguished by suavity as a Headmaster, but his intense devotion to work, his gigantic energies, and the deep tenderness of his nature, were irresistibly attractive to my father, who a year or two afterwards asked him and Dr Lightfoot to be sponsors to his firstborn son.

He wrote to the Rev. J. T. Pearse on Feb. 23, 1858:

We have begun here nobly I think. Temple is a grand

man to look at, and a grander to hear. I never so heard a man speak evidently out of his own very heart, and his face quite haunts me. I feel immensely drawn to him; he is clearly one who hates "policy," and thinks nothing of lucre or place but solely of right. He is the man to improve us all.

I am still however unsettled in my plans. If anything could make me stay here it would be Temple, but I rather believe my days here are coming to a close. It must be my own act, I suppose, at last, but I am as motionless at present as the body in the first law of motion.

My father's diary relating to his contemplated change of life is written in a depressed spirit; the work of a school-master was highly congenial to him; much as he enjoyed the idea of returning to Trinity, it meant an indefinite deferring of his marriage, for he was by this time engaged to his cousin Mary Sidgwick. What he hoped to do was to wait till his health should be restored and then stand for some Headmastership.

In 1853 the Fund to perpetuate the memory of the Duke of Wellington had been appropriated to the foundation of a College for the sons of officers: the site was fixed in a remote and healthy tract on the borders of Windsor Forest. The Prince Consort flung himself most warmly into the plan, and regulated the constitution of the place with a characteristic enthusiasm and precision. Just when my father had decided to leave Rugby, he was offered the Headmastership of the new College, and accepted it. He had several interviews with the Prince, and was deeply impressed with his good sense and acuteness, and at the Prince's desire, left England for a prolonged tour in Germany to study continental methods of education. Among other interesting experiences, he spent a day with Baron Bunsen at Heidelberg. His visit to the then Crown Prince of Prussia at Babelsberg is given in a letter below (p. 58).

*To Mary Sidgwick, giving an account of his first meeting
the Governors of Wellington College.*

RUGBY.

April 21, 1858.

MY DEAREST MINNIE,

I had a very prosperous day in town. The train was half an hour late, and I consequently found the Secretary gone from Downing Street to the House of Lords where the Council¹ met in the Fine Arts Commission room. I followed him therefore vite, vite, and after a little wandering in that dazzling place, found myself in the open air again, and directed to enter by another door. At the foot of a great staircase which I reached I turned round and saw a moustachioed gentleman drive up in a carriage, but I turned round and ran upstairs and on reaching the top found that the gentleman had run upstairs after me, and that it was the Prince himself. He smiled very graciously and sweetly and shook hands with me, and he went on into the room where the Council had met already. I waited a few minutes in the Lobby till the Secretary came out and said they were ready for me, and on my entering, the Prince, as President, told me that my appointment had been passed by the Council, and that they were going to ante-date my salary three months, i.e. to give me £200—which was very handsome.

Then the Secretary, I found, had broken up my *long letter* into Resolutions which were read one by one, the Prince, like a trump as he is, arguing well for every one of them, and, when any discussion arose, desiring the Secretary to read my letter aloud. The end of it was that every point in my letter was carried, which amounts in many things to a reorganisation of the plan. The sole thing not carried was the *Bath* of which the construction was postponed through want of funds at present.

Lord Derby was there and very kind, he came up and chatted very kindly. He is like the picture in the *Illustrated News*, but has very fierce dark eyes.

Lord Lansdowne² was very interesting to see—so grand an old veteran with such white hair and a voice that sounds from the other world.

Mr Sidney Herbert³ was there and very pleasant.

¹ Of Wellington College.

² The *doyen* of the Whig Party; had been Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1806 in the Ministry of "All the Talents," and was in the Cabinet without office during the Crimean War. He declined a Dukedom.

³ The Peelite ex-Secretary at War, created Lord Herbert of Lea, and died at Wilton in 1861. His statue is in front of the War Office, Pall Mall.

There were a good many more swells but I did not identify or care about any others. The Prince is a prince of princes,—thoroughly interested and hearty.

Ever your most affectionate,

EDWARD.

To Mary Sidgwick.

POTSDAM.

July 6, 1858.

MY DEAREST GIRL,

.....Just then in came a man with a letter from Baron Stockmar, containing—guess how astonished I was!—a command from the Prince and Princess to dine with them at 3 o'clock.

I should have requested to be taken to a lunatic asylum if there had been time, but luckily for me there was not—I had only just time to dress and drive up. At the gate there was such a grand porter taking off his cap, that I should have felt it was all right if he had told me to hold it for him, or stand behind him, or anything else—but he was kind enough not to do so—so I went on into the Schloss, and found there some “swells” of footmen who took away my umbrella but amazed my unsophisticatedness in making me keep my hat in my hand.

I thought I would wait till Baron Stockmar came, and then, finding I could not do so, I was seized with a desire to run away, but I did not do that either, and so went on through drawing room after drawing room, all most gothically and beautifully fitted up. Then I came on another gentleman or two, with their hats in their hands, and then to my relief came Baron Stockmar. We had a pleasant chat during which I came gradually to the conclusion that I was not going to commit any egregious folly, and accordingly I didn't.

The Prince and Princess came in, followed by her three ladies. She talked to me most pleasantly for some time, and then the Prince, and they expressed great interest in the Wellington College. They had been present at the laying of the first stone, they said, immediately after they were engaged to each other. When we went to dinner, the Prince sat in the middle of one side the table, and the Princess on his right hand, a lady whose name I could neither say nor spell on his left—a gentleman at each end—opposite two ladies, self and Baron Stockmar.

I was opposite the Princess. The dinner was what epicures would call most elegant, and very nice indeed to my uneducated

taste. But I did not eat a great deal, for the Princess kept me talking incessantly, until I was ashamed to have all the conversation to myself—but I could not help it.

After dinner in the drawing room the gentlemen resumed their hats into their hands, except the Prince, and so talked—I had again a long talk with the Princess about Balmoral and Abergeldie which I knew as well as she did—she knew every room in the castle, and every hill, where I was so happy in 1848, and she knew Mr Anderson, and Gow, and Andrew Wilson and all my old favourites among the peasants. She remembered the Braemar gathering, and all the people that were there. She is very fond of Scotland, and talked of it with tears in her eyes, and of the hills and lochs.

She has a most sweet and kind expression and that is certainly her only beauty of face—but it is round and plump and happy looking and very young. The Prince is a fine, quick, kind, goodhearted young man, who looks as innocent as the morning, and talked about his father and mother and all very pleasantly. What strikes me about all these great people is the consideration and gentleness of their manners—and the desire to make one feel at ease. Fancy this party of seven Germans, and one English lady, who spoke German as well and fluently as they did, to them in the drawing room, all of them talking in English the whole dinner through in compliment to me a stranger and poor schoolmaster.

Ever your most affectionate,

EDWARD.

My father did little clerical duty at Rugby, no visiting, and next to no preaching except in the Chapel. His time was fully occupied, and he held that a schoolmaster's life is primarily a cure of souls—and secondly that one who educates others must at the same time be sedulously educating himself.

His first extempore sermon was preached under singular circumstances in 1854. He was attending evensong shortly after his ordination at a new Church in Rugby—the Holy Trinity—on a Saint's Day. The clergyman was prevented from attending, and my father was called out of his seat by the verger and asked to perform the service. Just as

he had robed himself the vergers said, "Mr — always gives a short address on Saint's Day evenings." William Sidgwick, who was present, saw at the conclusion of the Service, with profound misgivings, my father proceed to the pulpit, and the first words of the discourse "the sun is a heavenly body" convinced him that from nervousness my father had almost taken leave of his senses. But he was soon reassured. The sermon was short but pointed, being constructed on the well-known verse of Keble's,

"The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crown His Holy Hill,
The Saints like Stars around His seat
Perform their courses still."

There is less material for the Rugby period than for almost any other part of my father's life; he was much engrossed in his work, wrote but few letters to friends, or few have been preserved, and found his chief happiness in the unrestrained intercourse with the loving household in which he lived. His diary cannot be quoted in extenso, as it is mainly occupied with the dawning hope which was afterwards so happily fulfilled by his marriage with his cousin Mary Sidgwick.

On June 23, 1859, they were married at the old Church at Rugby, and went for a brief honeymoon in Switzerland.

Dr Temple married them, and wrote a characteristic note in answer to my father's request that he would officiate.

DEAR BENSON,

I would come from Pekin to have the pleasure of giving you your wife.

Yours affectionately,

F. TEMPLE.

And here I must touch, however gently, upon what was the central fact of my father's life—the companionship of my mother. From the time when he was at the University, and played with her as a little child, he desired

some day to make her his wife. When he came to live with the Sidgwick household at Rugby, and, in the intervals of his school work, found time to teach her, this desire was formulated not only to himself but to others. Before he began his first independent work, when she was just eighteen, they were married, and the camaraderie of the Rugby household was exchanged for the close companionship of married life among the wild and heathery solitudes of Wellington. Thus her life was bound up with his in a way which is seldom possible to a wife. There was not a single thought or plan or feeling which he did not share with her: and from first to last her whole life and energies were devoted to him. For many years she was his sole secretary. He consulted her about everything, depended upon her judgment in a most unusual way, and wrote little for public utterance which he did not submit to her criticism. My father had an intense need of loving and being loved; his moods of depression, of dark discouragement, required a buoyant vitality in his immediate circle. One cannot constantly recur to the fundamental facts of life, but without a knowledge of this it would be impossible to understand my father's character and career.

Dr Henry Sidgwick¹, my father's second cousin and afterwards his brother-in-law, late Knightbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, thus writes of my father in the early days:—

I seem to remember him rosy and brown in complexion, with great distinction of features, great force and eagerness in his manner, and abundant flow of talk when he was in the vein. One feature I distinctly recall as belonging especially to this earlier time—so far as *my* recollection goes—an original and inventive faculty of droll improvisation, very wonderful to me at the time; never used for display, but merely drawn out in the flow of what Tennyson calls (in Arthur Hallam)

“Heart affluence of household talk.”

¹ Professor Sidgwick died Aug. 28th, 1900.

All mere domestic drollery, but produced with a spontaneity and what the Germans call "Ausgelassenheit" that used to characterise his talk in those early years when he was in good spirits: in later years, I have only seen it when he was playing with children, and therefore was less literary.

At this time, and during the whole of the Rugby years that followed, his literary gifts seemed to me very remarkable, and his literary taste dominated mine more than any other taste has ever done before or since. And even now, looking back upon his life, it seems to me that the one side of his intellect which was not adequately developed by circumstances was the literary side. I think the keenness and subtlety of his appreciation of literary effects and qualities, and the vitality and individuality of his manner of expression, were calculated to make him impress his age as a writer, if his energy had not always been so much absorbed in other directions. Practice would have subdued to an attractive flavour a certain oddity in turns of thought and phrase which actually remained a fault—though to me a "dulce vitium"—of his style. And he certainly had the infinite capacity for taking pains which has been said to constitute genius: one of the prominent characteristics of my memory of him in this early time is the energy, resource, attention to minute details, which he threw into everything—even the smallest things—which he took up.

Though successful in the school work, I was not altogether happy in the life of the house: he let me come and talk to him when I liked, and his little room on the Dunchurch Road was the place where I was happiest. His sympathy at this time—indeed at all times, but this was when I felt most need of it—was eminently wise and tactful in its restraint; he encouraged one to face difficulties of conduct with manly independence and repressed egotistic whinings, yet not so as to make one feel any want of sympathy; if his help was really needed, he would—however busy—throw his mind into the question with an energetic concentration of interest in it, and give a clear decision after full and careful consideration.

I think that some kindly and sympathetic people are less helpful as counsellors to others, from want of a habitual and versatile interest in the details of practical matters. They are always liable to be bored by the detail of their own affairs, and therefore—even supposing them to love their neighbours as themselves, so far as humanity is capable of this—they are similarly bored with the detail of their neighbours' affairs: thus, though their heart is right, they cannot get the machine of their intellect

to work effectively on the *minutiae* of other people's needs. It always seemed to me that it was the opposite quality in your father—the keen enjoyment he always seemed to have in the practical detail of his own life and business—which, combined with his ready and versatile sympathy, made him so helpful and delightful as a counsellor.....

As a scholar, I came to think that he was not quite so accurate and sound as he was subtle and ingenious: and his knowledge of historic facts was liable to curious lapses at times. (This appeared in ordinary conversation sometimes, especially when quantitative accuracy was in question.) Nor do I remember being impressed with philosophic breadth in his historical knowledge. But here, as in other matters, his grasp of concrete details in any matter that he studied with us or for us was remarkably full, close and vivid: and his power of communicating his own keen and subtle sense of the literary quality of classical writings, and also of using them to bring the ancient world lifelike and human before our minds, was unrivalled. In these points I felt that the occasional lessons he gave the Sixth far surpassed any other teaching I had at Rugby—or indeed afterwards. I remember that a single incidental lesson which he gave on the *Birds* of Aristophanes, dramatizing the fun for us with play of voice and gesture, simply showed me how to read Aristophanes.

I remember another lesson on Tacitus, which illustrates another gift of his. He was not in the habit of introducing "edifying" remarks either in lessons or in ordinary secular talk. I think he fully appreciated the dislike that an average schoolboy has of attempts to edify him, when he feels that the attempts are made, if I may say so, in cold blood. But he did occasionally let the deeply religious view of the world and life that was habitual to him flash out impressively and suggestively. At the end of the lesson I refer to, after making us feel the gloomy indignation of Tacitus at the corruption of his times, he, closing the book, reminded us how the Founder of the religion that was destined to purify the old civilised world was at this very time on earth. It was only a couple of sentences, but I remember going away startled into a reverent appreciation of the providential scheme of human history which was not soon to be forgotten.....

My recollection of his conversation at this time naturally blends with later memories. He was brilliant and *entraînant* in talk, when social duty called for it, or when he was in the vein; but sometimes silent and abstracted in domestic life, though not unsympathetically so—except in transient moods of vexation.

I only remember one conspicuous example of this, when he raised a transient rebellion in "Big School," but I seem to have heard of minor manifestations of the same temper in dealing with pupils. But I ought to add that I never heard him accused of *hardness* in enforcing the rules he thought necessary: his *normal* handling of them was thoroughly sympathetic and considerate to individuals: only there were transient flashes of severity, in excess of what tact and judgment would have prescribed.....

The fact is, that even in these earlier times, his masterfulness was combined with remarkable adaptability: his quick sympathy and intellectual ingenuity and resource rendered him singularly capable of fitting his ways and talk to different persons and his plans to different circumstances.....

His unquestioned rule over my mind was not in the least maintained by fear: he was remarkably free from any *felt* maintenance of dignity and superiority of position, in his converse as master with boys: his lessons were lessons at which one felt at ease; his teaching was eminently sympathetic and in his talk he put himself on a level with those he talked to. When I did what he advised—in matters outside the school regulations—it was not from awe of him and fear of blame, but from a conviction that he was right and a desire to be like him.

Of his relations with his younger pupils at Rugby, Mr H. Lee Warner, afterwards a Rugby master, said, in a lecture not long after my father's death:—

Never shall I forget August 24, 1854, when, as a timid boy of twelve, fresh from a Norfolk parsonage where I had only been taught by my father, as green as such a bringing up would leave me, eager for more sight of life and shrinking from my first plunge, I was introduced to my first sight of him. I found a young man, with a countenance more like my idea of the St John of Italian painters than anything else, eager, perhaps impatient, full of affection and sympathy, whose business it was in those days when Temple was still unknown, and entrance examinations had not been thought of, to find out what form I was fit for. He soon made up his mind. I was set a piece of the *Medea* to translate, six verses about a drop of dew to do, and I was placed Upper Middle I. to the astonishment of my elder brother, who had just told me I should be in the lower school. From that moment the care he took of me was just like that of an elder brother, with more discrimination. He would call me up after

tutor lessons if he saw that his impatience had frightened me, and make it up; he would stop me in the Quad and give me advice if he thought I was loafing; he would come into my study to do extra verses or other work with me; he would ask me to his lodgings or his house and fill my mind with stories of his college days, memories of Rugby which he picked up as if he had been an old Rugbeian himself, side-lights on the work we were doing in Form, which made everything seem doubly interesting. His resources were endless. One day he discovered that I had unfortunately acquired a reputation which cost my own learning dear, of being able to give good "Construes." He made me promise to give no more, stuck up a notice in the house to say I had given a promise, appealing to the honour of the "swells," who in those days before Temple and before superannuation mustered largely in the Lower Middles, not to force me. And with all this there was, to use his own phrase in a later address to schoolmasters, no "taint of sickliness in his sympathy, no want of salt in his love." I felt him to be a strong man, so that I marvelled the more at his affectionateness. I have seen him commit grave mistakes in his discipline. But on each occasion he publicly expressed his sorrow, so that, chastened himself, he more than recovered his position. He was young in those days, and we were all young together. Boys will forgive everything in a good man if he is natural. If he ruled occasionally with the scourge of the tongue, he was never cynically sarcastic. And to hear him translate *The Apology of Socrates* or read his "Fair Copy" in crisp old English of passages of Herodotus, on which we had just tried our prentice hands, was a treat, even for the Lower Fifth.

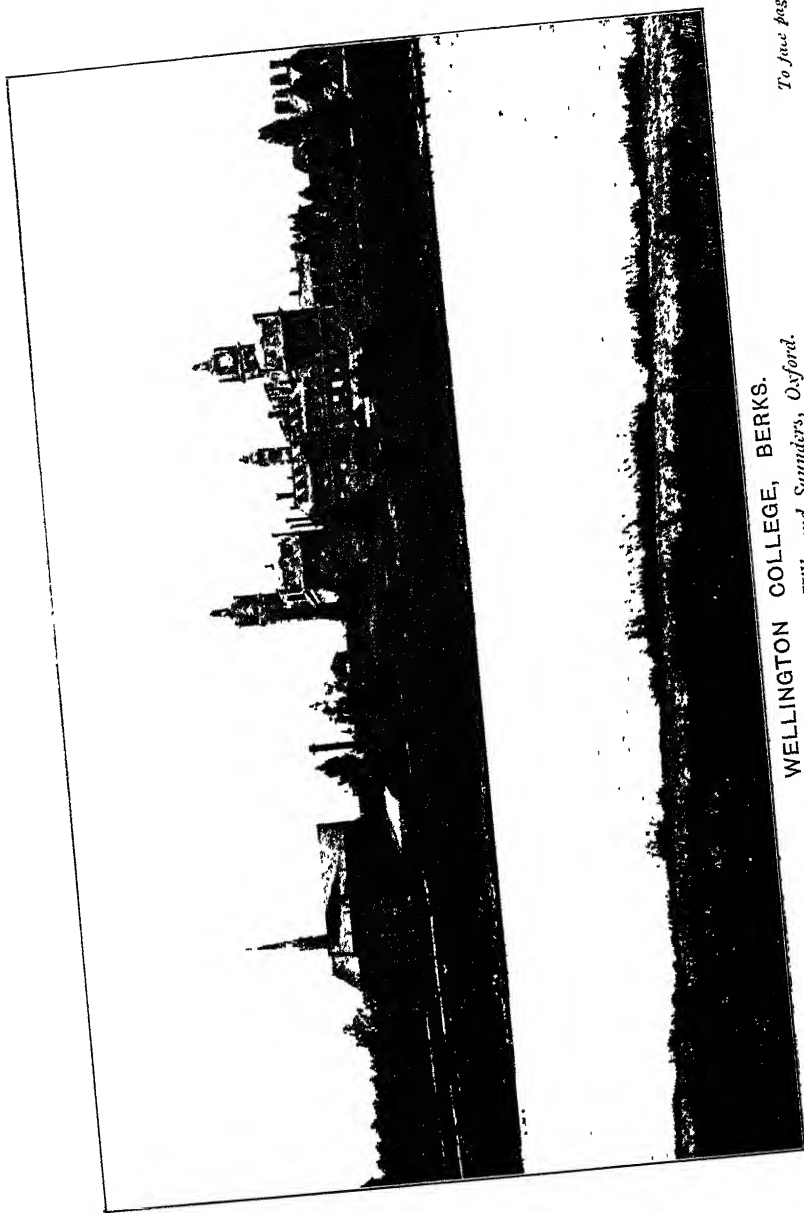
CHAPTER III.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

“τρηχεῖ, ἀλλ’ ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος.” HOMER.

*“Where thou, through glad laborious days,
Didst nurse and kindle generous fires,
That, as the old earth forward runs,
Shall fit the sons of hero sires
To be the sires of hero sons.”*

THE site chosen for Wellington College was a very attractive one; it was a land of heather and Scotch firs on the outskirts of the old domain of Windsor Forest, not far from Wokingham, and in the parish of Sandhurst. Houses have since sprung up in all directions in the neighbourhood, so that it is hard for anyone who visits the place now to realise how lonely and secluded a spot it was. The College itself was built upon a rising ground, with a wide view to the South over a tract of heather in which stood some brick kilns with smoky tops. On either side of this little plain the ground rose to two steep sandy hills, Edgebarrow on the East and Ambarrow on the West, both covered with Scotch firs. The beauty of the former, which has since been added to the College estate, is considerably spoilt by the erection thereon of a large reservoir of water for College purposes. Ambarrow however was and is still a particularly graceful hill, the top of which was crowned with a large ring of ancient firs, that made a knoll of



WELLINGTON COLLEGE, BERKS.
From a photograph by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

foliage above the smaller trees that clothed its sides. My father was greatly devoted to the aspect of the hill—"I often ask myself, who am I," he said, pointing to Ambarrow, to Professor Mason, then a Master at Wellington, as they were returning from Chapel on the morning of All Saints' Day, "that I should be able to look at *that*, every morning?"

But the great charm of the place was the pine wood on the East of the College. You could step out of the College gates and walk for hours among the red-shafted aisles, with the soft carpet of fir needles, in roads of grey sand, with the wind rustling in the thick foliage at the top. Inside the wood near Edgebarrow was a little house called the honey-woman's cottage, with a formal garden and box hedges; just beyond this was a tract planted with large spruce firs, an avenue called by my father the "Eternal Calm" because on the windiest days it was peaceful there. The air of the whole place was always singularly fresh to his mind, "charged with ozone" and laden with the aromatic scent of the firs, and in summer blowing sweet over tracts of heather. When we returned from our holidays, I remember how he used to breathe the air and praise it.

The College originally consisted of two courts, in the Louis Quatorze style, of brick with stone facings, flanked by two high towers with lead roofs which gave a stately aspect to the whole. Professor Munro said that the place reminded him of a Spanish convent. One of the then unused dormitories was fitted up as a Chapel. The Master's Lodge was in the North front of the College, over, and on each side of, the principal entrance. It had a small walled garden to the East, with a rockery of broken carvings from the stoneyards, overlooked by a tall chimney vomiting smoke, very terrible to childish minds.

In the early days of the College the Prince Consort

often came over to see it, and suggested numbers of little details both for use and ornament.

The College was opened in 1859 by the Queen in person; there were about eighty boys, Foundationers, sons of officers, "Heroum Filii" as the motto says. They wore an odd dark-green uniform, with brass buttons, plaid trousers, and a cap like a postman's with red lines and a gilt crown in front. This was a suggestion of the Prince Consort's, who disliked the Academic, or Ecclesiastical, dress that remained at certain English Schools, as being "a badge of their monastic origin." The uniform was soon given up, and the cap has since lost its peak, and is seldom worn. The death-blow was dealt to the uniform when Lord Sackville Cecil¹ and the Hon. A. W. Charteris had tickets given up to them at the station.

Dr Temple came from Rugby to see the start, and to render any assistance that he could. The grounds were still unformed, and all down the front drive where the rhododendrons now stand, the heather which had been cut lay in great bundles tied up ready for removal. Dr Temple, noticing that the boys were hanging about rather listlessly, started a kind of Steeplechase down among the bundles, and the two Headmasters, leading the way and jumping the piles of heather with coatskirts flying, were followed by the boys.

The very first day an odd incident occurred. About three in the morning my father was awakened by voices and the tramping of many feet, and looking out, it being a bright moonlight night, saw the boys coming out into the court. Visions of a rebellion flashed across his mind, and he hurriedly dressed and went down, and discovered that the boys had taken the bright moonlight for day, not having a watch among them, and had cheerfully dressed and gone down so as to be certain of being in time for school.

¹ Died Jan. 1898.

How domestic a party the boys were at first may be gathered from the fact that every evening after the evening service, my mother, then a sedate matron of eighteen, used to shake hands with each of them and wish them good night.

My father kept a large scrap-book at Wellington College into which he fastened designs, plans, pictures, newspaper cuttings and heterogeneous materials interspersed with a Diary very irregularly kept. In this Diary, on March 19, 1862, he writes:—

To-day I took Professor Kingsley to look at the Chapel, after the boys' dinner was over, during which he had been chatting hard and devising all manner of plans for improving the geological collection. I pointed out to him the Foundation-stone which was still standing up out of the brickwork¹. He went up and leaned over it quite bent for a few moments—and then took off his hat to it, and when he rose the tears were raining down his cheeks.—It was I think a fervent prayer for the place and Requiem for the beloved Prince too.

The Queen did not visit the College after the opening for nearly six years; the following is my father's account of her next visit, which was private:—

Nov. 4th, 1864. The Queen paid a private visit to the College. The first since she opened it on Jan. 29, 1859. She seemed to be in good health and in good spirits, but was a good deal overcome when she visited the Foundation-stone, tears streaming down her cheeks. Her questions were well put and showed real interest. She stayed in the Chapel some time and expressed her intention of sending a photographer to take the interior well. She desired me to forward for her the photographs which I had of the capitals, and hoped prefects did not punish boys;—at Harrow they did so too much; at Eton the masters did not know enough of the boys. Went to Murray Dormitory which was in process of cleaning, whereat she smiled as having caught the establishment not in perfect order,—laughed a good deal at the confectioner's shop being viewed as a necessity, imagining boys might do without sweet things; disapproved of

¹ This had been laid by the Prince Consort, who died Dec. 14, 1861.

arm chairs. Asked for every name and moved to every boy pleasantly in 6th and 5th forms, looked well at the boys in great school, moving freely about and looking well in their faces motherly-wise.—In the house won our hearts by asking for *our* two boys and kissing them heartily on both cheeks—oddly had forgotten that it was by her own desire that our ugly uniform remains, saying “she believed that the uniform had long ago been given up.” The warm bright day made all moving about pleasant both in and out of doors. The Queen was still in the deepest mourning. Just as she drove off she asked for a week’s holiday for the boys, “if it is approved—if it is quite approved.”

It is impossible here to trace the steps by which the school grew and prospered. It soon outgrew its original design—in fact my father had contrived to alter that before he began his work there,—and began to rank as one of the greater English public schools. Such had been my father’s wish all along, and he assiduously attempted to cultivate scholarship and to win University distinctions; being most anxious that the school should not merely become a kind of military academy for Army preparation. In this he succeeded, and at the end of his time boys were winning University Scholarships every year, though, perhaps, with the exception of Dr Verrall, he did not send out any scholar of absolutely first-rate eminence.

His energy at Wellington was certainly immense; when he first went there all the questions connected with the estate, and with commissariat, food, and domestic arrangements, were in the hands of a Secretary and a Steward, who were not responsible to the Headmaster, but only to the Governors. Such a dual control fretted my father to the utmost, as his nature was always autocratic.

Eventually he resolved that the entire control of the College arrangements must be in his own hands: he drew up a manifesto upon the subject, and sent it to the Governors, being fully prepared to resign, and half ex-

pecting to be asked to do so—when to his surprise his proposals were adopted in every point. The occasion was signalised by remarkable omens, which, in spite of my father's frequent expressions of scorn for the discussion of semi-psychical phenomena, he took a singular pleasure in recounting. The flagstaff was blown down, but replaced by his orders, against the remonstrances of the Steward, and seven wild swans appeared upon the lake.

One of the Masters was then appointed Bursar, but my father kept a close eye upon all the expenditure, and inspected the books from time to time.

The Headmaster, besides teaching the Sixth Form, examined the school regularly and rigorously. He was very hospitable and entertained his neighbours frequently. He preached every Sunday in the Chapel; and finding that he was somewhat losing his hold on ecclesiastical studies, he took up the subject of Cyprian for his own private reading. His work began for years by half-past six and seldom ceased till after midnight. He had a most vigilant eye for detail. Nothing escaped him—a door open that should have been shut, a bread-crust on the gravel, a cap in the court, he noted it all.

One of the first things the Headmaster did as the revenues of the school increased, was to represent to the Governors the need of a School Chapel. He pointed out that the school was in receipt of a large annual income, and that a dignified and beautiful Chapel played a great part in the sentiment and the corporate life of the place.

In order to give a practical basis to his proposal, he mentioned that several of his private friends were prepared to guarantee substantial subscriptions.

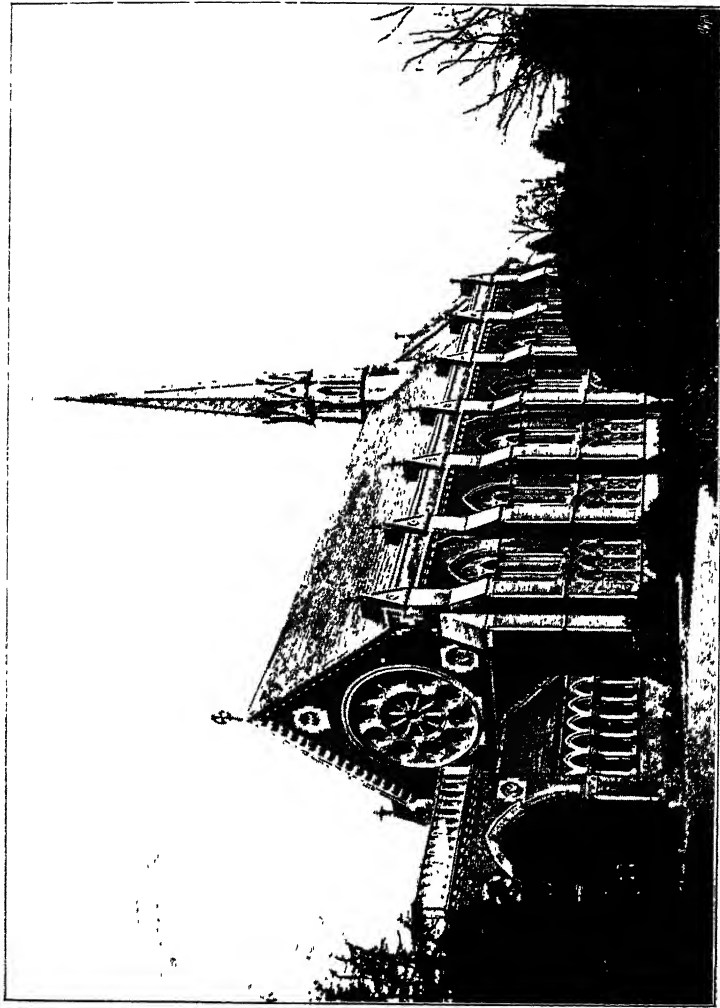
The Governors assented, and Mr Gilbert Scott was selected to prepare plans, the consideration of which was a task thoroughly congenial to my father. He had been delighted at Rugby, when, at his initiative, the Chapel was

being partially restored, at getting a letter addressed to him as "Mr Benson, Builder, Rugby," and he threw himself with intense enjoyment into the architectural details of the new Chapel, which was of brick in the Early English style. A most careful plan was laid down for the windows, and as one after another was presented, they were filled by Hardman¹ with glass designed under the close criticism and fertile suggestion of my father. Some of them are difficult enough to identify. But my father liked, as he used to say, not to make them too easy—to give the boys something to puzzle out. In one of his later Diaries he notes that on a visit to Wellington, he found to his great amusement that he had forgotten some of the subjects, and was himself completely baffled.

On Aug. 6th he gives his account of the carving of the capitals of the pillars of the external arcade:—

Aug. 6th. The Chapel is up to the top of the brick mouldings all round the windows. The round window is in organ-house. The walls and pillars of Antechapel are done. The carving of four or five bays of south side, outside, in arcade under windows, and two bays of the arcade of apse are done. Easternmost all sacred flowers. The rest characteristic of soil. The heaths and fox-glove at my request specially, as well as Osmunda, Polypodium, Water-lily. The names of the carvers principally at work on the more delicate flowers are Bingley and Butcher. They are of Farmer's firm. Bingley is a remarkably intelligent man with great zeal of knowledge and happy conceit. The men came to execute conventional carvings only, and began at the S.E. corner outside in this style. I argued with Bingley that the conventionality of his work was a mere weakness, and that while balancing on one side the material he worked in and the necessity for strength in the appearance of the caps, Nature's own flowers were the right flowers, and that it ought to be his pride to make the Chapel look as if it were a child of the soil. The flowers he worked from should be the flowers which grow here. I instanced heather as a difficult problem but proper to be solved.....After this as I gave him flower by flower

¹ The Western rose-window is by Lusson, of Paris.



CHAPEL AT WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

From a photograph by Thomas Hunt.

to work upon he grew more pleased, and often came to work in a morning with a dozen sketches which he had made overnight of possible treatments. The heather was the most difficult, but he overcame it by his clever combination with the fox-glove. On Saturdays he went home to London and often brought me on Monday morning his studies made in Kew Gardens on the Sunday afternoon. Many offered themselves without difficulty; one of the new ones is a group of fir-cones. The identical cones from which they were copied I picked up in one of my earliest walks in 1859 to Caesar's Camp with my wife, and brought them home telling her that I should someday have them carved on the Chapel. Nothing like Faith.

In the Antechapel are none but such plants as grow in wild or desert places, out of the Church,—thorns, brambles, also the Fig and the Apple which are emblems of our Fall. Over the Archway is a Maple spray with the Joy of Loves therein. Within are rich and glorious plants—and in every window may be seen the significance of the plant in symbol of the subject of the window according to my list. In the Apse every capital has special relation to the window: i.e. to the Ascension, Evergreens, Water-lily (Baptism), Pomegranate (Heaven's Treasure), Maple (Power of Keys).

The ritual of the Chapel was of the most careful but unostentatious kind. My father would not have a pulpit, as interfering with the austerity of the narrow building, and the sermons were preached from a small brass desk set out on the chancel steps. The arcades round the Altar were filled with mosaics.

He was very anxious that we as children should have a part in these decorations, so we subscribed sixpence each, every sixpence representing, as he carefully explained, one tessera of gold, and bringing it still more home to us by pointing out the exact pieces.

I remember that he always used a Chalice previously mixed, but there was nothing that could be called ritual, only a beautiful solemnity and decorum. He always wore a full long English surplice, and bands. Everything was precisely ordered, down to the smallest detail.

He compiled a hymn-book for the use of the school very early in its career. Hymnology was always a favourite study. Here he sedulously printed the original texts of the hymns, only altering words that were grotesque or involved unfortunate associations, and many quaint paraphrases of psalms drawn from little-known collections. Several translations of Latin hymns, such as the *Dies Irae*, in this volume are his own, and several hymns are his own composition, such as "O throned, O crowned," "The splendours of Thy glory, Lord," and "Hushed the storms." The book also contains Introits for the seasons, always diligently sung, and a Founder's prayer in memory of the Great Duke, which was daily used.

There was nothing in his whole Wellington life in which my father took such constant delight, as the Chapel and the Chapel Service. Irreverence was a most serious offence. On several occasions being dissatisfied with the responding, he had the lower boys into Big School and rehearsed them in responding distinctly, out of the Latin Syntax—a daring experiment and only made possible by his personal ascendancy.

Of his sermons, my mother writes :—

He preached regularly every Sunday morning. He used to think of the sermon during the week, but he seldom actually put pen to paper till the first service was over—about 10 o'clock. And he had to preach the sermon at the 12 o'clock service. It was terrific pressure—no one was allowed to go near the study. There was even a finality about the shutting of the door when he went in after Chapel. It was inconceivable sometimes that what was preached to us at 12 should have been created since 10—but of course it had been simmering in his mind all the week, and came out with a rush from the pressure of necessity—he had often told me that he could not write a sermon out in the same time that he could compose *and write*.

In the summer he sometimes wrote his sermon sitting at a rustic table in a small summer-house that through a

vista of larches commanded a view of the heathery moorland towards Sandhurst.

He had many troubles connected with the religious teaching and the Chapel Services; many of the Governors were not very advanced Churchmen, and were timid about hints of Tractarianism. My father was assailed both as a High-Churchman and as a Latitudinarian. A long letter appeared in the *Record* in 1860 stating that the Headmaster of Wellington College had presented a copy of *Essays and Reviews* to the Boys' Library: the Headmaster wrote to say that it was the Masters' Library to which it had been presented, a room inaccessible to the boys, adding that the nature of the Masters' profession made it desirable that they should study works of very various tendencies. The Editor replied that a Christian public would certainly not accept this evasion.

It is curious to note how difficult it is at this date to define exactly his ecclesiastical views. We find him using ancient forms of devotion from Breviary and Missal. Yet he permitted Evening Communions for the College servants, and was a devoted friend of both Kingsley and Temple.

In 1859, a lady, who was not satisfied with what she heard of the religious teaching of the place, sent her son to spy upon the chapel service. Instead of applying for a ticket in the ordinary way, he contrived to get admitted to the building, and told his mother that he had heard a very offensive Tractarian Sermon, adding that the teaching and the services were alike distressingly High Church in tone; Mrs C—— wrote to one of the Governors on the subject, who forwarded the letter to the Headmaster, and received the following answer:—

I have to thank you for sending me Mrs C——'s letter.

The fear there expressed is, as you know, groundless.

As regards the *teaching*, it may set Mrs C——'s mind at rest to know that the preacher whose views her son (whom I saw at Chapel) considered to be High Church, happened to be *Mr Charles*

Kingsley, my neighbour and friend, whose name is well known as a most strenuous opponent of such teaching.

As regards the Service, there is nothing High Church about it. It is just as usual in Colleges and in Schools such as Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Marlborough; except that their Service is generally more *choral*.

You know how anxious we are to give no just offence. We must have *system* in a school, where order and discipline is everything; but if anyone could point out a more unobjectionable model I should be happy to follow it. I think nothing of such matters myself, and think it wrong and foolish to offend consciences by trifles.

I am myself neither High, nor Low, nor Broad Church, though I hear myself consigned by turns to all—as often to one as to another.

But I find too much to do in bringing before boys the weightier matters of honour, truthfulness, industry, obedience, mutual kindness, ever to trouble myself, or them either, with party views, party questions, or party practices.

Faithfully yours,

E. W. BENSON.

In 1870, when the College had taken its place among the Public Schools, the second Duke of Wellington showed a great interest in the place; for instance he undertook the expense of building large additions to the Sanatorium.

I subjoin an amusing anecdote of Mr Penny's¹ about the second Duke of Wellington:—

Soon after his election as Vice-President the Duke of Wellington was one day in the Boys' Library and suddenly asked Benson whether there was in it a complete collection of the Old Duke's Despatches and Parliamentary and Official Papers. For some time past the second series had been coming out, a volume at a time, under his Grace's own supervision. Benson was obliged to confess that the Prince Consort had given the first series to the College when the Library was started, but that the second series had never been thought of. "Oh, then I'll send you them," said he; "there can be no finer reading for a young man who is destined for the Army or the Foreign Office than my father's

¹ Died 1898. Assistant-master and Bursar of Wellington College for many years.

Papers." Accordingly in a few days all the volumes of the second series then published were sent to Wellington and duly placed in the Boys' Library. The next time the Duke came he brought his cousin Lord Cowley, Ex-Ambassador to France, to see the College. Benson took them round. Presently they came to the Boys' Library, and Benson as usual pointed out to Lord Cowley the Old Duke's cloak and the Despatch from the Peninsula and other sights. Glancing over his shoulder he observed the Vice-President standing on tip-toe opposite the book-case containing his recent gift, just tilting down the tops of the books, volume by volume, to see if they had been at all read by the boys. Alas! not a page had been cut! Each volume was in a virgin state, as issued by the publisher. "H'm," said the Duke, in a disappointed voice, "Your young gentlemen do not seem to have read much of my father's Papers."

After he had gone Benson sent for Merriott¹, the Librarian, and told him what the Duke had said and begged him without delay to cut or get cut the pages of all the volumes forthwith—adding, what is true enough, that every book ought to be carefully cut before it is put into a Library. If it is left to a casual reader the result is sure to be disastrous. A proper paper-knife will then be the last instrument to be used in cutting the pages. For the next few weeks Merriott was seen daily and everywhere with a volume of the Duke of Wellington's Despatches under his arm, cutting page after page all day long at every spare moment. Some of us helped him, for there were many volumes.

The next time the Duke came (Nov. 24, 1872), he brought another friend and they went round the College as usual. And Benson again observed the same process with his father's books. Then he turned to Benson; "You've had 'em cut," said he, "I know you have. No one ever reads every page of such books. You ought to have had a page cut here and there, but not the whole book." Benson laughed and in his defence propounded his theory given above that all books ought to be properly cut through by the Librarian before they were placed on the shelves; but he ever after agreed with Mr Chance that our new Vice-President was "a doosid shrewd old gentleman."

The coming of Bishop Wilberforce for the Confirmation was always a great event. My father's first sight of Wilberforce was an interesting one; he wrote to the

¹ The Rev. J. H. Merriott, afterwards Assistant-master at Eton College.

Bishop for an appointment, to consult him about the Confirmations. Wilberforce asked him to come up to London on a certain day and call at his lodgings in, I think, Ryder Street, saying that he particularly wished to confer with him on the subject of the religious education of the boys.

My father, at some inconvenience to himself, went off by an early train and was at the house at the time fixed. He waited for nearly an hour, looking over some composition he had taken with him to employ himself. At the end of that time he heard a footstep slowly descending the stairs. The door was opened, and the Bishop came in, walking delicately, with a look of intense preoccupation, carrying in his hand an immense quarto Bible, which he deposited on a small table, and leaned his elbow upon it. My father always said that he had no doubt he had been reading it, and that it was convenient to him to bring it downstairs with him. But at the same time it had an indescribably theatrical air. He then asked one or two questions which my father answered to the best of his ability, with the depressing consciousness that the Bishop was not paying the slightest attention. In the middle of one of his answers the Bishop suddenly looked at his watch and said that he feared he had an engagement,—“a directors’ meeting,” my father used to opine,—but that if he could wait until his return he had several suggestions to make. The Bishop then left the room in a state of abstraction, but returned in a moment with some letters, which he opened, and then said in his most engaging manner that he was terribly pressed for time, and that if my father could possibly in his absence answer one or two of the letters for him, it would be of great service to him. My father expressed himself delighted, and the Bishop indicated the nature of the replies desired. He then went away; my father wrote all the letters, laid them out on

the table, and directed the envelopes. A couple of hours passed; my father had had no food since the early breakfast, but he did not like to go. The Bishop at last returned; my father showed him the letters. "I am infinitely obliged to you," said the Bishop, and began putting them into the envelopes as fast as he could. My father said, "Won't you just look at them to see that they are what you would desire?" "I am sure they are delightful—perfection," said the Bishop with a benignant smile, and sealed them up. Then he asked a few more vague questions, and graciously dismissed my father, who lunched at a coffee-house and returned home in haste. Now for the other side.

Bishop Wilberforce came to Wellington for the Dedication of the Chapel, on July 16, 1863. The Masters' Library was used as a vestry for the officials and clergy. The Bishop, who had arrived at the College the day before, came in rather late, put on his robes, and then asked for a pen, ink and blotting-paper. They were provided; he then took out of his pocket a MS. sermon, only half finished, and began to write in a bold hand, quite oblivious of the conversation and movements of the clergy present. Presently a messenger came in to say that the Royalties had taken their places and that everyone was waiting. The Bishop was told; he smiled and said, "I daresay they can give me a few minutes," and wrote on, till my father was in despair. Then he deliberately blotted his MS., and signified that he was ready. My father was curious to hear the sermon, written under these very unpropitious circumstances. It was a noble piece of Christian rhetoric, stately and yet practical, exquisite in form and full of fire and feeling to the very close.

Of the first Confirmation held by Bishop Wilberforce at Wellington, the Headmaster wrote thus to his future wife:—

June 7th, 1859.

..... The Confirmation went off admirably, and though to my great grief I was obliged to refuse to admit one boy just at the last moment, the rest received it in the best and most holily impressed manner I ever saw. The Bishop said he was quite affected with their looks and their simplicity of manner. And indeed he seemed so. He is a most noble fellow certainly, a born orator, and with the highest of all themes a most impressive one. My eyes were quite blind with tears all the time. He spoke in his sermon of me as "him who so lovingly watches over you"—and I have been so unworthy and so neglectful and so selfish.....I am filled with shame.

The Bishop's visits were always keenly looked forward to; he generally stayed a night at the Lodge, and kept a large party of guests amused and stimulated by his admirable conversation. It was a great blow when he was translated to Winchester. And I well remember the afternoon of a certain Sunday¹ when I started for a walk with my father. We went through the garden and just at the gate leading into the playing fields, the old college gardener met him with the news of the Bishop's fatal accident. My father turned quite white, and went back to the house in silence.

Mr Penny writes:—

There is a magnificent Beech Tree in the woods behind Heath Pool, a largish pond made by the Old Roman Road, which is locally known as the Devil's Highway. There are several fine trees near it, but this particular tree dominates the others in size and height and girth and luxuriance of branches. Benson was very fond of taking his guests to see it and took an early opportunity of showing it to Temple. Temple admired it very much and after looking at it for some time close at hand and at a distance, cried out to Benson, "I can't resist the temptation. Look out!" and before Benson could turn round Temple had made a rush and a leap and was scrambling up the bole of the tree. In a few seconds Temple had succeeded in reaching the first stage whence the magnificent limbs diverge in all directions,

¹ July 20, 1873.

and was grinning with delight at his success upon Benson who was laughing heartily and looking up at him from below. How little did either of them then suppose that they were both in a few years to succeed Tait as Archbishop of Canterbury!

Charles Kingsley's rectory of Eversley was within a fairly easy walk of Wellington. My father saw a great deal of him, and though I should imagine that there were not many points of ecclesiastical politics on which they were agreed, the fire and enthusiasm which underlay both natures made them fast friends, and my father had the deepest and most reverent admiration for Charles Kingsley's splendid energies, and his devotion to the cause of Christ.

The Rector of Eversley was often with us, and we frequently walked over to Eversley. Kingsley seldom dressed as a clergyman, and I recall him best in a suit of rough grey cloth, with knickerbockers and a black tie. My father used to relate how at the close of a discussion as to the pleasantest way of spending a holiday, Kingsley exclaimed with great warmth, and with the vigorous stutter which permeated his conversation and gave it so racy a flavour—"Why, to lie all day, of course, with your b-b-b-belly on a hot flat stone, like a lizard in the sun, and think about nothing."

Though my father was always deeply impressed by the sense of religious feeling manifested at the services at Eversley Church by both priest and congregation, yet Kingsley's disregard of ceremony and ritual used to amuse him. Kingsley used to go and sit within a curious painted and gilt Jacobean screen during Matins, taking no part whatever. But to hear the Lord's Prayer at the beginning of the Communion Service coming from within the screen, in that deep solemn majestic voice, was a strange surprise to those who were used to his halting utterance of every day. When the Curate preached,

Kingsley used to take off his surplice and sit in the Rectory pew, rising to give the Blessing at the end. My father thought this an affectation.

But the friendship between the two highly-strung enthusiastic men was very intimate and close. "What is Benson's character?" said a friend to Kingsley, who replied, "Beautiful, like his face." On the other hand, till the end of his life, my father delighted in talking of Kingsley, and spoke of him with tears in his eyes.

Of the intercourse between the two households my mother writes :—

Our friendship with the Kingsleys gave us extreme satisfaction and enjoyment. Very soon after we married we began to know them, and they announced their intention of placing their eldest boy, Maurice, at Wellington. They drove over and saw everything as a preliminary. Mrs Kingsley's ejaculations of delight got stronger and stronger till they culminated in a cry of "O Mr Benson, the crowning mercy!" at the sight of the rows of jam-pots in the steward's room. When Maurice came to us they were often over, and for the latter years of their undivided life at Eversley, before he became a Canon, we had an agreement to dine with them once a month, alone—such glorious evenings!

One day in the early time of our acquaintance we were walking about the College with the Kingsleys. It was very beautiful to see them together—his manner towards her was one of impassioned reverence, and he led her gently along on his arm, for she was very delicate. My husband used to delight in watching them. Finally we came to the front entrance and they looked up and saw the motto of the College over the gateway. "What is that, Charles?" said Mrs Kingsley. He read it to her: "Virtutis fortuna comes." "But what does it mean, Charles?" she said. "It means, my F-fanny," he said, "that you must buy in the ch-cheapest market and s-s-sell in the dearest."

Some of the newspapers at the time of my father's death, speaking of his tenure of office at Wellington, wrote of him as a courtly enthusiastic young Headmaster, but as possessed of sweetness rather than strength.

There could not possibly be a more singular and

palpable error than this. As a schoolmaster my father was, I suppose, one of the sternest and severest disciplinarians that ever ruled a school: he could inspire devoted admiration—it was admiration even more than love—but he could and largely did rule through fear. There is no exaggeration in saying that boys and even masters were greatly afraid of him, feared his censure, and consequently set great store on his praise. The admiring awe with which he was regarded throws light on a curious trait in character, and especially the youthful character—the undoubted admiration which boys have for severity liberally bestowed.

This severity was partly deliberate; one of his assistants has told me that the boys were originally somewhat rough, the sons in many cases of widowed mothers, who had never known paternal discipline but had not unfrequently inherited paternal wilfulness; the masters too were young, inexperienced and inclined to confide in their own methods. It was also partly unconscious. I do not know that my father ever quite realised what an extraordinary personal ascendancy he possessed; he was one of those people whose displeasure or depression necessarily affects the whole of his immediate circle. He used to regret in later years that he had thought it necessary to be so stern a ruler; in a long walk which I once had with him in Switzerland, he spoke to me first of the life-long struggle he had fought with a naturally violent temper, and he went on to say that sternness was not the right attitude for a schoolmaster, “it can *drive* a character over an immediate obstacle, but what you want is to *lead*—it is that which educates character.”

The struggle with an impatient temperament was never relaxed; he writes to his wife in 1861:—

.....I wish I were more fit for my work. It is too great a work for me. I am not as keen and yet not as loving as I ought to be. I am afraid I am making a sad muddle of every-

thing. The burden of all things seems to make me fidgetty from head to foot, so that I feel little comfort in leisure. I want a greater soul and a calmer way of looking at things. Where am I to get it? It seems to dwell in some books and to penetrate me while I am feeding on them—but Puff! it all goes when the clock strikes. I wonder if one will age into it, or fatten into it. I only wish it would come somehow—for I don't seem to have the spare minutes to philosophize myself into it.

Dear wife,

Ever your affectionate grumbler,

E. W. B.

There was a peculiarly weighty quality in his anger, due perhaps to his forcible personality, which, when exercising what appeared to be a just displeasure, was unwilling for the moment to take into consideration any extenuating circumstances. Real candour, which he made very difficult, entirely disarmed him. He used to say in later life that he thought anger hardly ever justifiable, and that in his younger days he had fallen back on it as an effective, though disagreeable, method of achieving a desired object.

Certainly on ourselves as children my father exercised a powerful effect, but our feeling was almost as much awe as love; he did not always clearly remember the rules he had laid down, so that there was an element of uncertainty about his justice. He never punished us, but his displeasure was frightful to bear. I shall never forget how when once as children we were in his study, waiting while he finished a letter before he showed us pictures, my eldest brother, whom my father idolised, knocked down and broke a large ivory-handled seal. All that my father said was, "Martin, you naughty boy, you must forfeit your allowance to pay for mending that." Apart from the consequences of the deed—for the seal appeared to us of priceless value, and my own idea was that my brother would sink into an indigent old age with his allowance still going to pay for the damage—the terror of the incident is even now

indelibly stamped on my memory. We always had a Bible lesson on Sunday from my father, we walked with him and were often sent for in the evening to look at pictures or photographs. Still, all these things were then almost more of an honour than a pleasure. To me personally, the father I knew in later years, sympathetic, patient, devotedly affectionate, outspoken and valuing frankness in suggestion or criticism, seems to me a different person from the stately severe father of my youth, who blew his nose so loudly in the hall, and whom it was almost a relief to see departing in cap and swelling silk gown down the drive.

The following story is of course *ben trovato*, but it illustrates amusingly the feeling of awe that he inspired, or was supposed to inspire. My father did not approve of his masters smoking, and many were the devices that the tobacco-loving were obliged to resort to, to enjoy their luxury. It is true that their rooms were so much mixed up with the boys' premises that it was unseemly and perhaps created difficulties of discipline if they smoked much by day. But it is said that a master once, lighting his pipe behind a hay-rick near the College on a summer afternoon, found a boy already employed there in precisely the same manner; the culprits stared at each other, and entered into a mutual vow of secrecy, instinctively and instantly, because each was in the power of the other, each exposed to the danger of the Headmaster's disapproval.

I may mention as an instance of my father's severity the rule that he made for his Prefects that, as setting an example, they were *not* to be late for early school: it was simply *not to be*. The punishment propounded was—the first time nothing; the second time 1000 lines to write out; the third time turned down for a week into the Fifth Form; the fourth time turned down for the rest of the

half. The second punishment was inflicted about three times, the third once, the fourth never.

He had a genius for the detection of offences. Some boys once robbed an orchard of a neighbouring farmer—the farmer could not catch them, but impounded a cap, which he gave to my father. Boys were supposed to have their names in their caps, but all that this contained was “Old Bones.” My father sent round a notice that the offenders were to give themselves up—they remained *perdus*. He then assembled the school to announce a general punishment: as he stood watching the boys come in to take their places, he noticed one, on a back bench, look for an instant with a half-smile into his cap: my father waited and then called him up and said, “Give me your cap.” The cap had the same or some similar name written in it; my father charged him with the offence and he confessed; to the boys it seemed miraculous, hardly human.

I do not think, as I have said, that my father was conscious of the terror that he could inspire; he suffered himself much from shyness, but not nervousness, and from a great deal of acute mental depression, which in early days had a blackness and fierceness of misery that must have been very trying to those most nearly connected with him.

Mr Penny, speaking of my father's depressed moods, which were as a rule sedulously concealed from his colleagues, writes:—

One morning he came in to me evidently deeply depressed. I asked what was the matter and if he had had bad news. No; but he was feeling utterly baffled. His work here did not prosper. The Governors as a body hostile and on the look-out for the first sign of failure in his administration. Worse than all, the boys he had to teach were so heavy and unintellectual, he found the Sixth a dead weight which it was impossible to bear up against. And here he burst into tears. “I cannot think,” he said, “what

makes my teaching here so ineffectual. I can only say that it was very different at Rugby." I hastened to say everything which I hoped would comfort him. He was as a rule so buoyant, so resourceful, so optimistic, that to see him thus cast down was terrible. I pointed out to him that in all schools and in all parts of every school there came at intervals a time of dryness. Every Form master knew what it was to have a poor Form, on whom apparently all labour was thrown away so far as visible results were concerned. And that I felt sure it was so with his present boys. One comfort he had, which was that they were genuinely good boys, well in hand, and not lacking in industry, and his good and brilliant teaching must tell in the end. And I was right. Before six months had passed, four of these boys had obtained scholarships or exhibitions, two at Oxford and two at Cambridge. These successes too were only the beginnings of his further triumphs in the remaining years of his Headmastership.

The vehemence which betrayed him into outbursts of occasional anger had of course another side; he was beloved and admired by his masters for his enthusiasm and generosity, his extreme accessibility, the patience and wisdom of his counsel, and his great personal courtesy. So too with the boys; he made friends of his Sixth Form, and sacrificed much personal convenience to social intercourse with them: he used to have boys in to breakfast with him two or three times a week, half after half. I can remember that there were always two or three boys, such as A. W. Verrall and Demetrius Ghica, who were on terms of such easy intimacy as to drop in to our nursery tea whenever they felt inclined. Again, my father entertained his assistants frequently, and whenever a new master was appointed, he made a point of asking him to stay at the Lodge for the first fortnight or so of his life at the College, so as to put their relations on a footing of personal intimacy. And when my father was gracious, who was ever so gracious? His eager deference, his anxiety to take up any subject that seemed likely to interest his companion, made him the most charming of entertainers. And these qualities grew every year.

That he took no superficial view of the difficulties of school life may be illustrated by the following letter :—

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

November 8, 1872.

MY DEAREST WIFE,

* * * * *

I returned to find hideously bad lying on the part of three boys who had misbehaved. I have sent two of them away. And yesterday the school lost their half-holiday, as notice had been given some months ago that if any member of the school persisted in untruth they would all suffer. So we all turned in, all masters, all prefects, all boys, and by writing lines did penance—it's quite like the ancient and true principle of sackcloth and ashes—for two hours. Some people would say there was no justice in it, but vicarious suffering not only represents, but *is* justice. It is the sinfulness of society which breaks out in the sins of individuals, and if society punished itself instead of "making examples" there would soon be no examples to make. We had also a strong and very interesting meeting at night in the Library and I was exceedingly pressed to punish the boys before the school, and I absolutely declined, though expressing the greatest deference for the opinions expressed. I told the masters I valued their counsels above everything, but I could not consent to act on the opinion of a majority if it was opposed to my own. I think they liked it rather than otherwise, and the effect on the school has apparently been excellent—all say so, even those who were against me.

The boys look at me like angels and are better than ever, and there is indeed little reason to complain at any time. I made the mathematical Sixth who had shown some levity a long speech and I never saw fellows so impressed.....As always in storms is the case my spirits rise, and I am *much better* for the difficulty.

Ever your loving husband,

E. W. BENSON.

My father devoted a great deal of time and labour to his Sixth Form work, and expected from his boys an almost excessive thoroughness. The clever boys were probably stimulated by the pressure, but boys of average intelligence were rather crushed by the amount of work expected and depressed by the impossibility of attaining

to the Headmaster's ideal of perfection. The Rev. Walter Moyle, Rector of Ashcombe, Dawlish, has sent me some interesting reminiscences of his teaching. He says, speaking of my father's lessons in Guizot's "History of Civilization in Europe,"

What we used to do was to prepare a certain amount one evening in the week and do it in class at first lesson next morning—that is, *vivâ voce*. In setting the lesson the Master would generally give us references to quite half-a-dozen other books—bearing on the passage to be prepared—and expected us to go to the School library and get these passages up. We read in this way, besides the Guizot, a good deal of the following books: Thierry's *Nouveaux Récits de l'histoire Romaine*; *Études de Littérature*, by Villemain, and also Duruy's *Histoire du Moyen Age*. I used to *dread* these lessons, for in those days, at any rate, I knew hardly any French, and the learning even to translate several pages was in itself a prodigious labour. I have, after diligent search, found the following questions set by him on some part of the "History of Civilization in Europe" and transcribe them as you request:—

1. What does Guizot state as the chief moral results of the change in the condition of the Communes?
2. What was the prevalent feeling in the 12th century, and later still of the mass of burgesses, with respect to their rights in the matter of government?
3. What is the origin of the desire for political power? Show that the causes were not at that time in existence.
4. Was the individual burgess-character devoid of enterprise?
5. Trace the history of municipalities under and after the Roman Empire, and
6. The relation of municipalities to seigniorial government and the gradual attainment of sovereign power.

A clever prefect, chafing under the amount of work entailed by one of these lessons, wrote the following parody of the weekly questions, which he affixed to the notice-board in the Sixth Form Room. Mr Moyle tells me that he was reading them with great amusement when he heard a rapid step, which he recognised as the Headmaster's, coming along the passage leading to the room. He in-

stantly tore the questions down, and put them in his pocket just in time to save his friend's reputation. He showed me the original MS.

1st Lesson.—Saturday.

The next two lines and a half in Guizot.

A small portion only is set because it is wished that the following illustrative points should be thoroughly got up:—

1. The number of words and the number of letters in the passage set.
2. All other forms of meaning which the passage can be made to assume by the permutation of words and letters.
3. The weight and dimensions of the volume.
4. The manufacture of paper, and the various uses to which paper is applied.
5. The history of printing from the earliest times, with life of Caxton, and description of the modern process.
6. Memoir of Didier et C^{ie}.
7. Lives of all the commentators on all the biographies of all the historians of the times referred to.
8. The continental Bradshaw.

N.B.—Dr Benson is positively resolved not to set any impositions, which he abhors, but if anyone fails to answer perfectly a single question, he will write out 5 times Dr Benson's MS. notes on this passage, made at the age of six, and consisting of 20 closely written pages of foolscap 4to.

Dr A. W. Verrall, Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was at Wellington College from 1865 to 1869, writes:—

In giving a characteristic impression of our Headmaster, as he appeared to myself, there arises a difficulty which only with the help of the reader can be overcome. No representation of what he was anywhere, and at Wellington in particular, can, as I think, be fair or complete, unless strong and supreme emphasis is laid upon his advantages of person and bearing. And yet experience has proved to me the danger, in dwelling on such topics, of suggesting, and even seeming wilfully to suggest, some discrepancy between the outward man and the inner, some colour of pretence. The best I can do is to state my thoughts exactly as they arise, and to rely upon a friendly interpretation. As a Headmaster and always, to my eyes, he was, first of all and above all, an unsurpassable actor of noble parts; and this he was by virtue

of two qualities, first, the extraordinary range of his social and personal interests, and secondly, his high estimate of spectacular function as an index and monitor of such interests, a visible picture of society, directly corrective through physical sensation to narrowness, lowness, and selfishness. It is, I am certain, no delusion of boyish awe and enthusiasm, which would find an important lesson for life in having, for some years, daily seen Dr Benson come into Chapel. The scene stands out so strongly in my recollection, and so expresses what I believe to have been the very heart of the matter, that it must be noticed in some detail.

Punctual always, and demanding punctuality, he was extremely severe in the preparation for this assembly and entrance. In the very long cloister or passage, which leads from the courts to the Chapel itself, no one might pass the Headmaster. To be behind him was to be late and absent, a serious affair. Even to be but a little in front, and so to disturb the minute of silence and expectation, which normally preceded his coming, was an error which, in a senior or leading boy, he would certainly manage to bring home.....Now if anyone will consider what boys are, he may imagine what was the merit of the Headmaster's own performance, when it is said that, amid plenty of inevitable restiveness, there was scarcely a private murmur among us against the punctilio of these arrangements. So stately and beautiful was the thing to which they led, so ornamental to our common life, so full of a social and religious poetry, which, without knowing it, we felt. And nowhere perhaps could this have told with better or more valuable effect, than among a young company of whom very many, by memory or prospect, were associated with the severity of the army.

On many other occasions, in fact on all possible occasions, he achieved the same artistic success. Very remarkable was his management of Speech-Day, when, owing to the peculiar connexions of the College, so much transcending in dignity what was, in those early days at any rate, its weight and significance with the public, the position of the Headmaster was difficult. The personages with whom he had to act, both then and frequently, made a group in rank and power out of all proportion to the scene and to the natural height of his own office. During my four years and a half (1865-1869) I must have seen in contact with him the greater part of what was then most exalted in England. Yet I never saw, either then or for that matter afterwards, any personage (with one single exception) over whom, if

and so far as it was proper, the Headmaster could not easily take the lead. The single exception, his only rival, as I should estimate, in visible nobility, was Lord Derby (the Premier), of whose ways and bearing in general I of course know little or nothing, but who certainly could on occasion do what no one else could that ever I saw, that is, act up to the level of Benson.

In judging from what internal disposition this outward effect proceeded, we necessarily quit the limits of that which can be tested or proved. For myself I am convinced—and the Archbishop showed himself to me in every kind of unguarded intimacy during many years—that his grandeur in social function was simply the expression of his strangely, and in very truth incredibly vivid interest in persons and their social relations to one another. He acted well the greatness of large human connexions, because he intensely felt it. As a judge of character it may be doubted whether he was particularly acute. About us boys he was, I think, often deceived, and sometimes deceived himself. But the extent and minuteness of what he knew about us, and about all with whom he had occasion to deal, was amazing. Again and again he has reminded me, or others in my presence, of things which it might seem hard to notice and impossible to retain, a casual remark, a change of appearance, a temporary link of friendship or acquaintance. Once, and I think only once, he stayed for a short time near my paternal home, and visited there; yet he had always a definite and true image in his mind both of the house and the inmates, and referred to them with the natural dexterity of knowledge. Of the life which many of us lived at Wellington, at least in its external features, he could to the last, I feel sure, have given a much more lifelike account than we could ourselves; and knowing with what ease he could put us to the blush, I have often admired his honourable mercy. But—and here is the distinctive point—this wealth of recollected details arose with him neither, as it might with some able men, from natural tenaciousness of the mind, nor, as it comes to most of those who in fact have any such store, from mere curiosity, but from a genuine unaffected sense of the importance and far-reaching effect, which belongs, by the action of society, to the proceedings of every individual, however small. It may seem absurd, but it is simply true, that, as a wide and general rule, the affairs of each person seemed to be more interesting in the eyes of Benson, to look altogether larger and more significant, than the agent himself esteemed them. After a talk with him, you thought better of

your concerns generally than you did before. Hundreds have told me the same.

How keen was his interest in the corporations and associations upon which he himself acted directly, it is not easy to convey. Like all strong personal traits, it might in certain aspects provoke a smile. At Wellington, as afterwards in all his growing circles, the society to which he belonged always was, according to him, the most promising, capacious, original phenomenon that you could overlook. The commonplace phrases "infinite possibility," "endless consequence," "immeasurable influence," were to him ever-present realities, and attached themselves to the most ordinary and trivial things; while at the same time, instead of the chill and apprehension, which more often accompanies a scrupulous sense of far issues, he went on almost always, especially in the fulness of his physical strength at Wellington, with a bright and even a gay spirit. Faith had its effect; and the outcome, that was looked for, ultimately came.....

At Wellington with the boys he was not perhaps, properly speaking, *popular*. I doubt whether this quality ever, unless in very exceptional cases, should belong to a Headmaster; but that is matter of opinion. His difficulties arose directly, as difficulties commonly do, from his most valuable qualities, and were the price that he and we had to pay for them.....

We laughed too (and here the most serious of us, without malice or disrespect, joined in) at his rosy ideals, and his astounding power of believing and asserting that they were on the point of realisation, nay, actually were and had been realised. This, if I may say so, was truly a weakness, but a weakness inseparable from his strength. He could not, I believe, give an *uncoloured* picture of any society in which he was vitally interested, that is to say, of any society whatever. He saw so vividly the beautiful thing that he meant to create, and the power of growing towards this perfection, which lay in the thing as it was, that, when he came to describe it, real and ideal insensibly merged, and the unenthusiastic began to gasp.....

Not that his temper was stormy; nothing could be more untrue; nor were our relations with him in the least like that series of explosions and reconciliations by which some successful teachers seem to have conquered a sort of familiar reverence, half terror and half compassion. His indignation was a great weapon finely commanded. One of us has written, most truly, of the tremendous effect which he produced on occasions of public reproof or punishment. Yet even more terrible and more instructive

was his self-control. Never was more taught in one lesson than on a certain hot Sunday afternoon, when he took us as usual in Greek Testament. Needless to say that on this subject he was specially admirable and admired; and needless also to say that he believed our enjoyment to be much more complete than in fact it was. On this hot afternoon then, an able ill-conditioned fellow was "put on" to translate in *The Good Samaritan*. He began in a peculiar, sulky, menacing tone, which woke us all up. In the course of a few verses it became evident that he was deliberately mocking, with great ingenuity, a certain bald style of "construe," to which sometimes the Headmaster, out of enthusiasm for accuracy, would compel us, perhaps beyond the need, to resort. He went through the whole parable, scoring points in every line, and dropped his last dull miserable phrases into a silence which I can hear now. It was a cruel thing to do, and it was done with skill consummate, for the boy (or rather man) was as clever as could be. Dr Benson corrected him once or twice *on points of accuracy*, without the least change of voice or face, and went on as if nothing had happened. Yet it was plain, I cannot say how, but so it was, that he suffered horribly. It was a little thing perhaps, but it was worth many expositions, both to him and to us. I cannot say what I felt towards him then, what I still feel. His look, and his gesture as he put down the mark!...

As a disciplinarian, and in the infliction of punishment, he was thought hard, and perhaps he was. But I do not think his sentences were lastingly resented, which is the true test of justice, at least for boys. One quality he had without which the most equal justice is in domestic government the most pedantically absurd. He could ignore, without seeming not to know. And he could wait. During my first year, before I reached the Sixth, I deserved the cane, by rule, more than once, and for some time could not well understand my escapes. But I did understand, dimly but effectually, when he took our Form in *vivâ voce*. He cut my work (which was very good in its way) to ribbons, and made me a miserable laughing-stock for about half an hour on end. Nothing could have been juster or more to the purpose.

Of his kindness to me, and to many another, from the time when we came within the range of personal association with him, I do not know how to say enough. It was such, that only the debt of truth to him could have enabled me to pursue so far the unwelcome task of trying to balance his merits by *pro* and *con*.....

To act with him was like being in a sort of solemn and joyous drama. Perhaps (but I do not know) he tried to govern single

hearts and fates a little too much. Of the personal connexions which he brought about between me and other boys, older or as afterwards younger, some were useful, some at best sterile. But his restless care was a great call in itself.

He was merciful, or could be so if he saw cause, to the point, as it might seem, of weakness. In me, as in many other young fellows of tardy physical development, it was then a fundamental fact, that under the least pressure I could not tell a disagreeable truth. When I had lied, I was horrified; but on the next occasion I lied again. The notice which Dr Benson took of this was merely to avoid, with scrupulous and delicately perceptible contempt, all occasions of question. I can date very exactly my first useful repentance and beginning of amendment, from the expression, the look of *self-reproach*, which passed rapidly over his face, when a breach of his custom had produced the predictable result.

Of his intellectual teaching, the best part perhaps was his talk, which was wonderfully rich, witty, and variously adapted to the occasion and company. In class he was, as I now think and suspected even then, something too much of the grammarian and verbalist. There was handed down among us, I believe as a tradition from Rugby, a certain imaginary translation by him from the Georgics, beginning "*Continuo—From the first and all along—in silvis—in the wild woods—none of your trim groves!—*" and so on; a mere parody of course, but not without point¹. However he felt and taught very thoroughly the inadequacy of language; and perhaps scholarship can accomplish nothing, in the deepest sense, more important. And he both could stimulate and, still better, could liberate the enthusiasm for letters which in youth, if teachers will believe it, is really not uncommon. During my last two years, when, with his help and others', I had learned how to study, my class-work was reduced more and more, till at last I was scarcely more limited than a freshman at the University. The method was at least so far successful that, when I went to Cambridge, I had already read more classics than some "Seniors."

He had this disadvantage that, although he both spoke and wrote impressively, as a man must who had in him such intense moral force, his style in neither was a good or a safe model. His sermons had some celebrity, and they moved us greatly. But it was not by the understanding. He compressed too much, and corrected too much, both mentally and with the pen.....It was as

¹ The Prodigal Son's "after-care" for "repentance," the Baptist "wrapped about in woolly shawls," are instances of the same tendency mentioned by one of his pupils.

a person and on persons that he had to act. Happily the range of his personal knowledge and interest was prodigious.....

I could write much more, but must come to a close. In choosing these reminiscences, I have tried to sift, out of the long accumulation, that portion which really belongs to Wellington and the days of school, the only part of his splendid career upon which my witness can be comparatively valuable. I have also tried hard—and now perhaps with time given I am able—to tell, up to the capacities of the written word, the exact truth. I have eliminated with care, to the best of my power, everything which we of the school did not then feel and know. His grave is now as the grave of our father. We learned from him the power and the weakness of language, the beauty and the courage of life.

So he appeared to sensitive and gifted boys, to masters touched by kindred enthusiasms. To these he opened the beautiful treasures of his ardent mind. To these he was the vivid, idealising master and leader, magnifying both opportunities and defects, seeing boundless possibilities in the simplest words and acts, both for good and evil, and with a vitality which rippled, to the extremest verge, the society in which he moved.

Those who looked on life more coldly and impartially, thought that in his view there was a want of balance and proportion; those whose nature was small and poor saw in the richness and luxuriance of his nature, insincerity and exaggeration; those whose characters lacked force and purpose were frightened rather than inspired by the vividness and alacrity he required.

It was always somewhat difficult, even to those who admired and loved him best, to move without affectation in the high atmosphere both of thought and emotion in which my father naturally moved. I can recollect being paralysed as a child by having my meagre conversational stock criticised, and by being required to produce from my lessons or my reading something of more permanent interest. I still think this is a mistaken view of the parental relation, but for the mental stimulus it gave me I am

grateful yet. Later, when travelling *en famille* with my father, worn with heat and dust and railway-trains and the *dura navis*, his own fatigue would take the form of indignant exclamations that we did not gaze with more avidity on what we could see of Paris through the door windows of a crowded omnibus.

Yet of this high pressure of thought and emotion he was certainly not conscious. He thought that all were made of the same fire and dew as himself. It was always a certain strain to be long alone with him, to converse with him, however much interested in the subject one might be. What was natural to him tended to be affectation in another, and his forceful temperament demanded companionship without allowing intuitively for strain. Yet I have often heard him say that he thought Dr Arnold must have been a difficult man to live with because of his intense earnestness and his curious lack of humour.

I select an interesting letter from his correspondence at this time:—

To Professor Lightfoot.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE, WOKINGHAM.

9 Jan. 1865.

I have just finished the Clementine Homilies, with which I quarrel chiefly because they are deficient in liveliness towards the end. I was prepared for worse heresy and folly.

But really what a picture of primitive *Unity*. People simply *dream* when they talk of it—why we are nearer to it *now*, and that is as far as Heaven from earth.

What bad times these are—our own Churchmen are going no one can see where! Disraeli's and S. Oxon's alliance¹, and these Congresses, seem to me to augur worse than anything since the Reformation. Westcott has been good enough to come and stay

¹ Mr Disraeli's speech on the 25th Nov. 1864 at the meeting of the Oxford Diocesan Society for augmenting the endowment of small Benefices is remembered for one phrase used. "What," he asked, "is the question which is now placed before Society, with the glib assurance which to me is most astounding? That question is this—is a man an ape or an angel? My Lord, I am on the side of the angels."

with us a few days; if it were not for such men as he is and Temple, and one or two who can both think and believe, I should fear that thought and faith were at last parting, because they had found their married life so unhappy. Save two or three, the only truth-loving men I know now are humble-minded enough, I am forced to confess, but scarcely to be called believers.

And the believers seem to me to be more and more Roman *in spirit*. I don't mean in articles of faith—but undistinguishingly blended with Rome in the *reasons* for believing.

How long will the Reformers' compromise endure?

For three elements of disruption—

1. The expression in scriptural *words* of things not directly stated in Scripture, and previously stated with more boldness and clearness in common words—such as the Sacrifice in the Eucharist—the Real Presence—the Power of the Keys—and other things—seems to me a difficulty of an awful kind—it must some day be owned that the *words* are not to be relied on.

2. The figments of an authority in Scripture not needing an interpretation, and absolute.

3. The territorial and political position of the clergy intertwined with all constitutional order, not a standing-army like the Romish clergy. These three things seem to me in our day leading fast up to some great complication. Don't you think it is so?

Westcott has been to see Lee¹—and has come away most happy—had most interesting lights upon his character and works.

How I repent me of my part in a conversation about Westcott as we walked up the street in Marseilles. He *surely* has work before him.

So have you—I wish you would do it—and not stand so long in the market-place.

So has Temple—I wish he were not so greedy of *daily* work.

So has not Stanley now—nor Jowett—the former has but to preach his old message, a right holy one, and will constantly—but there is nothing more in his line of thought to come out.

For me, I wish I had been a soldier. So hard is it to have just looked on this land of Colchians, and then to be caught and held by these dark blue Symplegades of Ignorance and Inability.

Your affectionate and not very happy,

E. W. B.

¹ Bishop of Manchester.

CHAPTER IV.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

*"Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be
In love or honour: take account of all:
Shine like the sun in every corner."*

GEO. HERBERT.

*"Oh let me, when thy roof my soul hath hid,
Oh let me roost and nestle there!"*

GEO. HERBERT.

IN 1865 the numbers of the College having largely increased, and all available space being required, a new Master's Lodge was built; the planning of this was a great pleasure to my father; he spared a sandy bank as a playground for his children; he contrived the house so that the rooms all opened on a large central hall, with a gallery round it leading to the bedrooms. The fittings were of pitch pine, then held to be a beautiful wood, the entrances and hall were distempered with a light lilac wash, supposed to be bright and cheerful, but inexpressibly dreary and inharmonious. The study was fitted with a door opening into the porch, so that masters and boys had free access to my father's study without passing through the house. He laid out and planted the grounds with great care; but it was all very wild: the garden melted into the heath, and the rabbits used to gambol on the lawn in the twilight; on the hot summer evenings my father and mother used to dine in the garden under the

shade of a grove of birches; the borders were planted with old-fashioned flowers such as Hollyhocks and Sweet Williams. My mother writes:—

I shall try and put down without much attempt at arrangement some little points of the life at Wellington College, which would not be known to the world at large. One great feature, especially during the earlier years, was the daily walks. Every day regularly after lunch we used to start off and ramble over the country for at least two hours. He had a habit of starting off at the most tremendous pace till he had worked off the fret of the morning's work, and then gradually subsided into an ordinary pace. In the summer he often took a book, and we used to sit down at rewarding places, and he would read to me. We read all the *Idylls of the King* this way the year they came out. He talked freely of everything, but used to fall sometimes into silence, during which one could feel how life and thought were throbbing within him. I never knew anyone whose silence was more pregnant. Whether it was the silence of thought, or musing, or displeasure—or even boredom—there was a burning vitality about it all which gave those nearest him a sense of living hard also. It was sometimes the most curious sensation. I have known what it was to feel physically breathless from the speed at which his mind was working, without a word being spoken. One of his favourite employments out walking was to translate hymns, discussing it all freely, rejecting expression after expression till he had found the very finest shade of meaning he wanted. He took great delight in this, but never allowed the smallest slovenliness in word or metre. He wrote hymns also in this way. His Rogation Hymn

“O Throned, O Crowned with all renown”
occupied many a walk in the fir wood at Wellington.

My father certainly delighted in nothing more than the society of his children. We used to go and talk to him while he shaved before breakfast; in the afternoons he used to walk with us from a time when we had almost to run to keep up with him. In the evenings we often went to him to look at pictures, such as Flaxman's illustrations of Homer, or those in the old *Penny Magazine*; and at dinner we always sat at the table with him and my mother, reading or drawing, and partaking of dessert.



1867. 1867. 1867.

1867. 1867. 1867.

Edward White Benson, D.D.
Head Master of Wellington College.
1867.

In the holidays his great amusement was sketching. I have hundreds of his sketches, mostly of architectural subjects, drawn on a small octavo block of tinted paper generally in Prout's Brown, with a reed pen or a crowquill, in the style of Petit¹. He was never at his ease with foliage or foregrounds and used to omit trees with artistic licence. He was also very fond, when we were children, of drawing either from a book or more generally out of his own head careful pictures of Gothic castles and cathedrals, strangely massed together, with quaint little inscriptions in Latin or archaic English rhymes, which were greatly treasured. Quite late in life, after he was Archbishop, he made some attempt in his Swiss holidays to practise drawing in water colours under the tuition of my sister, and produced two or three careful, though rather overhanded, sketches of mountains, which he used sometimes to take out of his sketch-book and look at with a regretful pride, saying, "This is not so bad as might appear: but I began too late: I am an *ὀψιμαθής*." He never travelled without a pocket-book in which he jotted down in pencil inscriptions, odd architectural features—anything which took his fancy.

My mother continues:—

He always felt most keenly anything that went wrong in the school, or any serious fault of a boy: I remember well one special time; there had been great trouble about a boy; it was clear the offence could not be passed over, and that the boy must not remain in the school. There were several terrible interviews with the boy and his parents. The parents were broken-hearted, but bowed to the decision. He told me how terrible it was to see the meeting between the boy and his father; I don't remember any words now, but there was no severity, only deep grief. At last they took the boy away—he was not expelled but taken quietly away. That afternoon my husband and I started for a long walk, as usual, and went to Cæsar's Camp, about three

¹ John Louis Petit, author of many architectural works, of whose drawings my father was very fond.

miles off, talking of all this. There were magnificent Roman fortifications there, covered with fern. We sat down here as we always did, and in a few minutes he burst into a passion of tears. The whole misery and wretchedness of it overcame him, the bright promise of the poor lad, with this blight on it, the love between him and his parents, and their broken-hearted but still loving grief, and his own absolute certainty that the boy must go for others' sakes; he lay among the fern, shaken with uncontrollable sobs; I could only sit by him and wait. After a while the storm had expended itself; he was able to walk back quietly with me.

He had naturally a very anxious mind, presaging evil quickly, and easily believing in the *irreparableness* of an action or an omission. Yet in physical danger he had no fear—never lost his head, and did the right thing with great fortitude and calm. This was specially true in later years in relation to horses. He was a most fearless rider, even sometimes a careless one, being so fond of his horse that he let it have its own way too much. There was no break-neck place into which he would not go gaily if the fancy took him, to the confusion sometimes of his companions....

But he was prone to be fearful about the issue of his undertakings, particularly in the smaller things. The great ones brought their strength with them. In the early years at Wellington he used often to tell me when he went up to a Governors' Meeting, that he would probably come home dismissed. The immediate cause would be some small thing, but general inefficiency would he thought be their ultimate ground. Later on it became almost a joke, but he was quite serious about it even then at times.

Many years later, in a diary, when reviewing the course of his life, he said that there were certain things that could he live his life over again he would do differently; one of these was that, if he were again a schoolmaster, he would speak to the boys about spiritual things more directly and more individually.

At Wellington my father as a headmaster lived rather outside direct ecclesiastical influences; his most intimate friends were engaged in work similar to his own. Dr Westcott was a house-master at Harrow; Dr Lightfoot was Tutor at Trinity; Mr Hutchinson was at Rugby; while Mr Wickenden was an invalid.

Through John Wordsworth, now Bishop of Salisbury, who acted for a time as VIth Form Composition Master at Wellington, my father was introduced to his father, Christopher Wordsworth, then Archdeacon of Westminster, who came to stay at Wellington in 1868. The same year Bishop Jackson was translated to the See of London, and Dr Wordsworth appointed to succeed him at Lincoln.

Bishop Wordsworth nominated my father his examining chaplain, and made him Prebendary of Heydour-cum-Walton, the stall of which was close to the stall he was afterwards to occupy as Chancellor. The Chapter of Lincoln is supposed to say the Psalter daily, a portion being assigned to each Prebendary. My father's Psalms were iv. and v., *Cum invocarem* and *Verba mea auribus*; a plaster cast of the *Miserere* of his stall adorned ever after the walls of his study.

In the evening before his installation as Prebendary of Lincoln, he wrote the following prayer:—

LINCOLN, July 8, 1869.

Lord, Thou knowest how from a child Thou hast put it into my heart dearly to love the beauty of Thy house—and how earnestly in all the minsters of England I have prayed that Thou wouldest raise up once more among us the Spirit whereby they were once builded to Thy Name, and inhabited to the peace and edifying of Thy people; and that Thou wouldest give even to me some portion of that Spirit and some sight of the work thereof before I die, and some part in the same.

Let my prayer continue in Thy sight, and hearken unto it, O Lord. I thank Thee that Thou givest me to sit in Thy holy Church of Lincoln, though the office of Thy churchmen is become for our sins and uselessness but a shadow.

We and our fathers have abused and wasted and corrupted Thy glorious gifts of old and they were taken from us and we care not, because we know not how great is the work that is passing out of our hands and how large the means which Thou hadst given us to perform it.

O Lord, have mercy on us ere it be too late. Let not learning and study and peace and beauty and order be taken away from

us. Restore, O Lord, the colleges of Thy priests through the whole land, but let them be priests rich of poverty and alms-deeds, of diligence in mercy and in sacrifice, of righteousness, of zeal, and discretion.

Let them know that the vileness and thought of our vices and the misery of our ignorance will not pass from town or country through the ease of pastors and the sweetness of their inheritance.

By the Sign of the Cross, good Saviour, teach us this.

Thou hast said Blessed are the poor, but we all seek to be rich and plentiful in quietness.

And the priests' wives and children that should strengthen us a hundredfold are through our weakness snares unto us.

This, Lord, is painful, pitiful confession of my own sin and weakness and the weakness of my brethren. And it is not in me to help. But, O Lord, send by the hand of him whom Thou wilt send.

And in silence and unknown, let me help in the cause and open ways speedily, good Lord, that we know not, ere I be old and die. The sins of my youth and the selfishness of all my days have taken all strength out of me and I ask no honour in Thy service for I deserve but shame. But I pray—I earnestly pray—I earnestly beseech Thee, good Lord, to let me have some work to do and grace to do it. To feed Thy sheep better than I have fed Thy lambs.

My life has not shed light, O Lord, and therefore my words can give no more strength. But, good Lord, let the words be Thine, and let not me nor any man ever think them mine, and the vileness of Thine instrument shall magnify Thy glory.

O Lord, restore to Thine houses Thine old armies of priests and companies of preachers, but let them be the people's priests—not lovers of wealth nor courtiers of power—let us have learnt our lesson once for all, good Lord, to belong but to Thee and Thy poor people—so shall not history and life and Thy word be wasted on us any more, nor even on me Thy poor and blessed servant. O Jesu, Shepherd, Master, Prince, listen and save.

E. W. BENSON.

To be made Prebendary of Lincoln to-morrow in the Stall of Heydour-cum-Walton—and I ignorant of the very meaning of such a word.

This appointment, which involved no residence but only two annual sermons, was an immense pleasure to my father. The connection with the ancient foundation of such a

Cathedral was a source of pure delight to him; Cathedral problems, long congenial to him, began to occupy his mind closely; these thoughts were the germ of his article on "The Cathedral, its Life and Work," published in the *Quarterly Review*, and his contribution to the *Essays on Cathedrals*, edited by Dean Howson (1872, Murray), which he afterwards reprinted in one volume and amplified¹. His friend Westcott was by this time a Canon of Peterborough, and was much occupied with the scheme of founding a Coenobium, or monastic establishment of married clergy who were to live simple domestic lives of study. It is to be feared that the essence of such establishments is after all celibacy, without which men cannot have the freedom from cares or the sense of common as opposed to individual attachment to their work. My father was more definite: he was anxious to see established celibate societies of preachers, but he realised that the Canonical life could well be restored in modern days, and that marriage might help rather than hinder it.

On this subject my father had written to Dr Westcott a year before:—

I was very much obliged to you for, and yet very sorry about, your last kind letter. The hope of the Coenobium is I fear dying away for us. But though it is very true, as your sermon says, that the founders of the ascetic organisations have hitherto been young in years—yet the very idea of the Coenobium is that it should be begun by men with families. It must be in its birth what it is to be afterwards. The world is to be resigned by the New Coenobites not before, but after they have entered into it, and it is Family Life for which a higher pattern wants now to be set.

I know the caution needed, and I feel that in fact I am not nearer to it than you are. But I want to *see* my theory—and must it not be necessarily *out* of the βιωτικὰί μέριμναι that the new

¹ *The Cathedral: its necessary place in the life and work of the Church*, by Edward White Benson, Bishop of Truro. Published by John Murray, 1878.

order will come forth? As for your not having listened hitherto to calls from Heaven, I am sure that it is the intensity of your listening under so many hindrances, and in asceticism which you have already found possible, that made me hope the star would rise in our own day and over our peaks.

But I am far—oh infinitely far—from being ready to take the step myself.

I am not sure whether you will be pleased or not pleased to hear that I have been offered and accepted the Chaplaincy to the Bishop of Lincoln. It is in one way another link to you and Lightfoot which is delightful of course. But I feel that it is in some slight measure a compromise of myself with a party with whom I do feel but do not think, and I don't know whether to look for *good* or *harm*. However, as *neither* is more likely, I need not trouble about it. My colleague is Meyrick¹.

The following letters now passed between him and some of his old friends on the duties of Prebendaries.

To Dr Lightfoot he wrote:—

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
July 10, 1869.

And now I want you to write me a screed on what you consider to be the duties of unendowed Prebendaries in Cathedral Churches, what they are to be and do or aim at. There are two annual sermons connected with this stall—but *that*, I suppose, you would not think to be the *ἔργον*. What is the *raison d'être* of an unendowed prebend? It is not an ecclesiastical medal, is it? If you say yes, I shall be ashamed of having taken it, for I haven't deserved it.

Two years later he felt somewhat differently, and wrote to Canon Westcott:—

It seems to me that a Prebendal Stall has ceased to be a shadow even, or to contain a hope. I may have been dreamy or foolish in supposing it was a representation of what had been, and might be again, which it was worth keeping up, just for the sake of continuing a tradition to bridge over the intervening epoch. But at any rate I was serious, or I should

¹ The Rev. Frederick Meyrick, Prebendary of Lincoln, Rector of Blickling with Erpingham, Norfolk.

not have allowed myself to be installed with a religious Service, and have taken a very solemn oath that I would maintain the "rights" of the Chapter.

But now, the holder of a stall has become only a person allowed to wear a surplice and to preach twice in Lincoln Minster—and the oath is broken—or at least has become one which there is no possibility of fulfilling. I have thought it over and do not at present see it in any other way.

If I *ought* to have seen it at first, and known that there was no reality, I am very sorry. Because I do not wish to be a figure in ecclesiastical farces; and if either the status is changed, or if simply my eyes are opened, I think upon the whole I ought to retreat from a false position. I shall be very sorry indeed to vex the Bishop of Lincoln, but I have thought of writing to him to resign the stall. Indeed I have half written the letter explaining my reasons, but I quite determined to do nothing rashly, and to write to you before I sent it.

The Headmaster after some thought decided not to resign the Stall. The traditions of Lincoln were already very dear to him, and he looked upon the appointment as having come to him as a call to do his best to infuse new spirit into ancient forms. As he so often said afterwards, "It is a great mistake to abolish old traditions because they seem to be practically useless: they meant something once: we ought to try and revivify them that they may mean something now."

The close relation which sprang up between my father and mother and the whole Wordsworth family was a source of the deepest happiness. Besides the Bishop with his vast learning, his mystical devotion, his brave and tender spirit, his deep unworldliness, there was Mrs Wordsworth, the most affectionate of friends; Elizabeth, now Head of the Lady Margaret College at Oxford, whose interests were as wide as her insight was swift, and whose facility not only in literature but in art was remarkable; Mary, now wife of Canon Trebeck; Priscilla, wife of Dr Steedman; Susan, and Dora (who married my father's

successor, Chancellor Leeke)—all most sisterly spirits;—John, now Bishop of Salisbury, with his fertile, slowly-working and profound mind; and Christopher, then at Cambridge, a man of patient erudition. This sudden discovery of so many like-minded friends stimulated my father's whole life, and gave him a new form of happiness. It was just what he needed to brighten a life of drudgery and authority that tended to centre his thoughts on himself and a somewhat narrow horizon.

Thus he wrote happily to his wife from Riseholme, which seemed almost a second home to him:—

17 Sept. 1869.

DEAREST,

Yesterday afternoon Susan and John and I walked with the Bishop after the Paper, and a delightful walk the other way round to the one which you didn't go after you went away the day before, so now you know exactly. It was towards Nettleham. Well, the Bishop's talk was delightful and went on to the end of the world and I was surprised that he does not expect a material restoration of the Jews. Perhaps I *should* have known, but John didn't either. You should have seen him just stand and lift up his hands (not in deprecation, but earnestness) and say, "Not in the least, John—not in the least—don't let us Judaize Christendom—let us Christianise Sion—wherever a child is baptised, *there* is Sion—there a citizen is born into Sion."

In the evening they made me tell the stories of St Hugh I told you at Whitby. I just made it a little more complete—and looked at my *watch*—I daresay I made plenty of mistakes, indeed I was pulled up for some—but *I* was interested and they kindly declare they were. The best was that Monsignore did not go to sleep. He winked 40 times in succession just at the end—but not 41 times. I said a very little about the last scenes, but I couldn't trust myself to say all. I've promised to read a little of what I read to you one night to the Maidens by themselves, only it must be when I don't feel cry-ey.

I wish I had *time*. I think I shall speak to Macmillan about St Hugh. But how am I to do one tenth of the things I have to do? With my head full and bound to be full from morning to night of the faces and fortunes and nicenesses and naughtinesses

of all those 320—and what I must try to make the Governors do, and Mr Gleig, and enmities and intrigues and book-keeping and the price of meat, and the consumption of beer, and my sermons on Sundays, and Westcott and the Dictionary; however I think all those are so many disjunct stones and that they want a keystone to make them into an arch stable and true and that their keystone (I think) is St Hugh.

Your ever loving husband,

E. W. B.

His health, which had not been good, improved: he became better, and by 1870 he had recovered his vigour of body and mind. Very great was the benefit derived from the delightful holidays taken in concert with the Wordsworth family at Whitby in 1869 and Ambleside in 1870.

Miss Wordsworth writes:—

In those days he was, I believe, the youngest-looking of Headmasters, and this look of youth lasted quite into middle age; this was partly owing to his abundant hair, light brown and for a long while hardly touched with grey, his clean-shaven face and active eager looks and movements. I think I should say that eagerness, fervour perhaps would be a better word, was his main characteristic. I always used to notice the size of his eye-balls, which when he was excited showed more than in an ordinary man's face. He had the hands too of an enthusiast, every finger full of character and vigour. It was a pleasure to see him handle anything. It was curious that with an oval head and face the hands as I remember them were very square. The beautiful brow and mouth are familiar to us all from photographs; he used to laugh and say that when a boy he had tried to cultivate a "horse-shoe frown," which readers of Scott will remember characterised the race of Redgauntlet. The line of the eyebrows sloping downwards from the centre of the face (as in classical sculpture), and not horizontal or even sloping upwards, as in many English faces, gave great distinction to his countenance, and was beautifully repeated by the outline of the upper portion of the head. But no photograph could ever reproduce what is seldom seen in a grown man to the extent it was in him, the rapid change of colour in his face. I have often seen him blush with pleasure like a schoolboy. This characteristic, together with the unusual flexibility of the lower portion of the face, gave a great range of expression, and was, when combined with a rich,

deep, sonorous and often very affecting voice, a splendid outfit from nature for such a career as his was to be.

He was a very quick observer, with a most delicate eye for minutiae. Things like the "tooling" of a well-bound book, or some slight architectural detail, or the different forms of letters in early MSS. were dear to his very soul. In the wooden benches in Wellington College Chapel there is a tiny line of "dog-tooth" moulding inserted among the plain lines which finish off the backs of the seats. I feel almost sure this was his doing, it is so exactly like him; it is a mere nothing, and yet gives a certain distinction to the woodwork. It was this little touch of distinction which characterised everything he had to do with. Such things as the tone of a bell, or even some detail in dress or jewellery or furniture were all matters to which he was keenly alive. He was an admirable draughtsman, and had he not been an Archbishop would have made a first-class architect. As a slight illustration I may mention the design he gave for a friend to work on his sermon case, the P with the Dove above it, and the red and yellow tiles, with the heads of saints, that he designed for the dining-room fire-place at the Chancery.

I quote a few sentences from one of my father's letters to Miss Wordsworth at this time; he wrote:—

9 p.m. There is the most beautiful sheet lightning flashing every instant in the North as we come in from Chapel. It is the flashing of Michael's sword.

. . . I seem to see Wellington College 400 years hence, a graceful ruin with a happy party spelling out the E. . . and the W. . . and the B. . . and the M. . . gister of an old stone in the day when parents having recognised their own duties to their children, marvel that ever they could have been sent to herd in the masses of a public school, and then they will vilify those who strove to inspire and purify them, as some dear friends of mine are content to accept the tales of enemies about the old men¹ who kept society sweeter until very near the end, when society's own evils burst in upon them.

But oh, what sorrow it is to think that Lincoln and Lichfield and Winchester and all the rest may pass out of our hands with all their capacities undeveloped! . . .

In the year 1869, Bishop Temple was appointed to

¹ *i.e.* the monks.

Exeter. There was a good deal of High-church opposition to the appointment, headed by Bishop Wordsworth, who regarded the Headmaster of Rugby as a dangerous heretic. My father was not only a most loyal admirer and friend of Dr Temple's, but knew how deep and ardent his holiness was; he wrote both in the newspapers and to private friends most firmly in defence of the strength, wisdom and faith of Dr Temple, and sent to the Bishop of Lincoln copies of his published letters, enclosing a resignation of his Chaplaincy. The Bishop of Lincoln smiled and threw the letter into the fire; and my father became Dr Temple's examining chaplain as well as the Bishop of Lincoln's, and held both appointments simultaneously for a few months¹.

My father wrote to the *Times* concerning the Temple Controversy. The letter is dated "Wellington College, Oct. 16," and was printed Oct. 22, 1869. A few paragraphs may be quoted.

There are many now who could tell you of faith established and love of Christ made real by Dr Temple's work, and love of the Church too. His Form, his House, know well how constantly he has pressed on them the reading of their Bibles—"daily, alone, making it the one rule of life." To one person I know he absolutely refused to read a famous sceptical work, discussed at the time in all reviews and in all companies, till the half-year was over, "because I will not go to the sixth with even the thought of his sentences hanging about me"; and one in fear of worldly contentions, asking, "How shall I bear it? What can I do to get strong for it?" was answered, "Go to the chapel." And one who was disposed to put aside the Offertory and use another means of collecting money remembers even the tears with which the eyes swam before the lips had finished the sentence: "If there are two ways of doing a thing, and the Church has approved one of them, that ought to be sufficient to make us choose it and love it."

¹ The Rev. J. H. D. Matthews tells me that Archbishop Tait said to him in 1872, "They must make Benson a Bishop soon, (smiling) he's such a good-looking fellow! How *did* he become a friend both of the Bishop of Lincoln and the Bishop of Exeter?"

Sir, the self-denial, the resolution, the health-breaking labours of this man have inaugurated a scheme which, whatever may be said against it, will revive our old waste places of England—wasted money, wasted buildings, wasted energies—into fresh, strong fountains of education; and there are other institutions which their *soi-disant* friends talk of “revising,” but the remedies they have yet proposed will stiffen in death the languishing members. If they are to be revived it must be not by handing them over empty and swept to a grand custodian, but by thronging them with active and well-organised workers, as the other foundations will be thronged which he has touched.

They who censure this *congé d’élire* know not the man. They know not the singleness, and truth, and patience; they know not the courage, the manliness, the life, which they would divert from the service of the Church; they know not, which is more, the power of inspiration, not short of genius, which he has for others, the energy with which contact with him sets other men to work; how many a shadow springs before him into reality. For, least of all, do they know his sympathetic charity, and the might of his Christian faith.

We have yet to learn how we are to give our great institutes their true reality; how we are to make ourselves worthy once more to be the Church of the masses—masses which it is my firm belief he will have helped powerfully to penetrate with the love of the Cross, the love of the Church, when *Essays and Reviews* are forgotten.

Thank God for the tokens which are abroad that other of our Bishops, too, see somewhat of that great secret! But we cannot spare Dr Temple.

To Miss E. Wordsworth.

20th Oct. 1869.

I will, if I have a chance, bring out more still my dislike—my horror—not my *dread*, for I will not fear it—of *Essays and Reviews*. But I did say, (1) “That the whole conception of the book was *wrong*.” (2) “That it went *infinitely* farther than even that wrong conception.” And I thought perhaps I ought not to say more than *that* in a paragraph of which the object was what it was.

I must not—dare not—let something else you say pass without protest. You do not know me when you say that “to be misrepresented etc. for a friend’s sake would rather attract me than repel me.” You don’t know how I shrink and quake, and how miserably afraid I am of any *censure*—even the censure of people

I do not and ought not to care about. John, I think, has heard my painful confession on this subject. But *do* not think that it was anything chivalrous, or quixotic even, which prompted me to rush into the fray. If there is visibility in the spirit world, my poor spirit would have been seen dragged and pushed pale and sinking into the arena, by forces which would not let it hide.

I feel with you that Truth *is* before Peace. "Peace *through* the Truth" is the only Peace. But then my position is that Temple is *in* the Truth—and what a beginning of truth would it be for me if I were to stand by and see one whom I *know* to be a Christian indeed, so traduced as an unbeliever, and himself so silent. How could I answer it? It is not for me to give any opinion on other points, but it seemed to be plainly mine to bear *witness* to his *character*.

To Bishop Wordsworth, on Dr Temple's appointment to the Bishopric of Exeter.

MASTER'S LODGE, WELLINGTON COLLEGE,
WOKINGHAM.

28 Oct. 1869.

Your parable of Paul and Mark and Barnabas was most refreshing to a troubled spirit, and if I deserve to be called "Son of Consolation" it is because Consolation has come to me so richly. But I could not have sailed to Cyprus. I should have had to stay like the Marpessian rock. Love and Justice to Temple made me feel that I could not be still while his own orthodoxy and want of personal faith in Him with whom he walks almost as if He were visible, were questioned. And if he has not learnt the whole story of the Great 40 days of the teaching of the Kingdom of God, he may learn it yet in giving so true a soul and so earnest a will to labour in the Church's work more directly. To see such a Mark labouring with you in the great cause, and, as you so happily auspicate, hand in hand, in the division of our vast dioceses as the first step, would be a sight "*gude for sair een*" in these days. But if one *cor pusillum* has room for what I have not at all too strongly expressed as my feeling for Temple, and at the same time for the ἐνότης πνεύματος¹ which God has blessed me to feel in your own whole spirit and work, surely the Catholic Church in her most Catholic branch can give you both plots in the same vineyard. And I scarcely write this when (I am addicted to omens) I see side by side in the Society for the

¹ Unity of spirit.

Increase of the Home Episcopate, as two of its earliest Committee, the Bishop of Lincoln and the Bishop Elect of Exeter¹. I hail it *γηθόσυνος κήρ*². Thank you for that noble word that "The Grace of God moves in diagonals." It is a motto. And when in the next world the map of the sad *Bella Justorum* is spread out before our eyes, with what wonder we shall recognize that the strange marchings and countermarchings of bodies of men which we took sometimes for foes, and always regarded with distrust, were after all but the bringing up of bodies of unknown allies under cover of night by a generalship whose plans we could not follow in the campaign.

It was now intimated to him that if he were to stand for the vacant Headmastership of Rugby, he would be elected; he writes to his wife:—

Perhaps it all comes from the horrible dividedness about Rugby. If the offer comes I know no more what to say now than when T. first wrote. How can I give up the heather and fir woods of Wellington, not the outer ones, but the heathery piny spirit of health and lovingness, which rang out in those boys' voices and our chapel life, and the splendid way in which all the Masters took my very sharp and strong language—about saying what they did not mean,—and all else that blesses one's work there—for such an intense responsibility—for the constant society of friends whose love is real—but best at a distance—love which is parted off, or rather streaked down its middle, by the sense that different views on *such* points must for perhaps several years blunt the edge of much that one has to say on the most important parts of education.

If I am to do any good there—which perhaps is God's care—it can but be done in a spirit of utter quietness—striving and crying will never change the tone. One comfort there is, that if they want me there to be the "Saviour of the Commonwealth" as Temple fiercely puts it, they at any rate call me *as* a "Conservative High Churchman" as Arnold no less fiercely puts it. But will they after a while throw their Minister overboard, with a vote of want of confidence?

Reigning over the Trees awoke the ambition of neither olive nor vine, only the poor twisty bramble cared to go.

¹ In the Session of 1869 Lord Lyttelton had introduced a Bill for the increase of the English Episcopate. The Bishops of London and Oxford supported it; the remainder of the Bench abstained from voting, and the measure was rejected by 43 to 20.

² Glad at heart.

Why do I write you all this? 'cause I can't talk it—'cause I can't help. I'm going to talk to the Bishop about it. But he's not likely to love Rugby—and I'm not certain that it would be possible for anyone to believe in the integrity with which I wish to serve the Church in my poor way more than anything else. He feels and must feel as if maintaining Temple's orthodoxy was injuring the Church of which he thinks he ought not to be a Ruler. But it isn't—Temple will hold to Christ and to the Church of England crowds who would otherwise forsake her and him—and he's raised up to do so in these times until this tyranny be overpast. But my Lord's counsel will anyhow be holy counsel.

Your *how* loving husband,

E. W. B.

To Miss E. Wordsworth.

29 Oct. 1869.

I was perplexed, after my calm, by a strong, short arguing letter on Rugby's account. The only one I ought to take account of,—indeed I had set aside others, and felt then bound to take a day to reconsider *this*.

I have again resolved not to stand for three reasons—and your after dinner note comes as a most welcome reinforcement of all three.

My three grounds are: 1. Slightly diminishing energy (which I must not hide from myself) in *teaching*. 2. An indisposition to look on it as the Last End of my life. 3. An irremovable sense of claim on me of Well. Coll.

1. I do not think it likely that I could add many years of "dynamical effectiveness" to my past seventeen. A man ought not to go on teaching the Sixth who can teach the Speech of Pericles coolly. And I am reading it now with less "spin" than I did three years ago. Pericles is a good test and dull boys wear one.

2. Rugby ought to be my one end if I went there. I confess I don't think I can now undertake to work for the Church in *no other* way, between 40 and 50, than through boys still. Cyprian and others seem to say I have given more than youth to youth, and may give manhood to men—if GOD only fit me so to do—if I may unpresumptuously say so.

3. Wellington College does I think claim what scholastic *vis* I have. I can't set the better material and the money against

it. I am μνηστειμένος¹ to her—though eleven years ago, by Temple's advice, I left Rugby with the hope of returning to her, the cherished idea is over. Now you know the secret of the struggle, and will keep it to yourselves.

To Miss Wordsworth, describing a visit to Dr Westcott at Peterborough, and Dr Temple's Consecration.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

Dec. 23, 1869.

.....So we parted, and breakfast at 7 next morning, and then to the early Communion in Peterboro', and I fast as steam would carry me to St Peter's, Westminster—no difficulty in getting in from the cloisters in caps and gowns—a hapless body of Rugby Masters—old friends looking so pale and haggard.

I had an excellent place given me in the Sacramentum. Montagu Butler² and Geo. Butler³ were there and many friends, besides oceans of people unknown. After a little while I discovered my dear wife's and boy's faces close to the Altar rail, and Mrs Sidgwick looking very unwell. It was an anxious pause. Above half an hour we sate in silence and I fancy everybody guessed the cause of the delay in the Jerusalem Chamber. I needn't tell *you* how the Abbey looked with a foggy day in the hundred-foot-high arches, and how the tapers cast a still light in misty globes all down the choir, and how the two gigantic tapers in front of the Altar waved their blaze, and how Salvati's mosaic gleamed, and the great gold plate shimmered, and the alabaster Reredos cast streaky lines across its veins, and the yellow wax lights on the Altar stood in their irrational, legal, unkindledness, *not* conveying with more force "the signification that Christ is the true Light of the world," and the glimpses into Henry VII.'s Chapel and the tombs of the Kings—and how sweet a remembrance floated over all of a certain Litany, and a certain Rochet, and a certain face. But dear Temple's face was white as ashes, and his jet black hair and whiskers and the white and black of his robes made him look in his stillness a sad sight for a friend's eye to rest upon. His healthy bronze was quite gone, but he looked a true man. He knelt in *my* Lord's place (on St Matthias, 1868) and I pray that I may some day see them kneel side by side⁴. Then strangely enough *he* gave me the

¹ Espoused.

² Now Master of Trinity.

³ Formerly Canon of Winchester.

⁴ The Bishops of Lincoln and Exeter were the two prelates who presented the Bishop of Truro for consecration in 1877.

Holy Communion—each of the Bishops being sent by the Dean to a different row. The Bishops all looked *tried*, but I never saw the Bishop of London¹ move out so briskly and speak so solemnly and lively, as he did throughout. St David's² looked far older than when last I saw him, but bowed as he becomes, his grand old forehead seemed yet more prominent, and though he walks uneasily and heavily, he moved out before every one to meet Exeter at the Rails....The Dean of Durham's³ sermon was well and fairly delivered....When at the end he said how earnestly he had desired that he might see Temple in the "very place" to which God's providence had called him, meaning not only *a* Bishopric, but *the* Bishopric of Exeter, there was "sensation." His allusions to T. throughout were very delicate and very interesting.....Stanley's tears and voice most thrilling: I never heard such an effort to speak strongly, and the dead pause by which it was sustained went to one's heart.

To *me* all the time—you'll excuse me for feeling *how* interesting—little Martin's pale face and wide open eyes struggling in vain to take in the significance of it all, close over the Altar rails, and fixed on his godfather's white face, *was* interesting, as a kind of understrain.

What will my handwriting come to? a split needle would suit me for a pen—but I must leave off, having now worn you out: we came home here last night after my week's absence (and what a week!) and Minnie and I not having talked enough, talked after breakfast till half-past ten. What holy scenes—what ennobling scenes—what sorrowing scenes—what scenes of hope and rich promise—for will not they reap in joy who sow in tears? and who is sowing in more tears than our friend of Exeter? and on his account I am *certain* more than because he feels himself parted from our father of Lincoln—(you don't know what, from *him*, is the language of his letter)—and cannot step over the distance between, though *tendens manus ripae ulterioris amore*. Well, all those scenes, what are they? Will they leave me as dry and unloving and selfish as ever? How can one get Love into one's system? into one's blood? not drink it like a glass of wine which makes a little glow and a little flush, and passes?—Ah! Sunday last! Ah! the evenings! Ah! the Bishop!—Mrs Wordsworth—all of you—John's book⁴—Chris's prizes—the

¹ Bishop Jackson.

² Connop Thirlwall, Bishop 1840—1874.

³ W. C. Lake.

⁴ *Fragments and Specimens of Early Latin*, with Introduction and Notes. 8vo. Macmillan, 1874.

moonlit trees themselves—the Oecumenical Council¹ going on in its evil work—the poor stricken Rugby—such a sorrowful packet again this morning—my pen showing maniacal tendencies of a phantasmagorial nature. But now all you dear ones, goodbye.

In 1870, my father was much tempted by an offer made to him by his old friend, Mr Cubitt, of the living of Dorking. The main difficulty was that his private means were small and the living was not worth more than £500 a year, while his children were growing up, and would before long have to be sent to school. He recognised in himself a growing desire for larger and more directly spiritual work: he certainly considered, as his letters show, the question very carefully; and actually went down with John Wordsworth to look at the place. On this visit a curious incident occurred, which with his, so to speak, aesthetic pleasure in the superstitious side of events, his fondness for observing little omens and coincidences, made a certain impression on him. He arrived with John Wordsworth at the Church at Dorking, after a walk, just as the bell was ringing for evening service. They determined to attend Vespers, and went in and took their places. The bell continued ringing for an unusual time and at last ceased: but no minister appeared. At last an old verger came in, made his way down to the pair and said, "Is either of you gentlemen a clergyman?" My father who was nearest said "Yes," and the verger explained that the living being vacant, the church was served by a locum tenens, who had not put in an appearance. My father said that he would read the service, went to the vestry and habited himself. The verger produced a coloured stole, but my father demurred:

¹ The Council was opened at Rome on Dec. 8, the procession in St Peter's consisting of 800 ecclesiastics, including 6 Prince-Archbishops, 49 Cardinals, and 680 Archbishops and Bishops. On July 13, 1870, the Council voted on the 4th chapter of the *Constitutio de Ecclesia*, embodying the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, as follows;—400 *placet*, 88 *non-placet*, 60 *placet juxta modum*.

the man said that it was the use of the church, but my father said he was used to a black stole and hesitated ; as they discussed it, rapid steps approached the vestry from outside, and a panting clergyman burst in, apologising—his train had been late—the verger explained the situation. “I am very much obliged to you, sir, I am sure,” said the locum tenens, “but I need not trouble you now.” The verger suggested that my father should assist: “No, thank you,” said the locum tenens, “I am paid to do the duty and I prefer to do it myself.” So my father divested himself, and took his place again with John Wordsworth among the worshippers. Of course the incident did not in any way decide him: but it often amused him to relate that he should have been so near officiating, and that the duty should have been taken out of his hands at the last moment.

To his Wife.

DORKING.

Ap. 27, 1870.

DEAREST,

What an odd coincidence that I should have been here at all within a fortnight after the offer of the living, the visit having been arranged previously to the offer. Then coincidence of service hour with our walk, then the vicar's wife's request, the preparation for service, the investment and the divestment! I had of course been praying earnestly for guidance when the sign came. But how to interpret it. John says it only signifies that the vestments liked me not. I say it is the call and the rejection, as if Elijah had taken the robe off Elisha the son of Shaphat after having thrown it on.

The Chancel is new, and most beautiful. Three brilliant banners, candles in candlesticks 10 or 11 feet high, vases of flowers cover the altar, 7 lamps in red glass burn day and night before altar. Gregorians very bad, sermon high, fanciful, irritating and untrue. “The power of the Resurrection” culminates in the “undivided presence of the Body of the Lord upon 1000 altars”—and all so sectarian.

The glory of the hills and plains, the surging ranges, the white blossoming trees, the tender larches, the sea far away thro' Shoreham gap, and the brooks and the pools and the clear air

had given one equanimity—or one could not bear to see the Church of England thus narrowed down by her unwise sons into the position of a meeting house. But still if I came here I could not sweep all this away as the Patron would. I should have too strong a feeling against alienating those who had found some comfort somehow in such poor and dearly bought signs, and it would be a hard task to win back the rest—and could I do it? and hadn't I better stick to my boys till my time comes for Sandhurst churchyard?.....

Kiss *all* my loves. How dear life is—such coolnesses and sweetnesses for eye to look on and heart to rest on—and such strength in such friendships.

Your loving husband,
E. W. BENSON.

The following are extracts from interesting letters about this time:—

To Miss Wordsworth.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
SS. *Simon and Jude*, 1869.

I was last week at the funeral of my father's mother—she had married again and had another family. She was 88 years old, and had lived for 15 years in the strictest retirement. I had only seen her twice in that time. She was a very wonderful old lady, and her story very interesting, and very sad from the beginning to the very end. The day was to me not wholly sad—but full of a strange triumphant thought that if ever we come to Paradise it will be something like a very beautiful churchyard. There will be glorious and very ancient trees, and *very* distant views, and very warm sunlight—and the presence of the Altar will be felt—and an influence from Christ's Body and Blood will be sensibly felt in the spirits that wait, and under the great groves of trees will be many monuments with the Cross on every one of them—only the monuments will not be records of death but records of earthly life, and how we shall wish to erase some of the lines, and as Paradise draws near its end, *those* lines will fade away and be remembered no more.

To Miss E. Wordsworth.

Advent Sunday again. If I can muster spirit enough I mean to talk to the boys in Chapel on Saturday night for five minutes about σκοτία ἥδη ἐγγεγόνει καὶ οὐκ ἐληλύθει πρὸς αὐτοὺς ὁ Ἰησοῦς¹.

¹ "And it was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them," John vi. 17.

They have so little idea—these children—about what is meant by “Jesus coming” to them—and I—is *my* idea *right*? Who can tell me that? But, looking at the world, surely it has got *very* dark—and can it be *long*?

*To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden, on the death of the
Bishop of Manchester¹.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

Dec. 27, 1869.

He mentioned his wish about CAATTICEI² to me too and I hope it will be done.

To die on Xmas Eve—to pass into Paradise on Xmas Eve—and perhaps catch whispers of angels or prophets telling what Heaven was like when first *He* was gone from among them to be a child.

Your loving,

E. W. B.

To Professor Lightfoot.

...When we think of the rapt way in which we used to stand listening to his Georgics and his Thucydides, and the spin with which he sent us home day by day at 14 years old!! some crack sent right through the hide of coarseness so that day by day there was less speech of anything that could offend against purity or loftiness, and of the way in which the holiest and noblest interests budded up in us, and the love of the Church as well as of the Lord appeared—*βρίων*³, as one of his favourite words had it—in our hearts, while with such honour he abstained from biassing us in politics or religion (when a word from him would have held us) and saw contentedly such different opinions from his own springing up in all of us—how ought we to reverence this man, who received us children and parted with us men.

What a spirit of work, what a spirit of grace did he minister to us. Having worked in the same line myself, and having the most earnest desire to effect what he effected, and seeing to how little all one's efforts amount, I am more *amazed* than I am even delighted, to think what a fame was his.....

And now I earnestly hope that I shall some way be allowed to

¹ Bishop Lee died on Dec. 24, aged 65.

² The Trumpet shall sound. See pp. 19, 20.

³ Full to bursting, teeming with.

lay down Wellington College where I feel my work—in submission to God—to be complete, the school full, organised, and embarked, and in beautiful temper; and to go away to some Cathedral to work in what is to my eyes *the* work of the Church for the training of her clergy, now that the Universities are surely making us *some* work to do, and which training for the Pastoral office has been so abundantly blessed in Vaughan's work. Westcott's happiness is unspeakable. Would that I could work with him, under him, near him. The ancient dream about a Canonry becomes now a desire for earnest work, *and not for arches and music.*

Your ever loving,

E. W. BENSON.

To Miss E. Wordsworth, on the death of his friend Dr Meyer, Superintendent of Broadmoor Asylum.

May 11, 1870

I believe you think I am too hard, or too cool, or too content, or—I won't use any particular adjective which you might object to—about deaths which are not an immediate blow to myself. But I cannot think why all one's life should be trying to think of death as the Gate, and then be distracted when it opens. I see this, that there are some forms even of very devotional religion which leave people nevertheless all weakness to face it—(Your own views and feelings are in no way like those I mean. I mean “ritualistic” hopes and comforts for want of a better word)—the facing of which is one chief lesson of ours. I grieve more than I can say to think of things which I have heard as the sayings and doings of those whom I conceived to be armed against unchristian sorrow. It shakes me very much to think what one may one day be in the lack of the armour in which one trusts. It has been a most painful week.

To Miss E. Wordsworth.

14 July, 1871.

DEAREST ELIZABETH,

Last Sunday I had a singular and interesting change. I went to Windsor to preach to the Queen and saw something of and *much admired* Mr Gladstone. His eyes alone afford sufficient reason for his being Prime Minister, and we talked of anything and everything (except Cathedrals), as if he had not another thought in his mind except to know all the knowable in literature.

Court is a formidable atmosphere no doubt, only peculiar circumstances could flourish there, but they have a peculiar grace of their own.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. BENSON.

The following is an interesting account of a visit paid to Stonyhurst in 1872; his old friend and school-fellow, Father Purbrick, being Rector.

TUESDAY, *Jan. 9th*, 1872.

Yesterday after a long tiring journey I arrived at Stonyhurst. It was too dark to see my route from Whalley but we were going up hill all the way. It rained vehemently. I began to read Cyprian's *De Lapsis* as I left Birmingham by L.N.W. and finished it with the last flicker of my reading lamp as I neared the College and saw its lights.

My welcome from my dear old school-fellow, Father Purbrick, the Rector of the College, was most warm and affectionate. We had not met for 24 years; about August 1848 I saw him last, and it was in my first term at Trinity that I heard that he had left Christ Church, which he entered at the same time, to join the Church of Rome. He is quite the same in figure and outline and turn of expression as ever. He has a wonderfully delicate self-governed look, but this he always had, as well as the quiet dignity of self-possession in expressing without awkwardness any opinion, so that I cannot say that I see much change or much to attribute to his profession. He wears his cassock and a sort of unbecoming sleeveless gown—grey socks and slippers made his humanity very cosy and close—and as we sat in large heavy old oak chairs with our feet over a blazing fire, it seemed as if 24 years were rolled back and we were sitting as once we sat in my study, night after night, at school, talking the talk which after all more than anything has made him what he is and me what I am. We were instantly deep in the reminiscences of walks, talks, and old school-fellows—and it was most strange that nearly all the first we talked over were just those whom in my bede-roll night and morning—or in all once a day I have prayed for—"Lightfoot, Pearse, Purbrick, Moore, Wickenden, Hutchinson, Ellis, Westcott, Thompson"—when I told him this it struck me too that he replied that he had always prayed similarly for me and especially in his moments at the Altar since he was a priest. I wish to forget none of our talk. What a 24 years it has been—how simple has

been my own life—education ended at 23 and the teaching of others rudiments ever since.

This morning (Tuesday) I was awakened by the servant (I found afterwards that it was the Rector) coming into the room with "Deo Gratias, it is half past six" (Jesuits say "Deo Gratias" and answer "Deo Gratias" in a morning—others have the first salutation "Benedicamus Domino"). I dressed and was taken by a "Philosopher" as he amusedly said he was called, to a "tribune" close to the high Altar where I saw my dear old friend (who used to pray with J. B. L. and J. F. W. and me in my "private Chapel") come in and sing Mass. It being in the Octave of the Epiphany there was scarcely anything in which I could not affectionately join. The Mass is a wonderfully strong statement against Transubstantiation, and all that does offend me offends me so powerfully that it seems not to colour the rest: and all the Scriptures in honour of the day are noble.

After Service he dropped on his knees and said one Pater and three Aves for the Pope. It is thus that one suddenly pulls up to wonder if we are beings of the same sphere. So after, we passed through a sort of cloister dimly lighted, with fathers and boys on their knees before an image with a little light before it, "to which" (Father Purbrick afterwards told me) "the boys have here a special devotion." Think of the Wellington College or Birmingham boys transformed into this!

I was amazed to hear this baseless nonsense, this mathematics applied to things eternal, gravely poured out by an honest believing gentleman. And so, when the Rector told me that it was disputed whether the value of a Mass was infinite, and so capable of admitting any number of intentions—or whether it was finite, (since, though Christ's Sacrifice was infinite in merit, yet the Commemorative Sacrifice was of a certain value known to God) and hence concluded that it was held safest to pray only in one intention, and to say of any other "provided that it does not interfere with the first intention," the singularity of the confessions and the simplicity of the faith were alike wonderful.

WEDNESDAY, *Jan. 10, 1872.*

I forgot to say that I was at early mass this morning—the same mass as yesterday and very beautiful, especially the three prayers. But afterwards I went and sat in the Church and went through our own Morning Prayer with the Psalms and Lessons and felt that it was a fresher life, a brighter hope, a truer devotion. I hate using hard words, but if superstition means the holding fast

with blind eyes to that which has no meaning in itself, and if there is no part of things divine which is without meaning in itself, as well as in connection with larger truths, then it is superstition to have been driven to this lonely eating, this whispered consecration, this self-edifying reading of what was the food, the blessing, the instruction of the whole, and now not to wish to spread it out again to a more receptive age, but to maintain it as better than what it has superseded, and with this to hold every web of false logic as a vital consequence of the primary fictions. The sight and company and converse on many dear things of my dear friend is more delightful than I can say; I walk beside him and feel that his faith and mine put no barrier between us in love. And then suddenly he says something that would incline me to say "are you ill?" so completely it seems to belong to a world where reasoning is mere sequence of words and the Bible has another Gospel in it

To Dr Lightfoot, on Confession at school.

June 4, 1872.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

I should, for myself, find it impossible to vote for a Master, however excellent in other ways, who practised, or even wished to practise, the taking of confessions from the boys whom he had to teach.

Quite apart from the general question of Confession as a part of Church Discipline—I should say that the relations between Instructor and Pupil ought not to be crossed by knowledge which according to the theories of the *same* religious school, Husband ought not to have of Wives, nor Fathers of Children.

The trials which rise between some pupils and some masters are such that an inner knowledge of the boy's life (motives and weaknesses) would infinitely complicate them. If, in pointing out to a boy perpetually recurring faults, the master *could* always refrain from allusion to what he knew otherways, the boy would not *think* he did. It is better for a Teacher to have a broad view of his boys and make allowances for them, than a deep one, and be always exercising spiritual direction openly or covertly. I can fancy nothing more hopeless than the position of a somewhat unsatisfactory boy with a Master's eye fixed on him microscopically always. Many a boy's character is *made*, hopefulness and strength begun, through his having a fresh start with someone who does *not* know the worst, and so gives him a clear field.

As a matter of experience I think that in places where

confession does exist, the Confessor or Chaplain is a different man—not a master.

It is so certainly in Jesuit "Sodalities" which existed in all great schools. There each boy chooses his own confessor. Even though the Sodality, or religious association, of the older boys has its Director, who is *not* a master in the school, still boys are not tied to confess even to him, but may go to any Priest they like. I fancy that in this way the sins to which Liddon alludes are fairly met—that is as regards the protecting of the boy against them. But with an amount of enervation, for which we should not change even the risks which accompany our efforts to guard against them, by building up so far as we may the *whole* character in truthfulness and self-restraint.

I haven't alluded to the horrible dangers which ensue from want of *reality* in the confession, and these I am told by sober-minded people who have had experience, really do exist to a great extent.

I should be very sorry to see the choir of St Paul's under the guidance of the saintliest of Confessors or Directors—(saintliness being of *that* type)—but much more if he were their Master too.

Yours ever affectionately,

E. W. BENSON.

The friendship with the Wordsworths of which I have spoken led to important results.

Bishop Wordsworth, on the death of Chancellor Mas-singberd in 1872, offered my father the vacant Chancellorship of Lincoln Cathedral, and the residentiary Canonry annexed to that office. The Bishop began by attaching to the offer certain conditions as to residence and work, but my father refused to pledge himself, and was eventually appointed unconditionally.

*To C. B. Hutchinson, on accepting the Chancellorship,
of Lincoln Cathedral.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

Dec. 28, 1872.

I do not know how to describe the dreadfulness of preparing to leave this dearest place. No one can ever know what are the infinite claims on one's devotion which it has, and on one's tenderness. It is unique, though I know Rugby and love it well.

It is not a "blow" nor a "wrench" nor a "tearing" to leave it. But every time that its reality comes to one, about every quarter of an hour, a shower of little sparks seem to shoot through one's chest.

The work before me is full of great delight. You used to chaff me ages ago about being born to be a Canon. And it is quite true that it is to me an ideal.

I can't forsake this ideal when it presents itself, and I think with Westcott and Lightfoot that Lincoln is exceptionally favourable for attempts to renew the Cathedral life of England. I wish you would make a little petition daily to the Father, that He would grant me some portion in the work of restoring it as a precious half-lost inheritance of the Church. I ask it because morning and evening I never fail to mention you in my prayers, and never have failed.

Your ever affectionate friend,

E. W. BENSON.

He was installed at Lincoln on Innocents' Day, 1872, and thus described the ceremony:—

To his Wife.

RISEHOLME.

Innocents' Day, 1872.

MOST DEAREST WIFE,

So the day which makes life begin anew is come and gone. It leaves me with a great sense of peace and rest and a trust that peace and rest may strengthen *you* too for whatever duties may be before us. I cannot well see what they are in detail, and even in shadow they are dim. But I still feel sure that He who has unfolded duty by duty hitherto will show yet undiscerned circle within circle of service.

There was a sad void in your absence. Sunday at Riseholme with all its lovingness and quietness, but oh! my dear, that you were with me in body as well as in spirit. I don't quite know what to choose to tell you first, but I think you will like to hear of the service.

The service was first my Institution, reading aloud the oaths to a large congregation—large for the Cathedral,—and having the Bishop's Prayers and Blessing. Then to the Chapter House where I presented the Bishop's Mandates to the Dean who was assembled with the other canons and no less than 16 prebendaries. Then I was invested and received the Gospels. Then came a to

me as you may suppose most touching part of the service—I was brought in in procession by the Chapter and Choir, led up to the alcove and then was desired to kneel in front of it and *pray* in silence. I *did*. They all stood round and I hope prayed silently too for a faithful spirit for their new brother.

Then I rose and declared I would be ever faithful to the Blessed Virgin Mary of Lincoln. Then I was led down to my Cancellarius-stall and placed in it with a prayer, versicles and responses, by the Dean. Then I had to say half of the Lord's Prayer and the Chapter said the other half. Then there was a beautiful Collect. Then Evensong of Innocents' Day. Then again in procession to Chapter House where, while the Psalm *Ecce quam bonum* was sung most beautifully by the Choir, I went round taking every Prebendary by the right hand—and last was shown my seat in Chapter at the left hand of the Dean. And so ended the Installing of the new Chancellor whom I do not yet recognise in myself. So I have enough work cut out till August next and can only pray for strength, courage, spirit, and the endless comfort of your sweetness and love to make me fit to do such work. I am puzzled when I think of it all, but I know my own way of working. It's not a grand way. The grand way seems to be the analytical where you frame great comprehensive conceptions and thence deduce what particular things you ought to do. But the only way I've been able to work is prosy, it is the systematic, as Chris and his Germans would say. I'm obliged to see what there is near for me to turn my hands to, and then the next thing, and so one comes up last of all to the general group and perhaps never sees what it is. I see plenty of such businesses now awaiting anyone who likes to work.

Dearest love,

E. W. BENSON.

The last Speech Day came round ; Mr Penny writes :

Dr¹ Benson proposed the toast of the Governors and the Duke of Wellington responded and proposed "the toast of the day—the health of Dr Benson." Our Vice-President was always a halting speaker—but on this occasion he outdid himself in incoherency, hesitation and bathos. Then Benson returned thanks and proposed the health of his successor—and Mr Wickham replied. The proceedings closed with short speeches from Sir John

¹ He took his D.D. degree in 1867.

Pakington, the Bishop of Hereford and Mr Walter, who remarked, "*Isdem artibus servabitur imperium, quibus acquiritur.*"

As they walked away from the luncheon tent to the Master's Lodge, the Duke of Wellington, sensible of his failure to do justice by his eloquence to the occasion of Benson's last Speech Day, linked his arm in Benson's and looking up earnestly in his face, said—"Made a hash of it—knew I should. Always do. But I really did try to say something this time. This is what I meant to say. When the money was subscribed for a Memorial after my father's death, I and my family hoped that there would be a fine monument set up in his memory in every considerable town in England. And you can fancy what our feelings were when we found that it was all going to be lumped together and a Charity School built with it where scrubby little orphans would be maintained and educated like the Bluecoat School in London. What good would that have been to us or to them? By great good fortune the Governors found you and made you the first Headmaster and *you* have made the College what it is—not a mere Charity School—but one of the finest Public Schools in England—and I and my family are more than content with the result. There"—digging Benson hard in the ribs with his elbow—"that's my speech—that's what I meant to have said and so I say it to you. But Lord, when I stood up to speak it all ran out at my heels."

There was much to settle in the last month or two. Mr Penny says:—

Finally as an exhortation to all succeeding Headmasters he had carved over the door in the porch of the Master's Lodge which opened into his study the motto

PRAESIS UT PROSIS,

and over the corresponding doorway leading into the College by which he himself passed every morning to his lesson with the Sixth Form, and which is used by most of the boys coming off the Turf from their games, he caused to be inscribed:

"The Path of Duty is the Way to Glory."

The door has ever since been known as the Path-of-Duty door; but I fear that very few of the boys who so call it have any idea why it was so called or where the quotation comes from.

I very well remember the last Sunday at Wellington: in the morning my father preached his valedictory

sermon on "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt" (Heb. xi. 26). The peroration, one of his most beautiful and stately writings, may be quoted here.

Thus for fifteen years I have laboured, often in most salutary trouble, yet with ever-increasing happiness. The trouble is gone like a shadow. The happiness cannot be taken away. I have seen you all come here; everyone who labours or is laboured for has been welcomed here by me. I have seen near a thousand men go away to labour in their turn where and as duty summoned and God ordained. And now I go myself. I came to the newest educational and spiritual work in England, bidden to shape it. I go away to the most ancient. Here I have made rules for others: I go to strive to conform myself to rule. Here I have served the memory of him who snapped the yoke that was laid on modern Europe: I go now to serve memories that are green still, though they budded when Norman strove with Saxon, ere Saxon had done his strife with Briton. Nor can I now forbear one thought, for it is forced on me: if ever we are disposed to contrast bygone ages unfavourably with our own, we may ask ourselves whether we think the systems we have arranged, the wheels we have just seen begin to turn, will run as freely, will work as adaptably to the needs of seven hundred years to come, as the great institution of the past moves now when seven hundred years have passed over it, age after age, ready to become young again? Yes, we may say—if ours too is built on humanity's best, on a true perception of humanity's needs, on a devout humility and eager acceptance of God's work in man and through man. But not otherwise; not if we mistake troubled rills for fountains, and seek our immortality on earth, and hold doubt to be more wise and strong than faith.

If we build into the same building and trust the same corner-stone, we shall stand like them and share their strength: for life is one and indivisible, and so shall we be part of the Living Temple of God.

So shall your hearts beat strong with energy, yet be cool through self-restraint; and your work be wrought with diligence and rendered with cheerfulness; and your faces be bright with modesty, yet bold with frankness; and the grasp of your hands be firm and generous. For you will be men. You will seek Purity, that the souls and bodies you offer to those you love and

to all-seeing God may be white and unspotted ; Truth, that your speech may be simple and clear ; Love, that your friendships may be sound, and that the brotherhood of men may be to you no shadow. But that these things may be, you must fix eye and heart unflinchingly on Christ and His Reproach ; you must adore it, you must achieve it, for there is no treasure like the Reproach of Christ, understood and loved and lived.

Young as I was it affected me almost to tears : and there were many wet eyes in chapel. After the evening service—it was a hot summer night with sharp little restless gusts of wind—the school waited in the Quadrangle to say goodbye to him : contrary to the ordinary usage at schools, it was the custom at Wellington for the Headmaster to remain in his stall till the boys had all gone out, and then lead the masters out ; he waited for us, my mother, brothers and myself, in the antechapel, where he shook hands silently with several of his old colleagues. The whole of the cloister was lined with boys, many of whom put out their hands silently to be shaken. My father walked along with quick steps, his surplice and hood swayed by the wind which blew in through the grilles of the cloister, his face streaming with tears. In the court he was cheered by a crowd of boys ; he smiled and waved his hand ; at the door by the Master's library leading out towards the Lodge, as he unlocked it, a number of Prefects who were gathered there pressed forwards. "Goodbye, my dear, dear fellows," he said falteringly ; and as we went out into the dusk I remember a cry of "God bless you, sir."

CHAPTER V.

PROSE AND VERSE.

*"The milky way, the bird of Paradise,
Church bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
The land of spices, something understood."*

GEO. HERBERT.

I WILL here give two or three specimens of my father's literary style at this period, both in prose and verse; they reveal his mind very clearly, both its strength and weakness—the rare beauty, fervency and originality of his thoughts, and the over-elaboration and quaintness of diction that obscure the lucidity of the thought, and divert instead of concentrating attention. The first is a mystical discourse on a verse of Scripture, written on St Cyprian's Day (26th Sep.) 1869, apparently at the end of the Summer Holidays, and addressed to three of the Miss Wordsworths. It has never been published. Its quaint mediaeval title is—

"Concio

habita in spiritu

ad

Tres Sorores *de Prato Resurrectionis* (Riseholme)

Die Dom.

Natali autem S. Cypriani

A.D. 1869.

Habuit Macarophylax Albius Benedicti F."

[A speech made in the Spirit to the three sisters of Riseholme, on the Lord's Day, also the birthday of St Cyprian, A.D. 1869. Edward White Benson made it.]

And especially worthy of note is the passage which deals with the death of saints, which seems to foreshadow in a way that is almost prophetic, the manner of his own death, and the holy influences thus withdrawn from the Church.

S. Marc. vi. 31.

Venite seorsum in desertum locum et requiescite pusillum.

“Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile.”

Proem.

Dilectissimae sorores—we are met together to-day in spirit not in flesh, being absent in body not in heart, and therein I preach to you, even while you, in this my heart, do make music sweeter than organs to the glory and praise of God.

And my pulpit hath twelve sides, being none other than the garden table whereat I write on the lawn; and the sun westerling, doth smite the right cheek of my face. Whereby I find that I must work while it is called to-day, because of the evening of night wherein no man can write or work—also the twelve-sided table mindeth me that this sermon must be truly apostolic, writ on the very figure of the Holy College.

Dearly beloved sisters—It was “Venite seorsum” that Christ said. After a while he said, “Exite foras.” But this time, “Venite seorsum.” Another time he sent them through all the cities of Israel, but this time it was “Requiescite pusillum.”

Yet surely one would have said that God’s work was already standing still too much, when John Baptist was laid in his grave. His disciples came and told Jesus, and would not a man have thought that now was the time for one greater than John Baptist to step into his place, and from his place into a higher, until he had revealed Himself?.....

“Venite in desertum locum”—the teaching of nature—God’s speech read in the beauty of the wilderness—this is to be their immediate teaching and their abiding strength. Not Nature alone, but nature in the presence of Jesus Christ. Nature alone is oft too weak to heal us, too weak to teach—too oft in her glorious beauty she is even our temptress. But nature in the presence of Jesus is strong indeed; and we too ourselves have wondered, and have spoken of our wonder, that the purple of the moors and twilight on the river while the northern sea lay all

gold, and the living beauty of stately trees and waving branches, should have such power to make us forget the world's trouble or labour, and send us home stronger at evening than when we arose in the morning. It was because Jesus Himself drew near and went with us, and talked with us by the way, for His speech has power to penetrate not the ear only but every organ which He hath made: He made the channels and He sends out the streams that fill them.....

For as well as the teaching of Nature under His presence, they had too the conversation of friends. The companionship (dearest of all things that God gives on earth) of those who loved the great past, who hoped for a greater future—who amid the immediate wreck had eyes yet to see that the great fragments were not to perish for ever; that the bare gable and the stately buttress might be framed into yet statelier homes than of old, so as for the spirit of man to be hallowed and grow great again, and for the suffering of the world to be healed, and for the outcast poor to have the Gospel preached to them.....

And so again do *they* lie down to Rest, just when it seems as if the world's need and the Church's is the sorest, who after long lives of keen experience enter on silent years of incapacity¹, and pass away from the hearts of men more than if they died—and they too who, touched more gently, actually pass away² to sleep in the dust when their knowledge is fullest, their spirit clearest,—yes, and their hearts gentlest and the spell of their presence and their words most potent.

The later age of some of God's servants seems to attain to such fulness of wisdom and sagacity; the impetuosity of youth gone, yet its courage and its fire remaining, its intellectual brightness as fiery keen as ever, its loves more true, more tender,—the inexperience to which conquests once seemed easy has been succeeded by an experience which sees in multiplying difficulties only multiplying hopes, yet knows that each difficulty is a fort impregnable held for the enemy unless the *one* access to the citadel is found: once they were overburdened with grief at the failure of attempts which they knew to be in a holy cause, and even yet can scarce think ill-directed; now they are upheld by a faith which knows that the science of attack on Satan's fortresses

¹ Henry Phillpotts, Bp of Exeter from 1831 to 1869. He last addressed the House of Lords in July, 1863, but was compelled from feebleness to speak sitting. His last act was on Sep. 9, 1869, to execute the resignation of his See, which did not take effect as he died on Sep. 18.

² Bp Hamilton of Salisbury, d. Aug. 1, 1869.

is in advance—be it ever so little—of the skill with which they are defended: their ancient eagerness is all there, yet it is an eagerness entrenched in quietude. And now the moment is come for some decisive movement—who is so fit as those venerable saints to head it? Yet in that very hour—to the baffling of our intelligence—the wisdom of God sees the moment for withdrawing them. “Venite seorsum” is breathed in their ears; “et Requiescite pusillum”: the osculum Dei kisses their spirit from their lips. The battle goes on while the heroes are parted from it, and while their guiding hand is wanted most they are already on their way “in desertum locum”—to a fair lone place where they find Christ and the Apostles sitting still, as once beside the Galilean Lake, pausing “awhile” till the hour of their recommencing work comes round again.....

To trace the old paths: to understand the present: to talk of the future: these methinks were things whereof the Five Wise Virgins spake, what time they watched the Lamps burning till the Bridegroom came. They waited and they wearied not, albeit there was so little for them to do.

The following lyrics were written in the later Wellington College days:

HALF TRUTHS.

The Edge of the Wood.

Vox pavitantis¹.

Sweet lives about my footsteps lie
 As white as this fresh fallen snow,
 Nor those pine columns climb more high
 Nor redden to a heavenlier glow
 Than lives of friends that o'er me tower,
 My summer shade, my winter bower.

But how the shadows throng behind!
 Are there such shadows on *their* days?
 Those ghostly lights that flit and find
 Cross lights, gross glooms in vexing maze!
 And what that formless thing below?—
 And—Christ!—those footprints in the snow!

¹ The voice of one who is in dread.

Vox Paracliti.

Ah! pinfold heart—looplighted soul,
 Who, pleased with half a parable,
 And rebel still against the whole
 Would'st learn my lesson, but not well,—
 Are not my shadows lovely too?
 And was it not my Hind ran through *
 Those formless tufts?—Go near and say
 "This is a sorrow buried fair"—
 The dusty brown, the dusky gray
 Shall purple forth in heath-bells rare;
 In countless bells of still perfume
 And waxen delicacy bloom.

* *Which is a hard place of Benedicti. But I say that the Hind whose slot scared him in the snow was "the Hind of the Morning" or as it were Aijelet Shahar, and he knew it not.* Note by the author.

VOX LANGUENTIS.

True Light! Though I have built too low,
 And cannot catch Thine orbèd sun;
 That heaven is bright with Thee I know,
 And Thy clear dawning is begun.
 Dawning so clear that I can tell
 How trends the shore, how fall the rills,
 Where glooms the angel-haunted dell
 And forms of the eternal hills.

Dear Warmth! I chose me lands of snow—
 And, while I linger on my knees,
 My folded hands to marble grow,
 And all my genial currents freeze;
 And yet I think this is not death
 Because I *feel* the cold so keen:
 The very snowdrifts underneath
 Keep warm perhaps a living green.

Great Strength! but I have none of Thee.
 I see—I feel—but cannot rise.
 And weak ones call for help to me—
 O agony of agonies!
 How canst Thou bear my upturned eyes?
 This breath too weak to break in wail?
 Would I not serve Thee could I rise?
 Or give me strength—or draw the veil.

The following poem is an answer to the preceding :

VOX PARACLITI.

And said I that thy strength should be
A glorious might with might to spare?
Which dashed to earth despairingly
Would but rebound to do and dare?
So shouldst thou chide Me, O My son,
And I with thee not once would chide.
Yet lie thou still—I whisper on—
And all My love I will not hide.

As wine of heaven in myrrhine bowl;
As dying love in whispers breathed;
So is My keenness in thy soul,
All might in thinnest frailty sheathed.
The myrrhine will not break: the air
Trembles—the ageless word is said:—
And thou art not too weak to dare:
Flow, Heart! thy fountain shall be fed.

Though thou for utter faintness pine,
Shrink from all tasks and fear all pain:
Once put thy hand to work of Mine,—
'Tis wrought—and thou hast borne the strain.
Then Who was with thee all along
New summer, springing lights reveal.
Trust Me—I said thou shouldst be strong,
I said that thou shouldst be, not feel.

A remembrance of Easter Eve in Rugby Chapel, 1868.

CHAPTER VI.

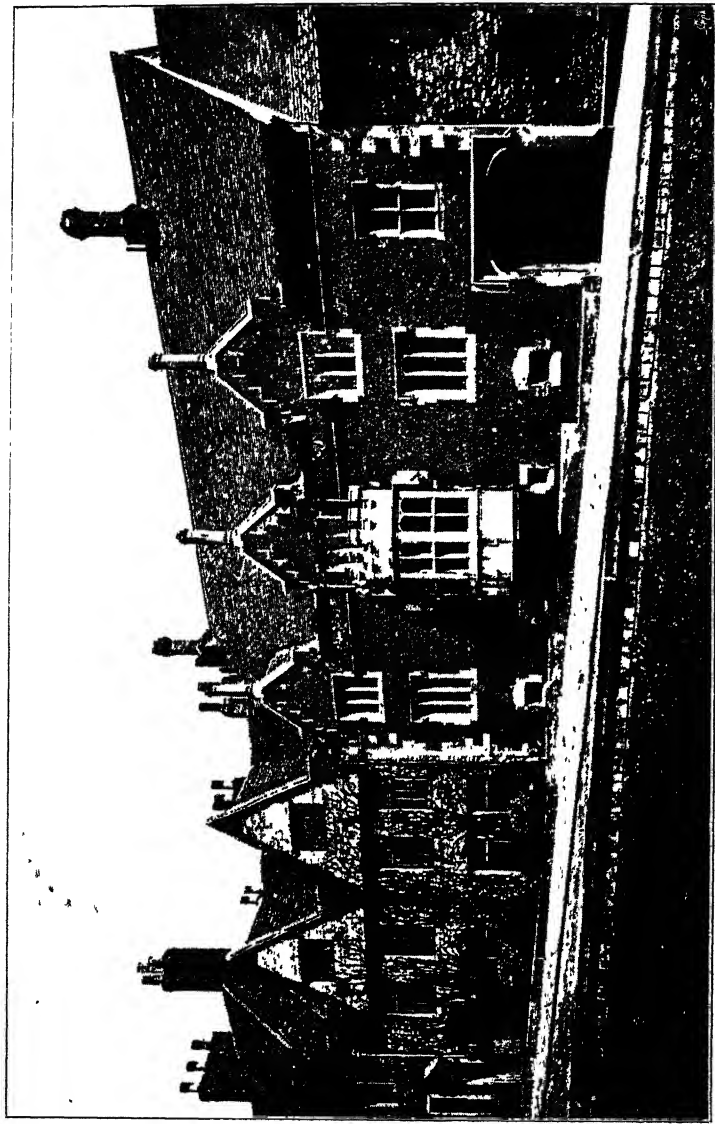
LINCOLN.

"Dixit nunquam se minus otiosum esse, quam cum otiosus."

CICERO.

THE *Chancery* at Lincoln is one of the most beautiful houses it has ever been my lot to live in. It shows a rather inconspicuous front of Tudor red-brick on the street, with a large oriel window, and a great double door of ancient oak, in which we found embedded the bullets of the Commonwealth. You enter a long low hall from which a staircase leads up to a stately lobby; this admits to a beautiful panelled drawing-room overlooking the Close, and haunted by a tapping ghost. In the corner of the drawing-room is an ancient winding stair with pentacles on the steps to ward off devils. The house is very large, so large that my brother and I were given a sitting-room, called *Bec* by my father, after Anthony de Bec, one of his famous predecessors and afterwards the military Bishop of Durham. The house extends far back from the Close: there is a part of a fifteenth-century screen of oak in the wall of what was our schoolroom, formerly the chapel¹: there, too, an awmry was discovered on removing the wall-paper: a hagnoscope from what was the solar; and by the servants' hall there are three ancient fourteenth-century arches that led from the buttery into the hall, now in great part demolished. At the back there

¹ Canon Leeke made further discoveries, including a piscina, in 1899.



THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.

From a photograph by Carl Norman.

are large stables and lofts, a granary and a coach-house, all belonging to the time when Chancellor Pretymán, who held several other preferments, lived at Lincoln in such state that, an old resident told us, a footman stood behind the chair of every guest at dinner. Secularity had been, until the days of Chancellor Massingberd¹, whom my father succeeded, almost a note of the office. A former Chancellor had been seen, when in residence, to hurry from the Cathedral after Morning Service, throw his surplice to his valet and drive off in a post-chaise, which would be standing ready, to the Doncaster Races.

My father greatly improved the house; he threw two bedrooms together and made a large study which looked out into a little garden with an ivy-clad wall beyond. He filled the lobby windows with stained armorial glass, and he fitted up a room over the porch as a tiny chapel, with some beautiful stained glass windows given by his friend Canon Wickenden, which are now bequeathed to the Library at Lambeth. Here we had prayers morning and evening, using, on Wednesdays and Fridays, a Litany translated by my father himself from the Greek, and in the evenings a simple form of Compline.

Behind the house was a small lawn with thickets of elders; but a passage under the granary admits you to a garden about an acre in extent, with a great wealth of flowers and fruit trees. On one side it was skirted by the high ancient Close wall, of stone mingled with brick, thick-set with peaches and apricots, and fringed with wild golden wallflowers at the top; and in two of the corners of the garden were stone towers, belonging to the old fortifications, one of which my father repaired, and made it a delicious place to ascend and breathe the summer breezes. A postern below it admits you into streets of

¹ Chancellor Massingberd had to a certain extent revived the special functions of the Chancellorship.

blind garden-walls which lead to the quiet Greetwell Fields; and there was another entrance for carriages further down the Close.

My father caused to be dug away a great quantity of earth which had accumulated near the house, and found much ancient Roman and mediaeval pottery, coins and tokens; he planted yew hedges and made the place very lovely; but we lived with the utmost simplicity, had no horse or carriage, and only maid-servants.

In the inner garden I have known him walk for hours together in his cassock reading a little volume of Burke, or pondering over the notes of his sermons, which were as a rule extempore. His frequent station was a grassy mound with steep sides that overlooked the whole garden: shaded by a Service tree, and overgrown by many elder-bushes.

We had at Lincoln an old white Tom-cat, called by my mother Rector, because he lived well and discharged his mousing duties by deputy; he became wild and wicked, and we used to see him, a dingy grey colour, stalking in a melancholy way through the raspberry bushes while we played lawn-tennis. At last he broke his leg, pined away, and was destroyed. He was buried under a pear tree which sprawled over the wall that shaded the lawn. My father wrote the following inscription, had it engraved in capital letters on slate, and put it up in the wall. I believe it has since come to be regarded as a veritable antique:

Hic positus Rector bello generosior Hector
Victo mure Catus tamen icto crure necatus
Qui servis aris sic tu recoli merearis
Sic terrena super stes alba prole superstes.

We lived very economically at Lincoln. When lawn-tennis was invented, my father was much interested in the game, and made us play it. He invented curious wooden

bats, I imagine infringing all patents, and we marked out the court with tape fastened down with hairpins, also his device. The one disadvantage was that if one caught one's foot the whole construction was obliterated in a moment. He took a hand himself very often, but was an ineffective player, though exceedingly zealous.

My mother was ill at the time we moved, and was much away; I shall never forget a walk which we took with my father when we had got the house fairly straight. He was then suffering from the reaction of the change, regretting that he had ever given up Wellington, feeling that the new surroundings would never suit him, and in deep depression. We went all down the long High Street of Lincoln, with its great stone archways, properly called Bars, across the road, and the quaint towers of its churches, St Peter-at-Arches, St Peter-at-Gowts and the rest. On a hill near Canwick we saw what seemed to be a fountain rising in great jerks into the air; we went off to explore this and found at last that it was the white sails of an unseen windmill. Then we turned, and the glories of Lincoln burst upon us—Castle and Cathedral in all their stately splendours above the streaming smoke of myriad chimneys. My father's eyes filled with tears and he said, "Well, we must try to live up to that!"

He flung himself with the greatest ardour into the work at Lincoln, and far from finding himself at leisure for literary work, he was busier, he said, than he had ever been before. He started a Theological College, Cancellarii Scholae, where he lectured, assisted by his dear friend, Prebendary Crowfoot¹. He caused to be restored a Chapel in the Cathedral where he held a daily early Matins. He had a little Bible-Class of mechanics from Clayton and

¹ In July, 1898, upon the death of Canon Clements, Subdean of Lincoln, Canon Leeke, who succeeded my father, accepted the Subdeanery, and Canon Crowfoot was appointed to the vacant Chancellorship.

Shuttleworth's, and Robey's Works. He gave Lenten Lectures on Church History in the Chapter House, and, with some trembling, he started Night Schools in the city; but rough as were many of the students who attended them, his personal ascendancy carried all through.

Canon Crowfoot writes:—

The opening of the Night Schools for men and lads in the city was due to a suggestion made by Miss S. Wordsworth. I remember walking down on the first night with the Chancellor and a few students, thinking it possible that we might find sixty pupils. To our astonishment when we came in sight of the Central School in Silver Street we found the street blocked with working men and lads. There were 400 waiting for admittance. As soon as the doors were open the Chancellor mounted the table and in stentorian tones shouted, "All over 40 years old go to such a room," "All over 30 to another," and so in an incredibly short time the mass of men and boys was roughly sorted.

Professor Mason writes:—

One time that I was with him at Lincoln, I had the pleasure of going round with him to the Night Schools, which were reopening that evening. He was the founder of them, and it was delightful to see the way in which he was received wherever he appeared in them. He had a large Bible-Class of men in connexion with them, composed of all sects. He began to read St John's Gospel with them, by their own choice, if I remember right. He told me that when they came to the 3rd chapter, he said to them, "Now this is a chapter about which there is a good deal of difference of opinion. I have a very decided opinion of my own about it; and some of you would not agree with that opinion at all. So on the whole I think the best plan will be to leave the chapter out, and go on with the next." Of course the consequence was, as he had intended, that all the Baptists and Methodists were most anxious to have the 3rd chapter; and Dr Benson was delighted at the way in which his explanation of it was received.

My mother reminds me that in his first speech to the Night School at Lincoln he began, "Gentlemen—no,—Men and boys." "And nippers," called out a voice ("nipper"

meaning in Lincolnshire a boy of about 15). "Men, boys and nippers," he went on straight.

The men who composed his Bible-Class were delighted with my father's prompt and outspoken replies. Not less was he delighted with their vigour and readiness of thought and speech. He used often to quote how on one occasion a man began a discussion on "Wealth" by saying, "If all the money in the world were to be equally divided, how long would it remain so?" "Not long," said another doubtfully: "Not three minutes!" said the original speaker. On one occasion the Chancellor illustrated a spiritual truth by quoting some mechanical principle; the men made him in their own time and at their own expense a little machine to illustrate this more effectively. When he left Lincoln these same men made him a set of dessert dishes out of bronzed metal from the mines of Coleby, procuring the material themselves and working in their free time. This service he loved, and though it was not, artistically speaking, very beautiful, there were few days on which it did not appear on the dinner table for the rest of his life.

Of my father's work at Lincoln, in the town and among the working-men, Mr Duncan McInnes¹ writes:—

The qualities that endeared your father to the working class here were something almost too intangible to describe: it was not just because he was a dignitary, or a Clergyman by any means. If he had been a working man he would have gained the support of his class and have been a trusted leader, trusted instinctively, and, possibly, not one of his supporters would have been able to say exactly why. When *with* us he seemed to be *of* us, not through designing so to be, but because he couldn't help it. I believe many of us, perhaps the majority, thought he had had a workshop training in his early years, because he appeared to have the faculty of looking at things with a "workman's mind."

¹ Formerly a journeyman moulder, and since 1883 Foreman of the Globe Works, Lincoln; Secretary of the Educational Committee of the Lincoln Cooperative Society from 1877—1891, and General Secretary of the Society since 1880; Member of the Executive Bureau of the International Cooperative Alliance.

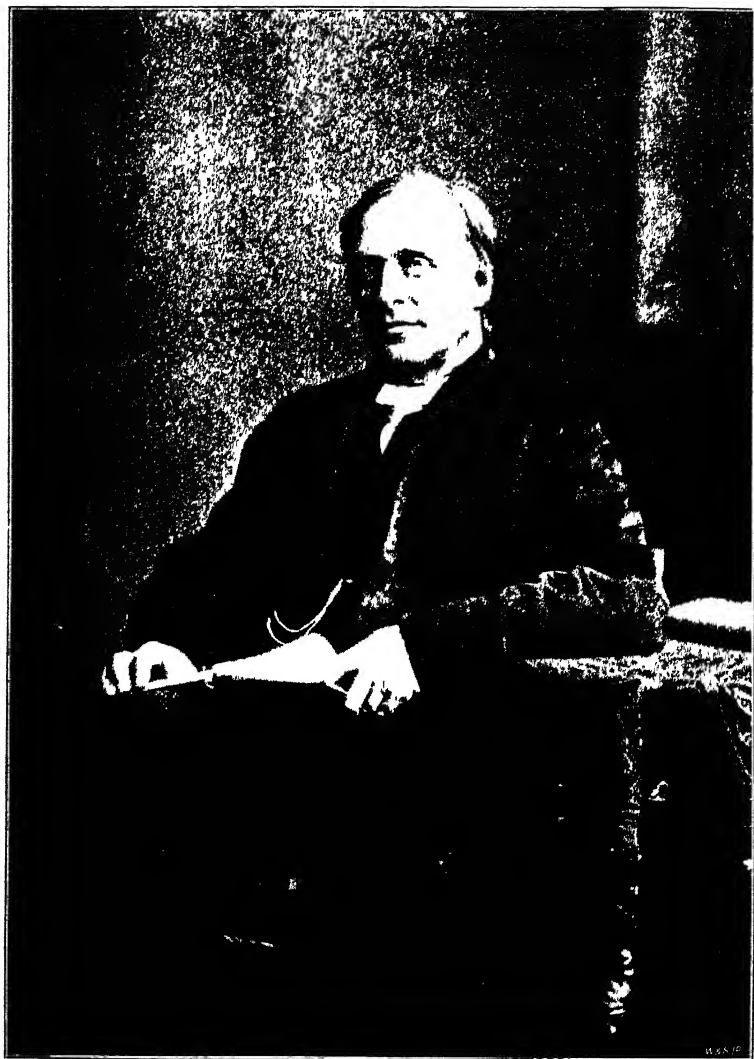
I have seen hundreds of gentlemen *try* to do this in my time and fail, but your father did it unconsciously. To give an instance. Two of our Committee were Secularists; once at a meeting when your father was speaking about *a life to come*, one of them who was in the Chair, dissented audibly. It was a social meeting (of men and women) following a tea—he had had tea with us. Now, most clergymen hearing an ejaculation of that kind would have solemnly repeated the statement and enlarged upon it. Your father did nothing of the sort. He simply nodded his head backward to the Chairman behind him, laughed, and with a knowing kind of look at his audience—said to the Chairman, “Come, it won’t do, you know,” meaning the Chairman’s denial that there was a future life wouldn’t “go down” with *that* audience at any rate. This by-play was infinitely more effective than any laboured argument would have been. The allusion to a future life was merely a passing allusion, the subject was “how to get most good out of a course of reading.”

As soon as the Chancellor was settled at Lincoln, he wrote to his old friend Mr Cubitt, then M.P. for West Surrey, to say that if he could get a Prebendal Stall temporarily endowed for a Theological tutor, acting under the direction of the Chancellor, he would “brave the foundation of a Theological College in direct connection with the Cathedral.” He added, “I am anxious not to open a Theological College subscription with a Flourish of Trumpets and a Building, but to let that material garb grow up round the actual spiritual-educational work which I want to see organised first. Body will follow upon Spirit.”

Mr Cubitt offered to endow a Stall temporarily at Lincoln for Theological work, and in January, 1874, the Chancellor wrote to Mr Cubitt, acknowledging a cheque for £750 for the endowment of the temporary Tutorship, to which Canon Crowfoot, now Chancellor of Lincoln, was appointed.

Canon Crowfoot sends me the following reminiscences of my father’s work at Lincoln. He writes:—

The late Archbishop has himself described the origin of the



EDWARD WHITE BENSON, CHANCELLOR OF LINCOLN, 1876.

From a photograph by Messrs Harrison (late Slingsby), of Lincoln.

Scholae Cancellarii. "The first thing about the Scholae was that after I had preached as Prebendary of Heydour on May 1, 1870, the Bishop as we went away said, 'Now, I will tell you all that is in my heart. First you must print that sermon and it must be called "Where are the schools of the Prophets?" and then you must look forward to this. One day, no matter how far off, you must come here as Chancellor, and you must restore the schools of the Prophets here.'"

They were opened in Jan. 1874, with two students, and our numbers rapidly grew. I often wished that I could have attended his lectures. The Greek Testament had always been his favourite study. He threw into his lectures his whole soul, and all his splendid scholarship. I quote some reminiscences from old students. One¹, now a Dean in America, writes in an American paper: "How vividly one recalls the Chancellor. His quick strong nervous step as he enters the lecture-room, the prayer usually concluding with the Lord's Prayer in Greek, the students reciting it with him: and the strong brilliant intellect glowing and lighting up a wondrously beautiful face, pouring forth stores of learning: Old and New Testaments alike had new and unlooked-for meanings and depths. His dignity, his kindness, his look which always brought the best things in you to the surface, his humour, his rippling laughter—the whole atmosphere of the lecture-room can never be forgotten. Now and then the Chancellor would reveal the schoolmaster, and a student could almost see and feel the rod. It was common report that a certain student in an interview in the Chancery revealed a most fractious disposition, and the Chancellor losing all patience, raised his hand to smite, but remembering himself, suddenly exclaimed, 'Let us pray,' and fell on his knees.".....

"'Good morning, gentlemen, the ends of the world are upon you,' were the words of his lips as he entered the lecture-room one morning with the news that the Revised Version of the New Testament was just completed. 'Ah! Mr So-and-So, why didn't you stop behind your tree?' to a student whose sermon the Chancellor was criticising, as his custom was, anonymously, before the class, and who thought the criticism unfair. Dr Benson was simply a student among students, and we all felt it."

He wrote a little book, "*Vigilemus et oremus*," for the use of the students. The sub-title is "Practical Hints on Reading, and some Prayings." It bears the characteristic notes of all his

¹ Rev. W. Gardam, Dean of Minnesota.

work, directly practical, very spiritual, and in parts difficult and involved.

The Society for Mission Priests under the quaint and characteristic title "*Novate Novale*"¹ was formed in the autumn of 1875. The Chancellor became the first warden of this society, and the Manual and Rule drawn up by him have served as a model for several similar societies, which have since been formed in other dioceses.

The fruit of this society was a general mission held throughout the city of Lincoln in the month of February, 1876. Of this mission the Chancellor was the life and soul. Without him it would not have been held, and no General Mission has been held in Lincoln since 1876. He himself became the leading Missioner in the church of St Peter-at-Arches, sometimes called the Corporation Church. It is safe to remark that no course of sermons at all like his was ever preached at a mission. They were preached from notes, but I think that he only began at Lincoln the habit of preaching from notes: and certainly he had not at that time acquired a perfect facility in the art. I remember feeling very nervous and praying earnestly on more than one occasion that he might not break down. He did not break down, and he preached every night considerably over the heads of a crowded congregation. His sermons were very earnest, very practical, and dwelt chiefly upon the duty of loving God and loving one another. The lessons of the course were summed up in a beautiful prayer entitled "*A Prayer of things that belong to Salvation—the last Prayer of St Peter-at-Arches' Mission, 1876.*" One of his helpers, the daughter of a Norfolk Squire, naively remarked that she had not once heard the Gospel preached in the mission addresses throughout the week. Between this lady and the Chancellor there grew up during the week a strong and lasting friendship. She had come to work amongst the factory girls; but she gave in the Chancery some simple Evangelical addresses to which the élite of Lincoln were invited. He was greatly attracted by the reality of her faith and her joy in bearing witness to the Presence of our Lord. And she recognized in him a great spiritual teacher in whose presence she felt like a little child.....

Nothing struck me so much as the intense reverence which, as a father, he felt for his children. He spoke sometimes with awe and trembling, lest his own strong will and that stubborn

¹ The Vulgate rendering of Jeremiah iv. 3, "*Break up your fallow ground.*"

temper, with which his own life was one perpetual struggle, should do some wrong to them. It was a very beautiful and characteristic trait. He felt that they were his, and yet not his, but only lent.

To the Rev. J. F. Wickenden.

LINCOLN, 1874.

I've had a Colonial Bishop lately who has utterly sickened me. I vow and declare that if any friend of mine is made a Colonial Bishop and doesn't eschew buckles—tights—and Aprons—I won't speak to him.

It's that—ah! my dear fellow—it's the Buckles that ruins the Colonial Church—and the Loops of the Hats.

Think of it. Men taking Shepherdships for Buckles and Loops. But true as I sit here.

I am afraid that I wrote last pettishly and peevishly, but I had a cause which I won't put on paper, in connection with a view I have lately had of a Colonial Bishop.

You may be all right about dress. Still I think that walking about Town and sauntering into the Clubs, as half unoccupied men, dressed like our Bishops (who certainly *work* whether they think or not), and getting called by the horrible word "Colonials,"—their status in society is unlike what it ought to be, and is generally lowering in men's eyes to the clerical body of whom they seem *στυλοὶ εἶναι*¹.

But I'll grumble no more. The Lord increase them a thousand-fold, and specially such men as your friend Alder, and give *them* the oversight of the flock.

I feel far too painfully what you say of pettiness and meanness in my own life as a clergyman—*am* I *really* a clergyman?—far too keenly the sense of the electric message to be sent, and its power both to speak and to read—and of the fulness with which it has been given—and that I am a machine charged to transmit it—and that the field is before me in this glorious place—and that I stand like a Leyden jar, which somehow no charging with electricity *will* charge—or bring anything out thereof but a feeble snap like my last letter whereof you make me ashamed. Well, to close this beautiful sentence—I feel all this far too much to think that I or anybody else have any business to rail at the Churchmen in the colonies. But what *is* to be done?—what organisation *can* be put together in this day?—what constitution can reintegrate

¹ "To be pillars," Gal. ii. 9.

the mighty fragments of the Church of even a single province,—and still more of the world? Can anything short of a Moses codify and unite our duty and ourselves? Will there be a Cyprian of the latter days? I fear it wants such utterly fresh conceptions—such perfect freedom from conventionalities—that America is the only place where the reuniting system can begin, and then—how long will it take to civilise them? Cyprian was the product of a very perfect civilisation. Well! you old Cynic—you'll laugh at the Yankee Thracians on whom my hopes are fixed, won't you?—Don't.

Yours affectionately,

E. W. BENSON.

To Canon Lightfoot.

(?) *Whitsun Day*, 1875.

I have on hand

1. Cyprian, about one third done, and all wanting to be done over again.
2. Epistle to Philipppians } for Speaker's Commem-
Two Epistles to Thessalonians } tary, *not begun*.
3. Six Lectures next Lent on Alfred the Great: never read a word about him—all to be yet begun.
4. Sermons and Residence.
5. Mission Week next Lent; the whole subject to be studied from the beginning. I have undertaken to be a "chief Missioner." Ora pro me.
6. Three Lectures a week for Cancellarii Scholae, and general management.

Can I *really* do any more?

I trouble you with all this that you may be sure that if I say "no," which I think I shall be obliged to do after another day or so, first from inner conviction that I am not the man for it, secondly from inability to find the time, you may feel that it is not without thought and care.

Major est quam qui a me temeretur.

Ever your affectionate,

E. W. BENSON.

In 1875 an attempt was made to offer the Chancellor work at Cambridge; the Hulsean Professorship became

vacant by the election of Dr Lightfoot to the Lady Margaret Professorship, and it was intimated to my father that he would be elected to the Hulsean Professorship if he would stand. His first thought was that he was not qualified for such a post by his Theological learning; but this was overruled. Eventually, though greatly tempted, he came to the conclusion that though it would be just possible to combine the two positions, yet that he ought to devote himself wholly to the Lincoln life, and he therefore declined to stand. As he wrote to Dr Westcott, "Just this taking stock within and without has made me feel perfectly happy in placing the Sweet Mother in her own Niche. But *Bcata Maria Lincolniensis* is my patroness."

To his Wife.

THE CHANCERY.

March 30, 1876.

MY DEAREST WIFE,

The Night Schools are just over, and the dearest of good saints¹ has been over from Riseholme at 8.30 in the evening and gone and spoken to the Central Schools and St Martin's School and dismissed them. He had been already over 3 to 5 for Lecture and Service. The children went there to lunch and have spent a happy afternoon. Hugh distinguished himself as usual by informing the Bishop that he had a St Hugh like ours in the dining-room—"with a little man in the mug"—and asked him what "his Goose was doing." They came loaded with flowers—they are all most good dear children.

With you I most earnestly desire and pray that our dear one should really open the windows of her heart to the airs of heaven. It is *fear* of what someone will say, and fear of ridicule, and fear of "narrow-mindedness," and an early unfounded fear of "fanaticism" which has slowly dried up the spring—not for good, I hope. The "high and dry" school is certainly of all the worst to have been brought up in, and amid the supreme contempt of "Methodism" which prevailed when she was young it was scarcely possible for the true lovingness, which alone carries duty through to the end, to ripen. To be taught Belief without

¹ Bishop Wordsworth.

learning to *love*, and to express in *true* forms Love to Him whom we believe in, is not a rational form of education.

I shall indeed as earnestly as I can pray for what you bid me pray for. But you know what self-condemnation I feel on the subject. While I have really and warmly believed, and thoroughly realised (I think I may venture to say) the truths of the unseen and the persons of that world, as actually taking part in this, still (I know not yet fully *why*) the facts which gave me such happiness and strength in other ways have not till lately, if even now, reacted with anything like proper force, on my temper, my pride, my resentment, my self-government, or my opinion of myself. I have prayed for humility and sweetness always, yet I have not had before me the right ideal of character. But my notion has had in it a world of confidence in a naturally religious disposition, as if it had been a character formed and shaped by God, while it was not. This has been a snare of a most serious kind, and I have for years trusted to the religious sentiment to mould the life, without using anything like a careful interior *discipline*. The lost ground I have to make up is awful. It is therefore I who want your prayers, more than you mine. But I know I have them, and I am turning back to walk again ground which I ought to have *made* long ago. Nothing can, nothing does make one so happy—with a bursting thankfulness—as the belief that with a new, a re-baptized intelligence, we can “come” as children can come, “to Jesus”—in utter simplicity, with cries for forgiveness and change, inner cries. But this intense happiness, which is the greatest we can ever know, is overclouded directly if for an instant that we determine to “*know anything*, but Jesus Christ Crucified.” If we *know* Him—that is, if He knows us, and has drawn us close to Him, all things else fall into their places. But it is of no use to take Him up as a means to any other however good. All dearness becomes dearer, because it takes its right perspective from Him, and the love of human beings often leads us to the Love of God, because it first strikes the chord of Love at all—and when that ache begins it takes more than humanity to assuage it, but the true Heal-All includes all true love to others in its spell. And when the true Love of God in Christ is actually at work, there is not the least fear of our forgetting to love everyone in their proper place, only one must, I am certain, *begin* by loving *Him* above all persons and things. And so a time comes when we must begin to draw to a close our self-analysis. It may teach us most about ourselves. But when we know *all* about ourselves, there would be a limitation to that

knowledge, and a sadness in it. It is after all only the knowledge of phenomena. Those things which are absolutely worth knowing come in the next stage *after* convictions of sin. It is gazing deep down in the character and work of Christ, which will first begin to make the "Subject" of our thoughts *grow*. For it is not only *knowledge* of the "Subject" which we want, we want also to enter on a system, by which the "Subject" will become greater and more divine. And nothing but Faith in Christ has this effect—and when once it begins to operate, then we may almost give up the analysis; for just to bring the *results* of it, our self-knowledge, our self-despair, and our aspirations to Him, and simply beg Him to give us a notion of what we are to do with ourselves, strength to work it out as far as we see, and appetite for more, is the exercise called "Worship,"—a real approach to a real reception, of what we can't produce by thinking, or grasp with intellectual power—a spiritual fact, which the spirit alone can realise—that spirit of ours which often is so merely dormant, while all else is in activity. Ah! I labour in wretched words—too dry for you to read—but true if only I could beat my music out. We must utterly try to give our children some idea of the *Love* of God, while they get on so well in the *knowledge* of God's ways—the two must go on together.

I am afraid this is all awkward—but it is a true endeavour to express how earnestly I will carry out your wishes. And *you* for me? The Persons of God—the Father—the Son—the Holy Ghost—the awful Trinity in Unity—This is what we must both know and love—Then we have hope for ever.

With all love and prayer,

Your most affectionate husband,

E. W. B.

I send you my letter such as it is. It does not half express my meaning or my love, but I can't do better.

Early in 1876 the Chancellor was sounded informally as to whether he would accept the Bishopric of Calcutta. He eventually declined it. The suggestion was made through the Rev. John Wordsworth, now Bishop of Salisbury. Canon Crowfoot writes: "I was present at the agony which the decision brought. He felt, he told me, as if he had made 'il gran rifiuto.'"

He wrote :—

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
26 May, 1876.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

I have ventured to take nearly a week to weigh the proposal which you conveyed to me. It was made with a delicacy for which I am grateful; for I had hoped that the See of Calcutta would not go begging.

The work and the scene of it, the new aspects of Church-life and hope there, and the prospect of a multiplication of Sees which I understand to be growing definite, are attractive almost beyond my powers to resist; and hitherto I have been so happy in life as never to have had to resist what seemed Calls to work: therefore I soon felt that I could set aside all lesser difficulties.

But one difficulty is insurmountable. Even if a man with a family is ever free for such a mission, I am circumstanced so peculiarly that we could not, if I left England, secure the sound religious training of our children, who are now between the ages of sixteen and four.

Τέκνα ἔχειν πιστά¹ is a Pauline note of a Bishop. Whatever other charge is offered, these six souls have been committed to me—and after praying for light I cannot see how to leave them in danger of darkness. I must therefore, and without a question, and only now wondering that such an offer should in God's Providence have come to me so placed, say that I should *not* be able to entertain the offer of the Bishopric of Calcutta.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. BENSON.

The following letters belong to the same year.

To his Wife.

Sunday, 26 July, 1876.

I have been hearing Liddon at St Paul's. Very beautiful and very eloquent—yet the *art* part of it does not seem so unattainable. But he unites many charms. His beautiful look and penetrating voice are powerful over one—and then his reasoning is very persuasive. He does not make leaps, and dismiss one with allusions, or assume that one knows anything. He tells it all from beginning to end and seems to assume nothing. But all his physical and

¹ To have believing children.

intellectual structure is quite swallowed up in spiritual earnestness, and he is different to other preachers in that one feels that his preaching in itself is a self-sacrifice to him—not a vanity nor a gain; I do not mean that one feels others' preaching to be these, but with him one is conscious that it is the opposite. He does not look as if he were in pain, yet you can't help thinking of it.

To Professor Lightfoot.

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.

Aug. 24, 1876.

Religious education is indeed a difficulty such as had no existence when we were lads. It is plain enough to see the difference between worldliness and religion, but unbelief now wears a chasuble. I mean a vestment on which the *word* religion is joyously worn. And unbelievers pretend that no one is religious except non-Christians. I sadly want you to give me some light, but I want a single eye even more.

*To Canon Crowfoot, on the death of his little
baby-girl 'Monica.'*

29 Aug. 1876.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

We have been trembling all day between hope and fear for you—whether the little life has been lent you for hours or for years. It is gone doubtless with some impressions from earth, great as the mystery is, which it could not have had but for being with you and being in trouble—and it has left an impression with you which will make earth different and heaven too to you both—What a work for her to have done! This is something *εἰς παράκλησιν καὶ παραμυθίαν*¹ in the moment when nature without Christ would be disposed to exclaim "So much waste."

If we in our whole life could work a work such as she worked in her brief hours, all pure and all purifying! It seems *our* life that is *wasted*, in comparison with hers.....

Ever your affectionate friend,

E. W. BENSON.

¹ For comfort and consolation.

To Canon Crowfoot, on the same.

Aug. 31, 1876.

What a difference to us now, my dearest friend, and how the difference will shrink to nothing in the world to come. To have hoped to commit her through water to life on earth, and really to commit her through earth to life in heaven.....

How very strange that Monica should have been baptized on Saint Augustine's day—so utterly unthought of, and unimaginable when her name was chosen.

Depend on it the great Monica, the love of whom suggested the name in all ways as much as if she had been a living friend, only with more pity still towards her, will not fail to know the little Monica.

These things are not dreams to me, and I know they are not to you. How all earthly relations shift and change in the shadow of Eternity—"Commit our dear *Sister* to the ground" for you and for her mother!—and to find her an elder Sister in Heaven, many years elder.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. BENSON.

To his Wife.

LINCOLN.

St Michael's Eve, 1876.

..... The "reception awarded" me by the working men was ridiculously and divertingly affectionate—you can't think what funny things they said. But their looks, behaviour and tone and evident upward progress were all most striking. There was no playing ladies and gentlemen, though they were very well dressed. One of them gave a description of how I received them the other night—in a most "grand room where they were afraid to stop" and were some time before they "got into trim to speak, but how chatty we soon got and shook hands three times." I can't tell you about the Good Samaritan, but I gleaned some capital hints worth a clergyman's knowing.

To his Wife.

CAMBRIDGE.

20th Oct. 1876.

.....I'm sure one ought to do every thing one can to get life and heart into the chilliness which invests the common life of most. One of the greatest sorrows to angels must be the sight of us going about what we ought without enjoying it.

To Professor Lightfoot, thanking him for a copy of his Edition of the Galatians which he had dedicated to my father.

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
18 Nov. 1876.

I could scarcely believe it after all that the Book which I so loved and valued, and had learnt, and was only last term still learning so much from, bore my name in such a place. And I assure you your word “unbroken” quite thrilled, nay startled me. To think that for about three and thirty years such a word should have been absolutely and literally such a fixed fact as day and night—How can I enough thank God in Christ for such an “unbroken” friendship, so truly “close¹,” and without, that I recollect, ever one single hour of break from any boyish difference or any mannish parting. If I am sentimental, you make me so. But I am sure this sort of sentiment is not only blended with, and a part of, but in a way it’s an image of one’s religion. I wish my boys may make each such a friendship, and I wish nothing more grand and elevating for them.

¹ The dedication runs :—“In affectionate and grateful recognition of a long, close, and unbroken friendship.”

CHAPTER VII.

TRURO.

"Suscitabo tabernaculum David, quod cecidit; et reaedificabo aperturas murorum ejus, et ea quae corruerant instaurabo, et reaedificabo illud sicut in diebus antiquis." AMOS.

*"Lacrimas introrsus obortas
Devorat, et clausum pectore vulnus habet."* OVID.

THE foundation of the See of Truro was the outcome of a long and patient effort carried on for over thirty years with the greatest perseverance by a small body of clergy and laity. Among the earlier workers, who in the face of repeated disappointments never allowed the idea to drop, the names of the eleventh Earl of Devon, Archdeacon Hobhouse, Prebendary Tatham, Dr Walker and Mr Edmund Carlyon are most conspicuous. At last in 1876, Lady Rolle, of Bickton, widow of Lord Rolle of Coronation fame, herself a Trefusis, the descendant of an old Cornish family, by a splendid gift of £40,000, completed the endowment. A certain annual sum, fixed by the Act, was transferred to the new See from the revenues of Exeter, and the remaining money, necessary to produce an income of £3000 a year, was raised. The arrangements were completed towards the close of the year 1876. On Dec. 15 the See was actually created by Order in Council.

The Bishopric of Rochester was also vacant by the creation, under an Act of 1875, of the new Diocese of St Albans out of the original See of Rochester. Bishop Claughton, who was advanced in years, preferred to accept the less arduous position, and became Bishop of St Albans. It was thought by many people that my father would have been named for the See of Rochester, but Canon Thorold of York, Vicar of St Pancras, was appointed.

One morning in the Winter of 1876 my father was dressing to go to the early Cathedral Service. He was talking to my mother of his great happiness at Lincoln, the steady growth of his many plans, and his determination not to leave his work. While he was dressing, the post came, and the letters were as usual laid on the hall table, which stood under a window commanded, across a little court, by the window of my father's bedroom. He saw the letters gleaming white on the table, and had a presentiment, he said afterwards, that they contained some momentous news. He went down, and my mother from the window saw him open them; among them he found a letter from the Premier, Lord Beaconsfield, offering him the newly constituted See of Truro.

His own impulse was to refuse. He did not think that he ought to leave his Lincoln work so soon. After the strain of creating a public school at Wellington, the repose of ancient tradition and the joy of seeing new energies flow briskly in the venerable channels had been very great. But again he was called upon to found, to inaugurate. He consulted his old friends, and in accordance with their advice, but making a real and true sacrifice of his own personal hopes and desires, he reluctantly accepted the charge.

To Father Purbrick, S.J.

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN.
22 Dec. 1876.
(Not really in body but in the
train thither, Deo gratias.)

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I must not let this change come over my life without a few words from you—and not a few prayers for me.

Nothing will ever shake my old love of you, nor yours of me, I believe truly.

I never wrote to thank you for May papers. I could not quite find words to tell you how Arnold-like I found the conception of boy-character and needs in so many ways.

How unlike my own, how unlike my experience too in other ways, and it cannot shock or pain you (for of course you knew it) that I should pray that incense offered on an unsubstantial altar should go up to that which is “the Eikon of the Real.”

I somehow feel as if this expression of diversity of judgment and feeling knit our hearts together even more closely behind the veil. Πεπληροφορημένοι¹ we are both in our own mind as the *Doctor Gentium* bids, and when the shadows flee away there will be no thinking of “which was right.”

Whether you can let me into your sky I know not fully—but I have a very sacred niche for you in mine—and I know your *δέησις ἐνεργουμένη*² for me will not cease among your most sacred associations and environments, that I may be able to teach some hearts to know the Father—and be faithful to my light.

I have looked forward to visiting you again—that I suppose cannot now be—but I long to look on your face again, and hope you will not mind coming to see me in Cornwall.

Give me your prayers and your blessing ἐξ ἀγνῆς καρδίας³.

Your ever loving friend,

E. W. BENSON.

Deo Gratias.

The following letter is interesting as showing the apprehensions, somewhat whimsically expressed, with

¹ “Fully persuaded,” Rom. iv. 21.

² “Effectual fervent prayer,” James v. 16.

³ Out of a pure heart.

which the Chancellor faced his work among the Western race he was soon to love so well—apprehensions which the very first contact with the quick minds and warm hearts of Cornwall instantaneously dispelled.

To Professor Lightfoot.

Private, save to B. F. W.

Sunday (Dec. 31?), 1876.

MY DEAR LIGHTFOOT,

Κουφόvous, Κουφόvous¹ is in my name as sure as ever yours is Κουφόπους².

It's heart-rending work here. I never saw the like for a parting. These people are the best, strongest-natured, kindest in England. Cornishmen *cannot* be like them, I fear, at least to a Dane. Somebody told me yesterday there was a natural enmity between Yorkshiremen and Cornishmen!

But I plod on, and don't mean to look back at the Garden of the Lord (as poor Lot's wife at the old garden), for surely a Garden of the Lord has Lincoln been to me, and I pray you pray that the Lord will rain blessings from the Lord out of Heaven upon it. Oh! that the next Chancellor may eat up my work *εἰς νῆκος*³.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. BENSON.

To his Wife.

BETWEEN OXFORD AND LONDON.

5 Feb. 1877.

DEAREST,

I enclose you a letter from F. Exon. which keep for me. I don't quite know what to say in self-defence. But I own that I do feel what he charges me with feeling—immense dependence on sympathy and on prayers. I have undertaken so many things of old, feeling the *work* to be everything, and confident that God would give me strength for it, as a matter of course—and have afterwards had to groan so over the hindrances which confidence had produced that I do very earnestly desire to place myself under the hands of those whose prayers are going up to Heaven

¹ "Light-mind."

² "Light-foot."

³ "In victory," 1 Cor. xv. 54 from Isa. xxv. 8.

while they solemnly gathered for this very purpose. This is the very blessing of a church, as blended with individual Christianity, and those who love are come not as friends merely but they represent the church to one. Nevertheless it would be no humility to stick to one's own idea of humility and reliance, and so I think I must ask Temple himself to settle with the Archbishop what they think best.

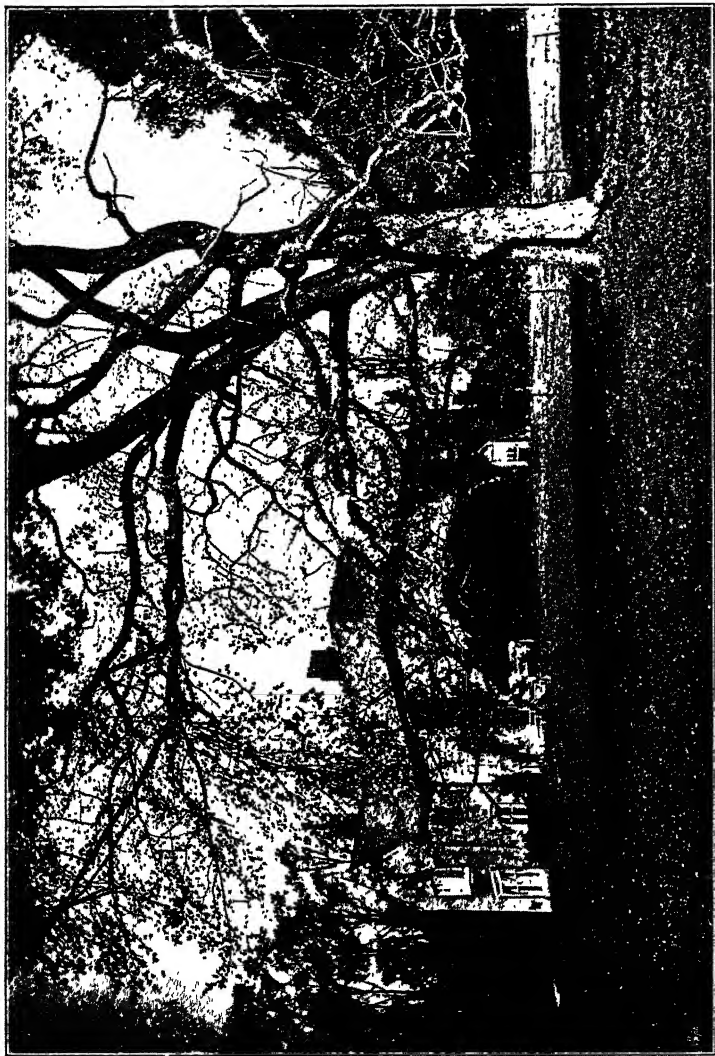
Dear love to you all.

Your loving husband,

E. W. B.

The news of the Chancellor's approaching departure from Lincoln was received with general regret both in City and Diocese. His zeal, energy and tenderness had won many hearts. This feeling showed itself in many ways: the Tutors and Students of the Cancellarii Scholae presented him with a Pastoral Staff of ivory and ebony, fitted with silver and set with carbuncles, of a Celtic type; this staff the Archbishop bequeathed by will to the Cathedral of Truro, and it occupies a niche in the Benson Transept. The members of the Novate Novale gave him a gold pectoral cross enriched with pearls and amethysts, which he wore but rarely, and an episcopal ring, the stone an amethyst; the City subscribed to give him a magnificent present of silver plate, "Lincolnienses Cancellario" as the brief but touching inscription upon many of the pieces runs. There was a public presentation of this plate at a meeting presided over by the Mayor; and my father was amused, and at the same time touched, by the story that an enthusiastic Burgess proposed to arrange the forks, spoons and fish-knives that formed part of the present, so as to spell out the words "FAREWELL BELOVED CHANCELLOR." Most valued perhaps of all was the present from his Bible Class of Working Men which has been already described.

No house was provided for the Bishopric of Truro by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. But the Bishop Desig-



LIS ESCOP, KENWYN, TRURO.

From a photograph by Arzall, Truro,

nate visited Truro and found that the large Vicarage of Kenwyn, a little more than a mile out of Truro, with an extensive glebe and a large garden, was singularly well adapted for a Bishop's House. It was too large for the parish, formerly united with the parish of Kea, the revenues of which had greatly decreased. The Vicar too, the Rev. Richard Vautier, who became one of the first of the new Canons of Truro, was anxious to take a long holiday. Mr Vautier, in offering his house to the Bishop, told him that Bishop Phillpotts, when inducting him, had said that some day there would be a Bishop of Truro, and that Kenwyn Vicarage would be required for an episcopal residence. Arrangements were accordingly made, with the cordial and generous cooperation of the Vicar, for the ultimate transference of Kenwyn Vicarage to the See, and for building a new Vicarage.

Kenwyn was one of the largest and most important parishes in Cornwall. It was at one time held by Dr Coleridge, a nephew of the poet's; then by Prebendary G. J. Cornish, the friend of Keble, and later, together with a Canonry at Exeter, by Dr Harold Browne, late Bishop of Winchester.

A fund had been raised to provide a suitable residence for the Bishop: this was placed at my father's disposal, and he added largely to the house: he built two wings, converting the stables into kitchens, and adding a convenient library. The former kitchen he converted into a small private chapel in the most ingenious way; introducing a small screen of carved deal, and a tiny but sweet-toned organ. Even with these additions the house is hardly of adequate size, as the contributions never reached the amount projected. He built new stables, made a new drive, and re-christened the house *Lis Escop*, "Bishop's Court" in Cornish. There were plans, of which memoranda are preserved among the Cathedral muniments, for yet further

and desirable enlargement. But the present Bishop resides elsewhere.

No sweeter place could well be imagined than Lis Escop. In the soft air trees and shrubs grew with great luxuriance. Camellias flowered and Hydrangeas grew richly out of doors. No severity of winter ever emptied the beds of flowers. The windows commanded a wide view down the green valley in which Truro lies; the spire of St Mary's, soon to be replaced by the new Cathedral, rose from the grey slate roofs amid the smoke of the little city. The valley was crowned by the high airy viaduct of the Great Western Railway, and below lay the wide tidal creek that runs up with its great mud-flats among the steep wooded hills from Falmouth harbour, closed by an elbow of the hills, and looking like an inland lake from Kenwyn. Close behind the house was the ancient Church of Kenwyn, conspicuous with its four grey pinnacles. The Church precinct is entered through a quaint lych-gate with a school-room over it; near the porch you descend by steps to the clear spring known as St Kenwyn's well, the scene of many a primitive Baptism. The Rev. J. A. Reeve, afterwards Vicar of Addington—now Rector of Lambeth—was appointed curate. He was even then a dear and valued friend of my father's, and his proximity was a great delight.

The Bishop was consecrated at St Paul's Cathedral on St Mark's Day, April 25, 1877, by Archbishop Tait and an unusually large number of assistant Bishops; he was "presented" to the Archbishop by the Bishops of Lincoln and Exeter—a strange sight. Canon Lightfoot preached a memorable sermon, in a voice broken with emotion, bidding the friend of his boyhood and youth God-speed.

On May 1 the new Bishop was enthroned in the Church of St Mary's, Truro. His old friend the Bishop of Exeter piloted him out of harbour, as he had done nearly twenty years before at Wellington College.

My father brought with him to Truro his friend Arthur Mason and after an interval they were joined by G. H. Whitaker. They had both been for a short time assistant masters at Wellington, and the former was then Assistant Tutor of Trinity College and Vicar of St Michael's, Cambridge. He became Diocesan Missioner at Truro—the first time that such an appointment had been made in an English Diocese—Mr Whitaker, a former Senior Classic and a Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, being made Chancellor of the Cathedral, with a view to founding Divinity Schools like those at Lincoln. The Rector of Truro, Mr Harvey, transferred the advowson of St Mary's to the Bishop, and one of my father's first acts was to found a Chapter of Honorary Canons, calling their stalls after old Cornish Saints, and apportioning the Psalter among them.

He plunged into the work of his new diocese with intense interest and vigour, and the welcome which he received from the warm Cornish hearts won his deepest and strongest affection.

His quick power to appreciate and to praise the past, as well as his delicate tact in dealing with men, made him ready to note and value to the full the noble and self-denying labours which many clergy and laity in Cornwall had shown for years in the Church's cause, and which had indeed ultimately made his own presence among them possible, by preparing for the foundation of the See. The very isolation of the county and the necessary absence of close episcopal supervision, while it had undoubtedly occasioned much spiritual neglect and some serious scandals, had on the other hand produced Churchmen of unusual vigour of character and proved devotion to the Church. It is not easy to single out names. But among leaders of the clergy whom the Bishop associated with himself as the Chapter of the new Cathedral, may be mentioned

T. Phillpotts, of Porthgwidden, a nephew of Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter; Dr Martin, of St Breward, a man of singular strength and sanctity; R. Hobhouse, Rector of St Ive, afterwards the first Archdeacon of Bodmin; and (among those still living) J. R. Cornish, now Archdeacon of Cornwall, who has been Secretary of almost every conference and committee in the Diocese; A. C. Thynne, Rector of Kilkhampton, who surrendered his Prebend at Exeter in favour of a stall at Truro; H. H. Du Boulay, now Archdeacon of Bodmin and Rector of Lawhitton; Paul Bush, Rector of Duloe; Saltren Rogers, then Vicar of Gwennap, and Sidney Tyacke, Vicar of Helston. And the names of Lord Mount Edgcumbe, Lord Lieutenant of the County, and Mr Edmund Carlyon, of St Austell, will always stand out prominently among many worthy and devoted lay sons of the Church. The former consented to serve as Chairman of the Cathedral Building Committee, contributing to their discussions a temperate discretion which none but a sympathetic and leading layman could have supplied, and has been the strenuous supporter both in the County and in Parliament of any scheme for the material and spiritual development of the Diocese; while Mr Carlyon had been responsible for convening the first meeting at Plymouth which led to the creation of the new Diocese, and was afterwards Secretary of the Cathedral Committee.

The Bishop gained at once the confidence and affection of such men (many of whom were his elders), not only by his social charm, his overflowing geniality, and the gratitude with which he welcomed all friendly advances, but also by his obvious desire to submit his far-reaching plans to their kindly judgment and critical sympathy. The enthusiasm, the generosity, the personal devotion which they had long shown in the service of the Church, were developed and inspired by contact with the Bishop, to an extent that in

many cases must have surprised themselves. They felt the security and delight of being *led*, and of realising under his inspiring guidance their own long-cherished designs. Efforts and organisations that had been initiated in the Diocese with patient and hopeful zeal years before his arrival—such as the Devotional Conference of clergy (a gathering unique in character, which met twice a year in different parts of the Diocese), the Lay-Helpers Association, and the Society for the Advancement of Holy Living, now called the “Church Society”—received a fresh impulse from his sympathetic and ardent touch. And this reverent sympathy which he showed with the efforts of the past, made Cornish Churchmen doubly ready to welcome and to co-operate in his own schemes, which indeed often surprised them by their novelty and boldness.

And soon multitudes of quiet prayerful souls, who had been faithfully holding on to Church principles in solitary and obscure places, felt that their new Bishop was the very gift of God for which they had been waiting and working through years of patient hope; and they thanked God and took courage. Whatever special statesmanlike capacities he developed later on as Archbishop, it may be truly said that this power of inspiring men and women to work and hope, found in Cornwall the best opportunity for its exercise, and that the years of his Episcopate were distinguished by a fine and subtle quality of expansive enthusiasm and unconventional holiness which, to those who watched the sure and swift growth of his influence, seemed almost without a parallel in the annals of the Anglican Church.

The old diocese of Exeter had been of unwieldy size, and the utmost energy on the part of Bishop Temple had been unable to deal satisfactorily with the remote Cornish peninsula where communication was so difficult. Not only were many places quite out of reach of the railway,

but the hills were steep and the roads were bad. My father's first task was to acquaint himself personally with every parish and every incumbent in his diocese. He went off for long driving tours, staying at remote Vicarages and old unknown country houses, in still, wooded valleys, strangely out-of-the-world places, such as one can hardly imagine to exist in busy England. Many were the curious stories he brought back of sayings and doings of Christian people in these secluded regions. At one place the Vicar's sister had been used to read the lessons in church in a deep bass voice. In another, several years before, the curate-in-charge had been *chained* to the altar-rails, while he read the service, as he had a harmless mania which made him suddenly flee from the church if his own activities were for an instant suspended, as, for example, by a response. The churchwarden, a farmer, kept the padlock key in his pocket till the service was safely over. My father's diaries for that period contain little else than most careful notes of the parishes he visited, descriptions of the clergy and church-people, elaborate notes on the archaeology of places absolutely unknown to the antiquary. Cornwall, as is well known, has a hagiology all its own; its churches are called after Irish, Welsh and Breton Saints, such as St Uny, St Ia, St Carantoc, St Feock, St Erme, and many others whose names are written in God's Book. All this was an infinite pleasure to my father. Not to multiply instances, it gave him a thrill of satisfaction to find that the village feast of St Erme was celebrated on the festival of St Hermes in the Roman Calendar.

But his concern was true religion. He read largely in the lives and writings of Nonconformists in order to understand the hold established by them over the religious Celtic mind in days when the Church was failing in her duty. From the first he was recognised by the Cornish as a "con-

verted man." When he gained the accent of holiness it is hard to say, but he had learnt at Lincoln many of the secrets of the human heart, and his sermons and addresses in the remotest parts of Cornwall, in places where Methodism was dominant, were always attended by Nonconformist hearers, who came away edified in spite of themselves. He always recognised quite frankly that Methodism had kept religion alive in Cornwall when the Church had almost lost the sacred flame, and he treated Nonconformity as an enthusiastic friend, ready to be drawn on to fuller truth, and not as an envious foe. Unfriendly sectarians dreaded his powers of persuasion, and there is a quaint story of a leading circuit Minister—whom the Bishop described for his pains in a private letter as "Paulinus et Rabsaces" (Rabshakeh)—delivering in the main street of Truro a fierce invective against those who forsook his chapel to go after the Bishop and the priest. Church teaching altogether was at a low ebb in many parts of Cornwall: Mr Skipper, of Pendeen, told Canon Mason about this time that my father preached a sermon on baptism, to which a leading dissenter came to listen in the Church porch, and loudly exclaimed, when the text was propounded, "Here's the Bishop and that d—d Regeneration again!"

The Bishop's view of Dissent is best illustrated by a speech made at the first Truro Diocesan Conference, 25th October, 1877. He said:—

To-day it is the same Cornish Church as ever which flows into a new river-reach—the first of Cornish Conferences. The hour is solemn to us. But it is an active hour; it is living; it is loving. We withhold not our sympathy from every company which loves the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth; and we are bounden to tenderness for our own people who have lived and laboured for higher and more delicate, as against ruder, less articulated forms of faith, remote, unknown, all but despondent. Yet our sympathy can only stimulate even while

it softens our energy—for why are regretful sympathies needed now at all, whether for the dissentient or the despondent? Only because disunion began in days when our own energy flagged; and we had time for carelessness, because all seemed safe, and ourselves so strong. The one lesson, then, which sentiment teaches us is to be practical; and the voice of the past is “Organize the present.”.....

I shall lay it down as an axiom that, irrespective of every other work of our own, and of every work done by every other body in Christ's name, it is the final and ultimate duty of this Church to provide Church worship and Church instruction wherever there is a group of our people out of reach of them. It would be a futile qualification to introduce the question of whether this need is subjectively felt by them, for, with that qualification, the Church would have tarried in the city of Jerusalem until now. And it is futile to bid us acquiesce in teachings which we know doctrinally to be unevangelical, philosophically to be mere food for modern critics, historically to be incapable of permanent independence, marked for either wider errancy in the future, or for gradual return. Spiritual submission to Scripture, philosophical consistency with all explored truth, historical adaptability to circumstances, may make us confident as we again and again review this Church's title-deeds and transactions in our studies; but, if confidence has begotten indolence abroad, then right humbly we may learn the very elements of Christian duty from those who have dotted, nay crowded, our land with tabernacles of Christian assemblies, and our tongue with the idioms of Zion.

Another of the Bishop's first ideas was to establish a good Girls' High School in Truro¹. This he succeeded in doing, and sent my sisters to attend it; he always believed firmly in the higher education of women, and from the first hoped that his daughters would have a University training—a wish that was carried out. His own sister Ada was, as I have stated, one of the pioneers of the High School movement, and was successively Headmistress of the High Schools of Norwich, Oxford and Bedford.

¹ The Truro High School is now established in permanent buildings of its own, opened a year after its Founder's death. A scheme to which the Bishop gave much time and trouble, to remodel the Truro Grammar School, has not yet been fully realised.

The following letters give his first views of his work in Cornwall: they were of course early, vivid and somewhat superficial impressions, considerably modified by later experience.

To his Wife.

PENROSE.

1st Sunday after Trinity, 1877.

DEAREST LIFE AND LOVE,

I did wish you had been at Gunwalloe—a grassy slope towards the land leaning up against quite awful black precipices, where the great Spanish ship went to pieces and spilt doubloons which every now and then roll up. Against the slope the quaintest, neatest church, weather-beaten enough, but in perfect order, which you ever beheld. A tower built away from the church into the rock—and waves not so terrible as the day before, but of such power—throwing themselves at the feet of Mullyon cliffs and Halzephron (did you ever hear such names?) and sending foam-flecks a quarter of a mile and more into the flowers and grass; only one house in *sight* over all the rolling hills—and on Sundays in summer nevertheless the church crowded till they sit on the settles under the windows.

Ever your loving husband,

E.

To Canon Crowfoot.

KENWYN.

7 June, 1877.

MY DEAR CROWFOOT,

What can I tell you of my work here which engrosses every moment? Very hard—very interesting—totally unlike anything I conceived of. The Methodists far narrower than the fine Lincoln strength, and eager to find fault. But the land is theirs at present, and they strain every nerve. Middle class education is in their hands: at Redruth two *enormous* over-crowded meetings, two moderate empty Churches. Much the same elsewhere. But the Church people very good, very quiet, often “high,” very sympathetic. The land and sea most, most beautiful, and all hearts very warm—Are we too late to recover ourselves? It’s a question I really cannot answer. All I know is

I've *dived*, and it's very dark so deep down, and the stream runs very fast. Shall I get to surface? that matters little—but I am sure it matters very much to *morals* as well as principles of faith, whether or no Church thought prevails at last.

Our love to you all, our best hopes that you are all well. Don't send the kitten!

Your loving friend,

E. W. TRURON.

To the Rev. A. J. Mason.

16 June, 1877.

DEAREST MASON,

I have infinite things to say, but it seems absurd to write you lucubrations when you will soon be here to learn for yourself more vividly.

I say *learn*—for I had no idea how much there was to learn. Human nature and Cornish nature don't mean the same—at least Cornish nature has a big slice overlapping and flapping loose.

I am valuing our "Conferences"¹ immensely. You must come to St Austell's—and as many more as you can.

Missionizing here must be a *totally* different thing from any previous conception of mine.

The people want *rousing* here to *tranquillity*.

The confusion of sensual excitement with religious passion is awful. The Immoralities of Revivals simply appalling.

However we shall speak eye to eye.

Your loving,

E. W. TR.

To his Wife.

14th July, 1877.

.....Oh this North Cornwall is so strange, such a separate world.....

Yesterday an old woman sent me her best roses from her cottage and a blind old woman blest me, and a baby was held for me to kiss at a cottage door. And here where the dissent is something outrageous, the butcher has killed his best bullock, the fishermen went out specially. What those people would be if we

¹ He was holding Conferences in each Rural Deanery with the clergy and lay representatives of each parish.

were all at one—And what oneness can any of those guides offer except the Church which in her breadth alone does really seem to be gaining some ground in spite of all faithlessness.

To his Wife.

BODMIN.

16th July, 1877.

.....I am well and really very happy among these warm Cornishmen. To-day at St Breward we had heavy rain but 30 candidates (28 from the Parish so high and bleak) and a church full of men and women. A great crowd yesterday afternoon spite of rain at Lanteglos—Ah! dear, if one can only—could only—speak Truth to their souls.....Everybody wants to see *you*. When they are tired of me and think I have nothing in my hand, I shall play you and say "Trumps."

To Canon Crowfoot.

KENWYN.

20 Aug. 1877.

MY DEAR CROWFOOT,

Work here bewildering.—The people religious, but religion having no more *controlling* power than if they were studying theology.

The principal Church doctrines, except the Atonement, considered as mere "superstitions"—the Atonement not much dwelt on—the Last Judgment supposed to be intended for "England," but not for Cornwall. Worship consists in singing hymns. For Sacraments we have the voice of the Preacher (sometimes his meaning, but always his voice); it is thro' this that Grace enters the soul.

Calvinism (of which Wesley taught not a word) has pervaded nearly every place. Now in all such places Sacraments are simply "abhorred." Mason is preaching most powerfully, and Reeve¹ working angelically. A class of Local Preachers Designate is forming by degrees. I address seven people every Sunday at an *Early* Communion, and I want to find out if I have any spiritual work besides.

Our best love to you all.

Your loving friend,

E. W. TRURON.

¹ John Andrewes Reeve, the Curate of Kenwyn, now Rector of Lambeth.

To his Wife.

CHAPTER HOUSE, ST PAUL'S.

14th Nov. 1877.

.....I've been to see Wilkinson¹—tell Mason the “half was not told me.” We had a very long, very serious talk, full of fears and yet of joyfulness. I knew him in a former state of existence very intimately.

A Cornish clergyman writes :—

The Bishop took the greatest pains with sermons and addresses for small country parishes as much as for larger and more important ones. Readers of *Singleheart* will recollect the sternness with which, in an Ordination sermon at Lincoln, printed in that volume, he satirized “simpering simpleness,” and “the affectation of unpreparedness,” and “What is called ‘just talking to them a little in their own way.’” Such faults he rigidly avoided. I recollect that on the occasion of a visit to Lis Escop, I noticed one morning in the study an open volume² of St Gregory of Tours. The Bishop, several days before the opening of the Church of *St Pinnock*, a name too obscure even for the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, was consulting original authorities in order to give the simple villagers some interest in their Patron Saint. Without at first naming him, he described St Pinnock, and how St Gregory ordained him a presbyter, and then astonished the delighted people by the emphatic sentence, “Now that poor man was St Pinnock, whose name is on this book (the pulpit Bible).” Soon afterwards at Perran-ar-worthal (Perran upon the tidal stream) he told, in perfect simplicity, but with all the authority of research, how St Piran “sometimes touched at Perranuthnoe, sometimes landed at Perranzabuloe, sometimes went to St Keverne”; how he loved animals, and animals loved him; how his hearers must, in imitation of their Patron, show the devotion and self-sacrifice which St Piran showed.

Sometimes he would himself write an account for the Press of a restored Church, or little Mission Chapel, brightening the report with some picturesque touch, and giving it an interest all its own.

The climate of Cornwall did not suit the Bishop; its dreamy languor was ill adapted to his brisk and fiery

¹ The Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, of St Peter's, Eaton Square, and afterwards my father's successor in the See of Truro.

² *Hist. Francorum*, v. 22.

temperament. The very details of its steamy humidity fretted him strangely. A climate where I have known the scent of Magnolia buds flooding the rooms of the house through the open windows on Christmas Day, was fatal to the preservation of books and papers. My father's dearly beloved volumes lost their gilding and clear outlines; the pages grew crumpled and mildewed. Engravings became foxy, written papers blurred. He himself suffered at times from a blackness of depression which was only too painfully evident. Small things weighed on his mind with fierce acuteness. I well recollect walking one day with him, when after a long silence broken only by fitful questions, he said with dark gravity that the behaviour of one of his clergy was *killing* him—that he would have to leave Cornwall.

The Bishop was soon to have a fiercer trial of his faith and patience, and to be made more perfect in suffering. In the second year of his episcopate, my eldest brother, Martin White Benson, a scholar of Winchester, a boy of the most singular gifts of thought and expression, died of meningitis at school.

In Feb. 1878 my brother had an alarming attack of illness when at tea with one of the masters. He had always suffered from a stammer, but he found himself suddenly deprived of the power of speech, and endeavoured, while a doctor was being sent for, to write the word "paralysis" on a piece of paper. The attack yielded to remedies, but a few days afterwards he became unconscious and died in the Sanatorium. Some time after the Bishop showed Canon Mason a card on which Martin had been copying out in mediaeval characters the hymn "O quanta qualia," and had laid down his pen at "quos decantabimus." He was buried in the cloister, at Winchester. My father put up a brass in his memory on the Cloister wall, near the grave. Here he is depicted in his scholar's gown, with the little

silver cross, given him by his mother at his Confirmation, which he always wore upon his watch-chain, his hands clasped in prayer. After name and dates follow four lines written by my father :

O Amor, O Pastor, qui quem Tibi legeris Agnum
Vitali tinguis Morte, sinuque foves,
Nos, qui tam dulces per Te reminiscimur annos,
Duc, ubi non caeco detur Amore frui.

I did not of course realise at the time how brilliant my brother's powers were; he was but seventeen, and had only just failed to secure the highest classical honour, the Goddard Scholarship, at Winchester. But I have been amazed in looking at his papers since, at the extraordinary profundity of his acquirements, the perfection of his taste and the maturity of his thoughts. My father's and mother's deepest hopes and affections were bound up in him. I was then at Eton and was summoned in haste. I shall never forget the look on my father's white drawn face as the train drew up at Winchester, while he stood on the platform awaiting me.

To the end of his life my father visited Winchester nearly every year on the anniversary of his death with my mother and sister, to pray beside the grave.

My father's grief was perfectly tragic. He could not at first bear allusion to my brother, and held, as his diary bears witness, the most deep and searching self-communings as to why such a burden was laid upon him. His Diary says:—

February, 1878. All through his illness I prayed incessantly that God would "give him perfect soundness in the presence of us all"—I fear presumptuously. For I believed in my faint heart that it would be what I meant by "*ὁλοκληρία*."¹ I shared to the full the feeling which several sensible letters sent us while we were watching him expressed—that it was "inconceivable" that he should not be restored to us. "Inconceivable"—so much

¹ "Entire soundness," Acts iii. 16.

past interest, skill, beauty, power, love were wrapped up in his growth and constant progress—so much hope for the future; such admirable preparation for good work, with such persuasive gentleness; such thoughtfulness and such reverence together. He seemed so sure to be “A wise Scribe furnished unto the Kingdom of Heaven on earth with things alike new and old.” There were such memories about him and he wove them so: such hopes and he knew them not.

It has come as such an interruption not to ambitions, not to pride, I trust, not to hopes of comfort only—But his path seemed ever to run on so completely in God's own way: we thought all *God's* plan for him was running on so sweetly towards some noble God's work.

It has changed all my views of God's work as it is to be done both in this world and the next, to be compelled to believe that God's plan for him really *has* run on sweetly, and rightly for him and for all—and yet—he is dead.

“One's views of life change very quickly,” he said to me the last hour in which he spoke to me—my sweet boy, thou hast changed mine.

To Canon Wickenden.

Feb. 1878.

MY LOVING LOVED FRIEND,

He is gone you know. His sweetness you know. But his love to Jesus we did not know until he was near going. And now everything which shows itself hour after hour, tells us how little we had followed him, though his pureness and his penetrating judgment were wonderfully opened to me this holiday.

I can say no more. We are learning not to withhold him from God in our hearts, and my dear wife is the mothers' example.

To Canon Westcott.

KENWYN.

15 Feb. 1878.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

If anything *ought* to strengthen one it is a life like Martin's: we can only pray that it *may*.

His energy and brightness were fights against we knew not what. And now a secret holiness comes out, in his books and papers, of which we knew little more.

He and we *yearned* that he might have talked with us the last week. But God sealed his lips. Why?

As surely as I see this paper he *saw* Jesus Christ—*through*, if not with, his bodily eyes and while he was quite himself.

To have seen Him ourselves could not strengthen our sureness that *He* lives, more than the sight of Martin seeing Him.

My dear wife is wonderfully "kept by the Power of God."

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. TRURON.

To Dean Goulburn of Norwich.

KENWYN, 26 Feb. 1878.

MY DEAR MR DEAN,

...Our boy was spiritually of a higher sweeter promise than he was intellectually. And of his intellectual promise and even performance, I have seen indeed but one or two his equals. But our Peace in him is the endless lovingness of his character and ways, and the childish simplicity of his dutifulness. To me he was more like a little daughter than a son, and to his mother he was more like a devoted brother. Can we help suffering? To him we know going is gain—pure gain—and I am learning from my wife to subdue the ever rising longing for his sweetness back again. She has never faltered—but for myself, God's ways are so wonderful that I cannot yet master the feeling that twined in with His love—there *must* be something of the "I took him away in my anger." It is, I am afraid, interior unsubduedness, and easily provoked and sullen judgment, the non-disappearance, under Christ's best discipline, of ὀργή καὶ κραυγή¹.

I am not worthy of my Saint's *Thorn*, so that part of your letter, which most shows your love, is less consolatory, for it shows also that you do not really know me.

Your ever affectionate and thankful friend,

E. W. TRURON.

To Canon Wickenden.

IN VIA.

Address KENWYN. 16 May, 1878.

I sometimes used to wonder why we kept our Martin so much to ourselves—so that only two or three people besides knew what he was—and now I do not wonder at all.

You were my greatest helper in that old sorrow—but it was something so unlike this.

¹ "Anger and clamour," Eph. iv. 31.

Here there was the full conviction that I saw God's plans for him—and I didn't.

I used to be unable to bear pictures of the Entombment, and to turn away from the Pietà, and would never have a copy of even Francia's. But now I do know why *MORTUUS ET SEPULTUS EST* is in the Creeds, better than the Books about it tell.

Your ever most affectionate,

E. W. TRURON.

A year later he wrote to his wife :—

8th Feb. 1879.

.....How strange and how beautiful it will be to see him again: if we are worthy, to hear from himself that he would rather have passed away from us when he did than have staid with us. That is so hard to realise—and St Paul even did not know which to choose. May God only keep true in heart and firm in faith our other loves.

CHAPTER VIII.

TRURO CATHEDRAL.

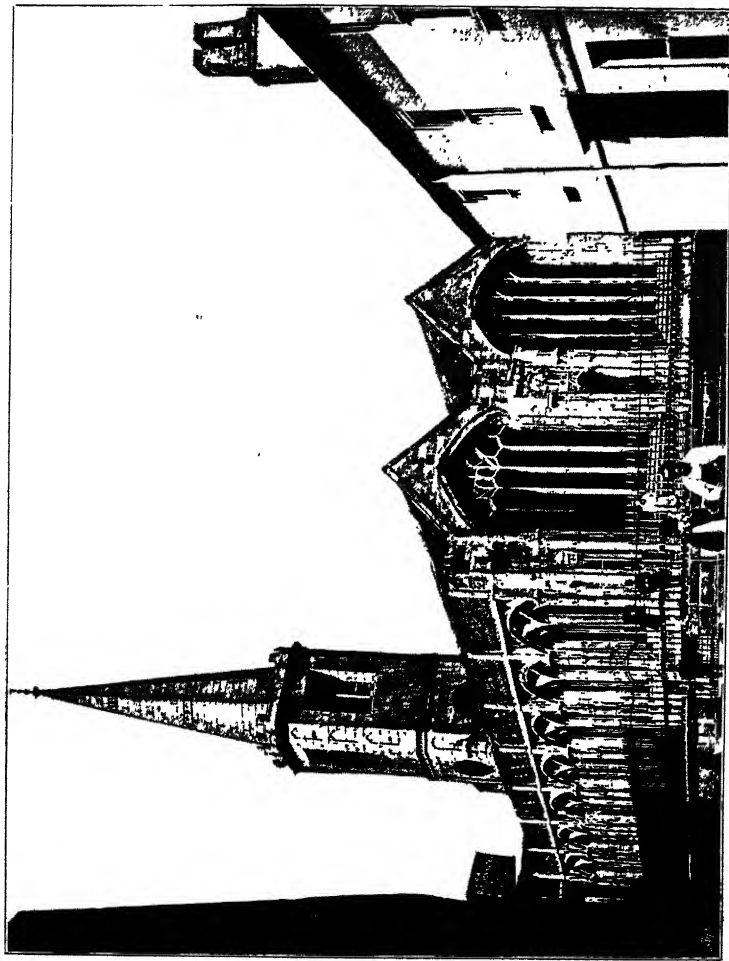
"Educet lapidem primum,...et exaequabit gratiam gratiae ejus... manus ejus perficient eam." ZECHARIAH.

TO build a Cathedral, a holy and seemly House, as a visible sign and symbol of Church energy and influence, and a radiating centre of sacred activities, was one of the Bishop's most congenial hopes: in old days the aesthetic aspect of the question would have been paramount with him, but now he had been too long a patient disciple in the school of deeper truth to base his desire or his claim upon any but the sternest of practical reasons. A Cathedral was a necessity to efficient Church work; that it should inspire and stimulate and consecrate and bind together were potent but secondary reasons for making it, in beauty and costliness, worthy to be the first Post-reformation Cathedral.

In Oct. 1877, at the first Diocesan Conference of the new See, a Committee was appointed to consider the question.

A Truro correspondent writes:—

Little time was lost in promoting the idea of the Cathedral. At the first Diocesan Conference the Bishop made "the new Cathedral" the subject of the first of many valuable addresses read to that Assembly. Early in 1878, a private meeting, described as "the most powerful one held in the county for many



OLD ST MARY'S CHURCH, TRURO, CIRCA 1877.

From a photograph by Argall, Truro.

years," was convened to consider what steps should be taken to provide a suitable Cathedral, and this was followed in April by the very remarkable County Meeting held, as one of the speakers said, on "the morrow of the Anniversary of the Consecration of their now much beloved Bishop." Nearly all the leading Clergy and laity of Cornwall, with prominent representatives of the middle classes also, crowded the Town Hall of Truro, under the presidency of the Lord Lieutenant. With the exception of the Bishop and the Archdeacon of Cornwall, all the speakers were laymen, and when the subscription list was passed round the room, promises to the amount of £15,000 were made, before it reached the hands of the two honorary Secretaries, Canon Cornish and Mr E. Carlyon.

Nearly £4000, already promised for the restoration of St Mary's Church, was also generously offered by the Parochial Authorities to the Cathedral Committee.

At this and other Meetings the Bishop pressed no policy of his own. He laid down principles "that there might be some basis on which to go," (1) to aim at what was practical; (2) to have true work and beautiful work as regarded proportion and outline; (3) the Church should be prepared to "fit the future," for they did not look upon the life of the Cathedral as a "transient life"; (4) there should be no debt upon the Church.

Of the foundation of the Cathedral the Bishop spoke in his Opening Address at the Diocesan Conference, 30th Oct. 1879. He said:—

...It has been a question whether we should attempt so much—whether we should rather content ourselves with a magnified Parish Church. I feel confident the Committee have decided rightly. England would not have helped to build a Parish Church. She would have said Cornwall or Truro may do that for themselves; and I question whether alone we should have had even any high magnifying power. For the present the portion of it first proposed will meet our diocesan needs. It will be a centre of increasing love and unity and devotion for long years to come. It would be, in my view of history, a real loss to the sentiment of reunion if we were presented to-morrow with a ready-made Minster. The voice of such a work in progress will ever be an utterance of power. It will remind us to do *all* our works in a *great* way—in a Cathedral way—to put up with nothing petty and puny; and it will speak to our

luxurious habits with a fine sternness. "The mother of magnificence," it will say, "is frugality." The one man whom the ancients describe to us as (although *par excellence* the fine gentleman of his age) the very author and model of domestic economy, is he who built the Parthenon—Pericles, the Athenian.

Into the subsequent history of the building it will be impossible to enter, but it may be roughly stated that nearly £120,000 has been raised already for the fabric: the south transept, called the "Benson" transept, commemorates the Bishop's work in Cornwall, and it is hoped that the nave may very soon commemorate his work, as Archbishop, for the Church of England. A circular letter, drafted by the Bishop himself, was issued by the General Committee in 1878.

Cornish people adopt an idea with great enthusiasm when they are in personal sympathy with the promoter, and the amount of energy displayed in collecting for the Cathedral was very remarkable. Committees were formed and the great wheel was set rolling. Sir F. W. Truscott, Lord Mayor of London for the year in which the Foundation Stone of the Cathedral was laid, was a native of Truro, a man who had risen by his own exertions to the honourable position of chief magistrate of the metropolis.

He was anxious that the Bishop should see certain city magnates and obtain if possible subscriptions for the new Cathedral. My father did not much like the task, but he went so far as to call on the representatives of several great firms, who refused to subscribe; after his morning's work he writes:—

June 29th. We went to lunch, and the Lord Mayor received a note from Rothschilds saying that as they would not like to refuse a Lord Mayor, they hoped the Lord Mayor would not put them to the pain of calling on them with a request they could not accede to. We lunched in one of the great stately rooms of the Mansion House, "Venetian Parlour" or "Long Parlour" or something, whose exquisite carving and decoration spoke of times when civic dignity was what it has ceased to be. A beautiful water-colour

of Truro taken from Kenwyn leaned against the wall on a ledge. And this old Lord Mayor is in no way ashamed of giving out that he was a poor Truro boy, and very gladly would he do all in his power to honour Truro and to thank it for its early nurture of him. But this was not an expedition suited to its purpose. For our people's sake it was not fitting that I should say no to the proposal of this Lombard Street tour. But while I was more impressed than ever in my life with the existence, presence, activity and potentiality of "Money" as a living world power, our expedition was bound to fail. It was approaching the power from below, not from above. It was being a suitor to it; whereas those earth kings are intended to *bring* their glory and honour with them. So rather sick, determined to despond of nothing but to work no more in this fashion, I hurried off for Vespers at Westminster Abbey, full of the looks and words and pompous ways of the kings who would *not* help, and assured us every *other* king *would*. And the reader of the Second Lesson just uttered these words as I went into the Transept: "This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders which is become the Headstone of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

Save, Lord, we beseech Thee. O Lord, build; O Lord, build.
Not by might—nor by power—but by Thy Spirit.

Sufficient money was raised to begin the building, and several architects competed. The choice fell on the late Mr J. L. Pearson, R.A., though he had sent in no design. From him my father often quoted with approval a remark on the subject of ecclesiastical buildings; Mr Pearson said that the question to ask oneself on entering a church was not "Is this admirable,—is it beautiful?" but "Does it send you on your knees?" The Cathedral is built for the most part of Mabe granite, with Bath stone dressings: various local marbles, mainly Cornish, are used for the detached shafts and pavement.

His account of the laying of the Foundation Stone of the Cathedral (May 20, 1880) is as follows:—

July 11th. Far too busy to have written, but how much has happened which I would gladly have retained. The "20th May"

with all its anxieties before it came was a really happy day. The weather was gorgeous. When the ceremony was at its height, the sky was more beautiful than I ever beheld it. One deepest lustrous blue over the whole heaven above the great enclosure, and right above us and in view the tiniest, most delicate white clouds flecked it all over in the most symmetrical arrangement. I must not write what it suggests.

The ceremonial of the Freemasons which some regarded with suspicion and dislike was satisfactory and refreshing from its simple exposition of symbolism as an element in life, quite apart from ecclesiasticism.....The Free Masons did their part, just instead of common masons, and when the "Grand Master" had concluded this portion the Service proceeded. The dignity and the simplicity and naturalness with which the Prince poured the corn and wine and oil over the stone added much to the ceremony, and the force and clearness with which he delivered the impressive little sermon, ending with an excellent passage of Ezra, chosen by Lord Mt. Edgcumbe, rang out of a really serious spirit.....

The scene itself is very fairly indeed described by Precentor Venables in the next "Guardian." The whole of the High Cross was taken in by an oblong amphitheatre of wood decorated with colours and shields, and round the Eastern stone was a large semicircular amphitheatre. The colours of the Masons which look quaint on the individual, looked very soft in the mass. The most striking moment was when the procession of military and naval authorities and Deputy Lieutenants came sweeping in with a great curve leading the Princess and her boys. She was received by our tall Mayor in his stately new furred gown and me, and taken up to her throne. At the end she was led to the newly laid stone and seated by it, while a long train of girls brought their purses and laid them before her, after the little Princes had each presented £250 in behalf of Miss Goldsworthy Gurney who wished thus to memorialise her father's invention of the Steam Jet. The Prince of Wales was timidly asked whether he would approve of this, and said, "O why not? The boys would stand on their heads if she wished!" The younger of the boys is a little bright coloured cheery lad, but the elder, on whom so much may depend, is pale, long-faced, and I can't help thinking, *for a child*, like Charles the First—it is a very feeling face. At night when they were sent to bed between 12 and 1, having been allowed to sit up as a special privilege to the Ball, the Princess said to me as they pleaded for a little longer, "I do

wish to keep them children as long as I can—and they do want so to be men all at once.”—May she prevail.

People are saying, “the first Cathedral founded since the Reformation.” Has any been founded (one or two have been translated) since the Conquest? The Prayers then were the rendering of a venerable Office less venerable than the act itself. *Da nobis, Domine, Truronensibus Sanctam et pretiosam Basilicam.*

On the Sunday after the Stone-laying I preached in the High Cross. The staging was still standing and it was occupied by four thousand people at least. They were, with few exceptions, poor people. The men’s black coats, the sober colouring of wives and families made a strange contrast to the brilliance of Thursday’s scene. Many walked miles to come. A great cushion with a large Bible was placed on the stone which the Prince had laid on the nave pillar, and I preached from it. A beautiful sky and a strong wind,—a large choir in which two cornets blown by surpliced riflemen led the singing in a way these Cornishmen truly delighted in. It was an extraordinary scene from the mid-pillar, and the windows of houses behind the staging were full of people. My text was “Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.” When the hymn after the sermon was ended they were not ready to go. I gave out another—and the people poured down into the area, surrounded the pillar and sang most vehemently. We produced hymn books—then another hymn and another, the trumpets leading. They would have gone on all night. Again such a feeling filled the crowd that I could quite realise what a religious impulse seizing a multitude might effect—but—“not by might.” As we came away I heard some one say, “Well, the 20th of May was grand, but the 23rd will be my Commemorative Day for Truro.”

Canon Mason says :—

If it was “an extraordinary scene” from his point of observation, it was no less so for those to whom his was the central figure. I thought of the lines

“Oh, for a sculptor’s hand
That thou might’st take thy stand,
Thy [long] hair floating on the eastern breeze!”

But they were written of a very different kind of prophet! Not all the audience allowed themselves to be carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment. One very Cornish critic, an old

fellow who had walked in from Idless, said, "Aw, he'm a good pracher, *but he lacks diction.*"

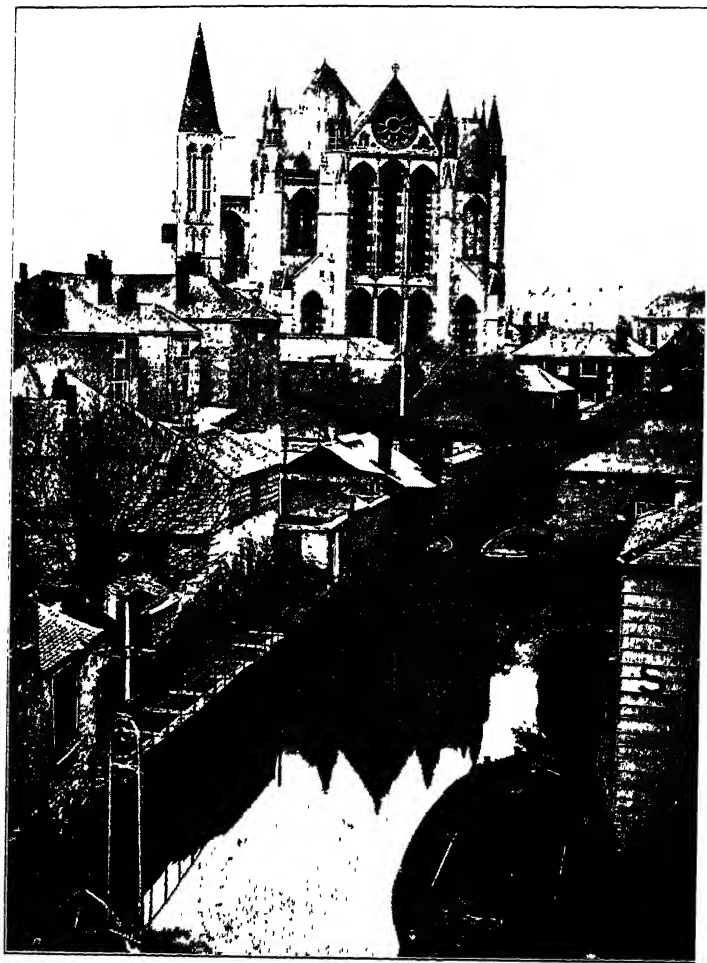
"The Bishop stood," says another spectator, "his face pale with emotion, and yet irradiated with the tenderest smile of hopefulness; he seemed like a man who had won a victory by prayer: his place was by a pillar-base; as he gave out hymn after hymn, which were taken up and sung with the most moving intensity by the crowd, his hair waving in the sharp gusts which whirled the dust and shavings of the enclosure about, it was as though we were translated out of the nineteenth century into some strange chapter of mediaeval religious life."

The following are some of the Bishop's early letters from Truro:—

To the Rev. J. A. Reeve, dissuading him from leaving his work in Cornwall for Mission work in India.

KENWYN.
? 27, 1878.

Again I see you, whom He has nurtured from childhood wonderfully, called (by a pure accident, so far as I am concerned, though I am thankful to think that at the first instant I knew it to be an "accident" from God) to be just closer to me than any one as Curate of Kenwyn. Just look at *all* Church History. Isn't it for ever and for ever Nazareths and Bethlehems in which God's work begins afresh and afresh? Down in our Cornish corner among those who *have* a religion, which is not a Church religion, wanting in Catholic truth and power, while it is powerful for God's own special uses of it—that is *the* place in which God wants a *Parish* restored to be a sample of how Men, Youths, Women are to "do the first works"—corporately—*ἐκκλησιαστικῶς*. And what brave helpers He bestows upon us, as it were direct from Heaven; Mason to spread the fire, Whitaker to broaden loving *knowledge*, Wilkinson to deepen and deepen us all without stopping. Can anything be more wonderful? One by one you will all be *tempted* to leave me, by just the holiest thing which will most appeal to you severally; but you said you had given yourself (I won't repeat "to *me*") but to the work. You did. And if



TRURO CATHEDRAL, EAST END.

From a photograph by Argall, Truro.

I ever feared you would forsake it, I should say that you would find in India a deceivable success, and leave in England a half-broken cause, and that for a long time the first would make you think you had done right to break the second, but in the end you would see it was not so. But I am *not* afraid. I write only to strengthen yourself and to strengthen myself, with a contemplation of what is before us—to encourage both our hearts with the thought of the plainer, but I do believe, more pressing work for *you*.

You know I was so startled myself by being offered the Bishopric of Calcutta, when it seemed that I had nothing to do in England but to be a Chancellor at Lincoln. I was quite satisfied that my simple dear work there was my proper work, though some of my best friends would not advise. The only thing that staggered me was the recurrence of the question, "*Why* such a trial from *God*, in the form of an invitation to such great and holy work?" I could not answer, but it was answered after. So with this. I am persuaded that the restoration of the Church of England to the affections, is the work of *our* group of people. It may never come (isn't likely to come) *in our day*; we shall pass away without *seeing* a change in God's great purposes—even without taking more hold of an un-humble people—but our work is none the less to work *at* that restoration. Our group's work is not (I say) Restoration, but "work at restoration." If all our men with this heart in them are to go off on the frontier, then we shall be doing for the Church what Trajan did for the Roman Empire. Augustus had prophesied, had he not? that the Extension of the Frontier would bring the Downfall at *Home*. We *Must* send out our legions of Missionaries, but the work for *us* who see it (it isn't every one who does see it), is to prevent decay spreading any further at the core. The alienation is really terrific. The Dissenters are doing all they can to widen the little rift there is between the Clergy and the Laity. Many of our unwise confident clergy are doing all they can to part themselves off in feeling, in habits of devotion, in reception of Eucharist, in judgment on Education and in Politics, from the Laity, without enquiring at all deeply into questions. They *wish* the Clergy to be separate, i.e. Pharisaic. They want the Clergy to have influence, clerical influence over a few. They prefer this (they actually say so) to the leavening the whole lump with Scripture. God help them. But we have foul weather coming. We have to do the Church's work, *without sacrificing* those party men; and without *giving up any principles that Dissent preserves*; and without moving towards those false principles which both extreme Churchmen and Dis-

senters will bring in, if they can, along with themselves, and the affection we give them.

And so, dearest fellow, I say no more, but that I consider your help *essential* (not to me, for I hope I *could* make even this sacrifice, terrible as it would be, if God had called me to it) but to all that great, true side of thought and work at which we have just begun to labour together. Don't go. I am as sure as Reason, and Prayer, and any Gifts which Christ may please to give to an unworthy creature, because the Church prays that He *will* illuminate Bishops, can all united make me, that your place is close to me. God use us both after His Will.

Your most loving,

E. W. TRURON.

To Canon Crowfoot, on religious Societies.

KENWYN.

11th June, 1878.

My present aim is, instead of establishing Guilds anywhere, to have *one* "Society of Holy Living," everywhere—to attract confirmees into it—to have General Wardens for Deaneries, and a local Constitution too. Wesley's success was that he formed everywhere *Societies* with a life not necessarily dependent on Parish Priest—his failure was due to the fact that he provided no organisation to render faithfulness to the Church their pivot. We must have in each society the Parish Priest *if he likes* as head, but whether he likes or not another clergyman elected as Chaplain, and also a Lay Warden elected. It seems to me that only some such plan can counteract the fact that *religion* in English Church depends so utterly on personnel of parson.

Ever your most loving friend,

E. W. TRURON.

To Canon Westcott, relating a dream.

Till Monday, RISEHOLME,

LINCOLN, 30 Oct. 1878.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I had such a fearful dream that night in consequence of your revelation of my omission. I hope it will do me good all my days. I dreamt I had to go in for the "Preliminary Examination" in Lawn Sleeves and a scarlet hood. They lay on the table

to be put on, and Lightfoot came in to give out the papers. The subject was an ancient work called *Σοφία*, and I said, "I've not had a moment to read it." Lightfoot said, "It can't be helped—you must do what you can." I said, "But just think what an effect it would have on the Church if you were to bring out one of the Fathers of the Church rather low down in the First Class." (Observe the double modesty even in dreams.) He then said, "You may go out," and I then found I was expected to help one of my Rural Deans to catch fish in the Bay. But tho' *he* threw a ring and rope with extraordinary dexterity all across the bay, we could only catch dog-fish of hideous aspect, and most of them got back over the edge into the sea. Wasn't that a vision?

Yours ever affectionately,

E. W. TRURON.

My father, as Bishop of Truro, never succeeded to the House of Lords, and only went up to London to attend Convocation, or to the meetings of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, to which he was nominated by the desire of Archbishop Tait.

Archbishop Tait, who is now known to have recognised in him a probable if not immediate successor—though the idea never then crossed my father's mind—saw much of him, and gave him a set of rooms in the Lollards' Tower¹ at Lambeth. This tower is at the West End of the Chapel, and communicates with it. It contains a Library, Dining-room and Offices, and several sets of rooms, occupied by Bishops or others on the presentation of the Archbishop.

My father was at first greatly exercised about Convocation. Archbishop Tait did not believe in it as a motive power, and used his genial influence to thwart its taking any active part in Church politics. I have heard my father speak of the irrepressible and powerless vexation which he used to feel, when speaking of some subject which he

¹ "At Lambeth also he built and repaired much, his chief work there being the Water Tower, which in the 18th Century received the erroneous name of the Lollards' Tower."—*Life of Abp Chichele* by Rev. Wm. Hunt, *Dict. of Nat. Biogr.* x. 230.

had very greatly at heart, at seeing the broad face of the Archbishop, with a good-humoured and impenetrable smile, visible just above the table, the Primate having sunk back in his chair in an attitude of luxurious ease. Still my father had the deepest reverence for the large wisdom and magnificent personality of the Archbishop, though he disagreed with him on certain points. To Archbishop Tait, although his spirit was essentially religious, affairs of state and politics filled a space larger than matters ecclesiastical. In the mind of Archbishop Benson what was ecclesiastical stood first, and political considerations which, against his will, he was forced to entertain, were very distinctly second.

Surveying the Truro period, I should say that it was, in spite of intervals of reaction, characterised by a brightness and a buoyancy which were very remarkable. My father had free scope; his task was ecclesiastical organisation pure and simple, without any admixture of politics, and curiously remote from the soiling contact of the world. He loved the romantic country and the no less romantic folk of Cornwall. He loved the outlines of the hills, the wild moorlands, the rich warm valleys, the gigantic cliffs of that Western land, and he daily found fresh cause for admiration and bewilderment and love in the vivid, ardent, enthusiastic temperaments by which he was surrounded. Cornwall was the only place, he used to declare, where a conversation with any man, woman or child whom you might meet, in the loneliest corners of the promontory, was always stimulating, never disappointing. A great part of his happiness there lay in the fact that both sides of his nature had full sway, his passionate devotion to things venerable and traditional no less than his genius for construction. He was a restorer of the old paths, an originator, if I may use the expression, of ancient things. I was only a boy at the time, but, even so, I was

fired by the contact with such an ardent spirit as he kindled and maintained. Religious life, as he handled it then, had a freshness and a vivacity that are not always the accompaniments of religious work. I shall never forget the Sunday nights at Kenwyn, when there used to gather at the evening meal the generous and enthusiastic band whom he took with him into Cornwall, full of energy and devotion and interest in life. He was the central spirit of those gatherings, irradiating everything by his humour, with shrewd ironies for extravagance, with lively encouragement for depression; the very services had a vitality, a novelty, a fire which I have known them elsewhere to lack.

The Diary of his Episcopate at Truro is little more than an elaborate record of work: the following short extracts have some special interest.

1877.

Cornwall. Revivals.

Mr Bull of Treslothan told me that he was appealed to by the mothers of two young women to say or do something with respect to their daughters quarrelling—They had been “taken down” at a meeting, and had quarrelled “which had most grace”—They scratched each other, tore out each other’s hair, and positively fought.

1879.

I was exceedingly battered down and dispirited as I rose from my knees at the Altar at Kilkhampston to go down the Church to address the candidates, in a crowded Church with many dissenters and a prominent “Ironmonger” in the middle who to dear Thynne takes the place of the χαλκεύς¹ of old. But just as I stepped down there really seemed to me a “quiet voice” as from a form just a little taller than my own to breathe out the words “Fear not, for I am with thee,” and it was given me to speak with more simplicity and love than my own mind and hear could command. I believe Alexander¹ who is a great writer of public letters was unable to inform the parish that he knew a better gospel. In the evening at Poughill I preached again to :

¹ “Alexander, the coppermith,” ² Tim. iv. 14.

full church in every corner on the coming mission. The early Communion on such days are the strength of the day.

To his Wife.

(Consecration of Dr Lightfoot to the Bishopric of Durham.)

17 PRINCE'S GATE.
St Mark's Day, 1879.

.....Everything was very beautiful...Lightfoot looked the most modest, simple, unconscious person present. By unconscious I mean utterly without self-consciousness, deepest in the thought and feeling of the whole and as it were unaware of his external existence. But he looked "lovely" in his rochet. It was quite perfection and his simplicity was well-dressed in it. Of course it was of the new true and Truronian make—"all novelties are antiquities now," said the Bishop of Carlisle¹, twitching my sleeve before service.

Well—to come to the inside—Westcott's sermon was perfectly unique in the fierce love of it, and the tremendous charge to the Bishops to choose between the important and the routine of their lives and do the important. (But what becomes of the people who want their letters answered and can't get on without?) However the ideal may leave a little of itself behind with the hardened people who have to get through the day's work. Then his sketch of the history of the See and of all the relics that it keeps and mingles in the present was quite splendid. His voice very good and his aspect lion-like. Lion small, but rising into majesty in a quite incomprehensible mode. I go with Dunelm to Cambridge to-morrow where the Torture awaits me.

I have but few records of the Truro life; it was, as has been said, Idyllic: my father travelled about a good deal and made many attached friends among both laity and clergy. From Lord Mount Edgcumbe, Lord Lieutenant of the County, he always received the most cordial and sympathetic assistance. His friendship with the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, who was to succeed him at Truro, dates from this period. Mr Reeve suggested to Canon Mason in 1878 that Mr Wilkinson should be invited to help them. Canon Mason recommended the Bishop to make him his Ex-

¹ Harvey Goodwin, D.D.

aming Chaplain; the Bishop did not then know Mr Wilkinson, and said, "But isn't he very High Church?" He did however offer him the Chaplaincy, and afterwards made him a Canon of the Cathedral. The fervour, simplicity and directness, combined with a singular grace of manner, of Canon Wilkinson's address, was invaluable at the Ember seasons: while the Bishop grew to regard him with an affectionate devotion which only increased with lapse of years.

The greater part of the Bishop's time was spent quietly at Truro; he had no resident Chaplain and wrote nearly all of his letters with his own hand, my mother often acting as his Secretary. His day, as always, began early; he rose soon after six, read and worked till Matins, which were at eight o'clock in Kenwyn Church; he loved the walk to Church on the fresh summer mornings; and, as the year closed in, he would stop to watch the sunrise gleaming red on the Truro river, and the mist which hung about the winding alleys of the garden and the tall elms, the churchyard path, with the dew upon the graves; he loved the dimly-lighted silent church, with its empty aisles: he was often accompanied to Church by our collie, Watch, who had a place in a pew in the transept, and whose claws we could sometimes hear pattering in the aisle, if he found his accustomed seat draughty or felt impelled to change it. Watch had also a special place under a window in the Chapel, which he always attended, as well as the eight o'clock Matins, and a special rug of his own. It was at Truro that the adventure of Watch occurred that gave my father such delight. My father was reading the lesson, which was the 13th Chapter of St Mark, in which the word "Watch" occurs several times. The dog, who had been slumbering peacefully, became very restless, and as the Bishop ended with the words, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch," in a

very imperious voice, there followed a great scuffling and scratching, and Watch emerged hastily from his place, and proceeded to the door of my father's stall.

After the early Matins followed breakfast and a short service in the Chapel; then my father read the Bible for a little with the children who were at home; his Bible lessons were always interesting, full of originality and trenchant thought; but somewhat vitiated, I used to think as a boy, by over-insistence on tenses and idioms. One whimsical instance occurs to me. He used to translate the word *οἰκοδεσπότης* in the Gospels, the head of a household, by what is the literal equivalent in English, "a house-master." To me, fresh from Eton, the collocation connoted very different ideas from what the word really implied, and many similar renderings used to make me hypercritical, and destroyed much of the pleasure and worth of what, when I grew older and more sensible, I learnt to appreciate. After this Bible reading, he worked at letters or sermons all the morning. In the afternoon he rode or walked, and it was a great pleasure to him to explore the secluded wooded valleys which ramified in every direction, each with its stream of clear swift water, running through marshy dingles, where the wild-duck used to rise splashing as we approached. In our holidays he tried to be as free as possible, and it was his great delight to walk or drive out on summer afternoons in a pony carriage, and picnic in some remote woodland. A favourite place was a low oak-wood, called Bishop's Wood, part of the Bishop of Exeter's original estate, which culminated in a magnificent British camp, below which was a swamp, a quarter-of-a-mile long, full of *Osmunda Regalis*: the road to this led through a peaceful valley called Idless, and passed a beautiful old manor-house, green with lichens, a carved device over the porch, and the ruins of a Chapel of St Clare.

On one occasion I recollect we had searched about, the

day being windy, for a quiet place to boil our kettle: this we had found close under the lee of a convenient shed in the wood; we had made a fire of sticks, and the large tin kettle had just begun to sing, when a man burst out of the wood, rushed without a word straight at the fire, kicked and trampled it out, and poured our kettle out upon the glowing embers: it was all over in a moment, and my father began to expostulate with some heat, saying it was only a picnic, when the man said politely but with great firmness, "the next time you picnic here, Sir, don't light your fire under a powder magazine"; the copsewood was as a matter of fact grown for charcoal, and gunpowder was manufactured in a little factory by the stream, the powder being stored for security in a sequestered nook of the wood.

My father afterwards became great friends with this man, whose name was Spargo, and went to tea with him, accompanied by my mother. Mr Spargo gave him a long account of his experiences as a Class Leader among the Wesleyans, which interested my father very much. Spargo afterwards gave an account of the interview: "I told the 'old father' about my class: well, yes, I think I did interest him—whenever I stopped he said to Mrs Benson, 'Well, do you hear *that*, Missus!'"

My father often used to take me, when I was at home for the holidays, as his companion on expeditions to call on the neighbouring clergy; two of these I may shortly relate, as they will serve to show the sort of strange lives that were lived even within the reach of railways.

We rode out to a village in a lonely creek of the sea; anciently there had been there a Collegiate Church with, I think, ten Canons. The Church itself had a very low and primitive nave, and a larger choir added at a later date. The Churchyard was full of tumbled mounds that marked the site of the College. Inside, the Church was literally

green with mould, the few books in the pews were damp and mildewed, and the sea-wind blew in through broken casements.

The previous vicar had been a rich man and had built a large vicarage of brown stone which stood in a bare and windswept field near the Church: in the corner of the field was a huge heap of brickwork and timber, once a coach house, which had been literally blown down in a gale and never repaired. The living was worth less than £100 a year.

We went up to the house and were told the clergyman was out; my father asked where he was and was told that he had walked down to a town some five miles away to buy a daily paper. We went in; there was neither carpet nor furniture in the front hall; in a large room on the left with no curtains, only blinds, and a little square of drugget on the bare boards, was a small cheap piano, a few kitchen chairs, and a table laid out with a mess of porridge and a jug of milk, the vicar's ordinary fare. There were one or two photographs of College groups on the walls. Before long the vicar returned, a small sturdy man, much bronzed with wind and sun, a man of education evidently, but completely worsted in the struggle with grinding poverty. He apologised, but with a simple dignity, for the bareness of his house and made us an offer of refreshment, with a glance at his spare meal. He then walked about with us and told us a pitiable tale of isolation and privations. My father was full of sympathy, and before we went away the vicar told him, as though confessing a grievous error, that his congregation had dwindled to five or six from eleven: and that his loneliness was such that he rented a pew on Sunday evenings in the Wesleyan Chapel, and went there to get a little light and warmth and the presence of some of his fellow creatures, as very few people in the parish

would speak to him. Once or twice in the story I could see the tears rise to my father's eyes—before he went away he implored the poor man to be brave and faithful, even though his work seemed unblest.

Another visit was even stranger. The road which led to the place was a favourite one with my father for a special reason—it passed over high bare moors, with the gaunt ruins of deserted mines; but at a certain place in the road where it passed over some high ground, by diverging to a tumulus which stood on the highest point, you could see the glint of both Northern and Southern seas—the grave, my father used to declare, of some seafaring chief who had fixed upon the one place in all the promontory from which the double sea could be seen, to sleep his long sleep.

We drew near to the village, a mere miners' hamlet, abominably new and sordid. The Church was comparatively modern and so was the vicarage; it stood on very high ground, swept by the sea-winds, so that nothing grew there but a few straggling firs, all warped and sprawling: the vicar had made an ingenious garden of small squares of ground separated by wooden palisades, in which he cultivated a few fruit trees and simple garden produce.

He was working in the garden when we arrived, in a coat green with age: he was a tall, venerable man with a long beard, with something noble and pathetic in his face. His wife, the partner of his long life, was lately dead. He made some excuse to slip away and returned in a newer—but not so appropriate a coat. He took us into his poor house; on the walls of his study were medical diplomas gained by himself; he had been, he told us, a practising physician, but fired by a missionary enthusiasm had taken Orders, and offered himself to Bishop Phillpotts, who had sent him to his present living nearly thirty years before—to *fight with beasts*—he sternly said.

His congregation had steadily dwindled ever since; he was old and broken, ill of a mortal disease. In the study stood a huge heap of unbound books, his only literary labour, the 2nd Book of Kings (I think) versified into rhyming heroic couplets. He had paid for the printing, but as no copies had been sold, and he had not the heart to have it destroyed, he had caused it all to be returned to him and it had been there ever since: he presented my father and myself with as clean a copy each as he could find. He was evidently very much embittered by his lifelong failure, and had I think for many years been regretting that he had ever put his hand to the plough, but had stayed on by mere *vis inertiae*. My father tried to console him, but he only shook his head.

In the afternoons as a rule my father and mother and all the children at home used to go for a long vague walk; my sisters with collecting-cases for plants; plants and flowers used to be dug up and carried back to be re-planted in the little gardens at home. But my father never let a conspicuous plant be removed from a hedge-row—it had to be taken from some secluded dingle—nor might a place be despoiled of all its attractive specimens. My father always talked to the men, women or children that we met; he used to say that every Cornishman that you encountered, expected two things—a religious remark and a joke. My sister recollects a man who was painting a window-frame when the High School was being done up, stopping my father to ask him about the descent into Hell. My father explained it all carefully. Some time after we left, there was a fearful fight between two men in Idless, the neighbouring hamlet through which we often walked. “Ah,” said one of the bystanders, “this wouldn’t have happened if the *old father* had only been here.” This was their habitual name for the Bishop.

The home-life was here as always the bright background

of his work, and my brother's death, though he could not speak of it to us for a long time, seemed to draw out his tenderness for his children more than ever, and to increase his constant desire for their society. My mother taught my brother Hugh, but my father contrived to take him for half-an-hour in his lessons every day; in the course of the morning the two often went out together on a "spudding" expedition, to dig up the dandelions that grew luxuriantly about the lawn. He had a little spud exactly like his own made for my brother, who was then about seven years old.

As an instance of the family dialectic that prevailed at Kenwyn, the Rev. Arthur Palmes, of Dover, who was for a time Curate of Kenwyn under Mr Reeve, tells me that he was walking up from Idless in the direction of Lis Escop when he caught up the Bishop and his youngest son Hugh, then a boy of six or seven, and walked with them. The Bishop was telling his son with much detail the story of the Good Samaritan; just before the gate of Lis Escop, which is reached by a winding lane, there is a very steep little pitch in the road. Here they saw an old dame toiling up, with a heavy bag of potatoes, stopping every now and then to rest. "Now, Hugh," said the Bishop, "Go and be a good Samaritan, and help that old lady with her bag." "But, papa," said Master Hugh, "I ought to hate her—the Samaritans hated the Jews." The Bishop smiled, and in the character of the conscientious priest stepped forward to do the kindly office himself, but was anticipated by a still more active Levite, in the shape of Mr Palmes.

At the laying of the foundation-stone of the Cathedral, Archbishop Tait was to have been present, and his train was to have been borne by two acolytes, one of whom was my brother Hugh. My father had little purple cassocks and caps and surplices made for them, and, when it was announced that Archbishop Tait would be unable to

attend, in order not to disappoint the children, they were set to attend the Bishop himself. Later on, whenever there was any special ceremonial in the temporary Cathedral, my brother attended him thus vested. The services in the wooden Cathedral seemed, so Bishop Wilkinson said, like a scene out of Primitive times—like the Acts of the Apostles; the surroundings were so plain, the ceremonial so simple, the religious feeling so spontaneous and heartfelt. My father used often to relate with delight how Mrs Benney, the wife of a Truro river pilot,—a gallant eager old lady, well-known in Truro—used to take her large Bible-class of women sitting on the steps of the pulpit in the wooden church. My father arranged from ancient sources a little service for Christmas Eve—nine carols and nine tiny lessons, which were read by various officers of the Church, beginning with a chorister, and ending, through the different grades, with the Bishop. This service was afterwards used at Addington, and has spread I believe to other places. He took four of his children when the Cathedral began to rise to lay some stones in the Eastern Arcade. My two sisters and my brothers each laid one with due ceremony; a pulley had been prepared by Mr Bubb, Clerk of the Works—a great ally of my father's—and a little mallet and trowel for my brother Hugh.

Five o'clock nursery tea was the great family festival; and, at the late dinner, the children brought books or drawings to the table and read or drew until their several bedtimes. My father never said good-night to my younger brothers without kissing them, and laying his hand on their heads and blessing them in patriarchal fashion.

Canon Mason sends me some reminiscences of the Truro days. He writes:—

One day walking up from Truro to Kenwyn, I was urging the Bishop to use his efforts to procure the restoration of

Edward VI.'s First Prayer Book, and suggested for fun that, if need be, he should revoke the submission of Kenstec in order to be rid of the Act of Uniformity. He sympathised much with the desire, but saw, of course, the impossibility of its accomplishment in present circumstances. The conversation ended in his saying, "Depend upon it we have a very good Mass; and we must mumble it.".....

One day, when his companion on a walk amused himself by slashing off the juicy tops of the brambles in the hedge with his walking-stick, the Bishop stopped him rather sharply. "Don't do that," he said, "It's breaking the Third Commandment."

As we were driving once from Launceston to Callington a woman at a toll gate began to tell us the way. She explained how we could get to Callington if we took the road to the right, and how if we took the road to the left; and it was only after many minutes of confusing eloquence that we discovered that the natural and simple way was one that she had not mentioned at first. "That woman," said the Bishop, "was a Broad Church-woman."

I find the following lyric among the Truro papers; the symbolism presents a certain superficial difficulty, but I have thought it interesting to include it.

THE BAWEN ROCK.

A little low rock by the westerly strand,
Rock-ringèd round with a mile of sand;
What was the magic, when I was a lad,
Drew me there, drew me there, merry or sad?

My hyacinth bulb with its purpling spire,
My snowy narcissus with heart of fire—
I gardened them both in the bitter sand
In the little rock's shade by the westerly strand.

My clay-smirched poet, my dead, dead jay,
My silver cross that was wrenched at play—
I was sure they would straighten and ruffle and shine,
If they touched my rock's clear little circlet of brine.

Ah Mother! thy sigh and thy smile! 'twas in vain.
The rock was my love and the rock was my pain.
Narcissus and Hyacinth, Poet and Jay,
Cross and Heart never quickened—they lie there to-day.

EDW. TR. 20. 11. 77.

CHAPTER IX.

TRURO LIFE; OFFER OF THE PRIMACY.

"While grace fills up uneven nature." GEO. HERBERT.

*"Suscitabo mihi sacerdotem fidelem, qui juxta cor meum et animam
meam faciet...et ambulabit coram Christo meo."*

I. BOOK OF KINGS.

I SELECT a few of the many letters of the Truro period:—

To his Wife.

LOLLARDS' TOWER.

19 May, 1881.

.....Time doesn't exist in London. There is a kind of dust of time—but it won't cohere or coagulate or co-anyhow.....We never must live long in Babylon.....This London is such a howling wilderness compared with the civilisation and society of Kenwyn.....The very people in the streets are reading the Bible¹. I passed in a short walk this morning a ragged man on a bench, and a business man walking with his umbrella under his arm, reading hard both of them—and the shops are full of them still.

To his Wife.

SELSDON PARK.

July 18, 1881.

.....An ancient Calabrian farmer is the character which I am persuaded Nature meant me to fill—about 2000 years ago before agriculture had received any intellectual improvements, and when slaves did the work. That fits my powers and inclinations to-day.

¹ The Revised Version of the New Testament had just appeared.

And all the while there is that awful echo of the world's woes and evils seeming to ring in the air in the echo of the distant trains crossing and crossing incessantly. What have they to do to interrupt the cooing of those doves in the cedars. My sympathy is reaching the height of hoping that you and the children are not being over-worked to-day. And side by side with all, one may put what an old man said to a girl-pupil of the Bishop's, "If you want to know there is no God you need only look round you in St Giles'." But what it really means is man's awful need of God, and what am I doing to make them know Him? I have just seen such a good remark in Campbell's *Atonement* (it really *is* a book)—that the need of man is not measured by man's sense of need but by what God has provided to meet the need, and then I suppose we might go on to infer from the awfulness of the corruption which upper classes have wrought among lower classes, the awfulness of the obligation of upper classes as they awake, to carry the remedy down to lowest classes with all speed and energy. Well, the first thing is to train the children and the servants about one, as you are doing, and shoot out as many rays into the dark as possible meantime, until more openings are disclosed. How *are* we to fight the Cornish sin? The utter rebellion against all discipline which leaves their religion a prey to what is most gross.

To his Wife.

CONVOCATION.

19 July, 1881.

DEAREST LOVE,

We are all in much of most real sorrow over death of Dean Stanley.

The Archbishop left him only a few minutes before his death, having been with him for two hours. He has just spoken most excellently about him, so has Bishop of Lincoln in a grand tone. He says his last audible words were, "I have laboured with many frailties and in much weakness to make this institution the centre of the religious and national life of England in a liberal spirit." It is very interesting, is it not? The Archbishop spoke of the crowds of artisans to whom he made the Abbey a real piece of teaching every Saturday afternoon and entertained them afterwards—and he expressed his conviction that his influence and careful historical method had had a great power to chasten the sceptical inclinations of upper classes—of course too the great

power of his Arnold's Life. He certainly was a prince of the Church in a high sense and to me since 1853 how gentle a friend on every possible occasion. I must have those little Palestine relics put together.

The tremendous heat makes it hard to get on. We are fortunately very few in scarlet with an American Prelate (Kentucky) looking on admiringly, and listening, I should say, compassionately to what is now going on.

It is very much pleasanter to think of the Cedars at Selsdon or the Ilex at Kenwyn than to stare at the Venetian blinds here.

Your most loving husband,

E. W. T.

*To his daughter Mary Eleanor, on her going to
Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.*

ATHENAEUM CLUB,
PALM MALI, S.W.

Oct. 17, 1881.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER AND LOVE,

I must send you a fatherly greeting and prayers on your reaching your new home.

I was so sorry not to be at our own home when you left it for the first time. But I have thought of you and prayed constantly that your love and duty and above all your Faith in "God in Christ," who is the one Foundation of love and duty, may grow stronger and stronger, until you come to do what I always feel you will be fit to do, by God's continued Grace,—be a true helper to the faith of many.

You know well in these times how needful it is—what a sore creeping paralysis keeps many back from God. But keep up your own *spiritual life* by prayers, reading and the Holy Sacrament, and there is no fear of *intellectual doubt* proving too strong for us.

Of all my experiences this is the most certain,—that it is not until the *spiritual life* is invaded by languor and carelessness that our questionings become too much for us.

And now, dear love, if ever in your childhood until now inconsistencies and hastiness seem to show you how slowly the work of Grace is done, then you will forgive any one who has hindered you by inconsistency, and you will yourself be wise in time to cast out *any* habit of thought or feeling which has troubled your peace and stood in the least between God and you. We must cut the Canaanite *quite* out of our Heart-land.

God be always with you, over you, in you, and Remember
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES. +

I send you the usual little Birthday present which I forgot
to give you when we parted.

May God make us both and all happy in many many birthdays
of yours.

With more love than words can tell,

Your loving father,

E. W. TRURON.

To his daughter Mary Eleanor.

TRURO.

Nov. 18, 1881.

MY DEAREST LOVE AND DAUGHTER,

I won't go to bed when you have seemed to be with
us so much all day without telling you what a delightful opening
of the Chapel¹ we have had on Hugh's birthday.

He was so anxious to keep it in that manner that we postponed
it, and the Chapel after all would not have been ready if we
had not.

You know in general what the plan is and I think you would
find the colours very soft and very quiet, and yet rich, and the
screen, our only bit of *form*, very taking.

Mama will send you a programme. First we prayed yet asked
for forgiveness and help in what we were about to do. Then I
signed the License and Mr Dickinson read it aloud. Then, it
being by law allowed for the purpose, we had full choral Evening
Prayer. After that we dedicated the Altar and all its appointments,
Hugh bringing them one by one from the credence and
looking so reverent and simple in his purple cassock and ephod
like Samuel's. And then I spoke to them all about the "Decency
and order" of the Church of England in doing even such things
as setting apart a room solemnly, and about the Chapel at Lincoln
and its uses for Ordinations, for Family, for Private Prayer, and
then explained why we had our Lord drawn robed and crowned
as a King though on a Cross—in the window. Then prayers for
Hugh and for us all.

We had our five special Clergy, Chancellor, Canon Mason,
Walpole, Reeve, Dickinson and all the servants, outdoor and in.
Then—wasn't it a happy afternoon? and there was the assurance
that our dearest Martin was someway with us in spirit.

¹ The Private Chapel at Lis Escop, v. p. 161.

There is a special stall for the "eldest daughter at home"—and one for Arthur. Deus custodiat domum.

Thank you for the *prayer* which I shall use. You know how I pray for you constantly.

Your most loving father,

E. W. TRURON.

In 1882 my father finding that the Rev. J. P. Cann, of Davidstowe, near Tintagel, was anxious to go away for a holiday, offered to take the duty for him for six weeks. This gave him an opportunity of acquainting himself more in detail with the North of his diocese, as well as giving us all a change of air, in a romantic and beautiful region. We all went about the parish, visited, held Sunday Schools and Choir Practices, played the organ and enjoyed ourselves immensely; it interested my father to find himself a parish priest; I subjoin a few extracts from his Diary of the time:—

August 20, 1882. Preached twice at Davidstowe. The church full both times—from other places, for there are but 400 in a parish which formerly sent 60 people to church from a single farm. I preached on the Gospel in the morning to try to awaken the church people to a more sympathetic sense of their duty to each other, showing what a genuine repentance must lead on to. In the afternoon on the Epistle to make the dissenters realize not the fact of the Resurrection only, but the Power of the Resurrection—that that Power is a reality, cannot have faded, when both He and we are what He and man ever were.....

Remember the flowery slope of grass from which we watched the clear cut, black wild outlines against the sea burnished above and transparent green below. And the Eastern sky at sunset rose pink and forget-me-not blue, behind the wildest masses of dun and purple and ashen clouds rising against the wind.....

The beauty, fair cleanness and sweetness of the houses and persons of these poor people was striking. In colder air and climate I am sure there is more attention to neatness. It is not so in South Cornwall. Their grace, ease and manners altogether, the simple way they welcome us and say what is in their hearts so sensibly and without either "independence" or over deference, is beautiful. They sit down easily and pay their little compliments

and talk naturally of their own affairs with as much courtesy as the most cultured people. But they say "We don't know much, you know—it's only from house to church and from church to house with us." They are rejoicing in there being a christening on Sunday, "something for us to talk about, the Bishop christening"—and in so many young men having been at the last "bishopping," but "the women don't go to church now after their babies are born as they used to."

Sept. 2. Went with A., Maggie, Fred and Hugh to the top of Roughtor, defying this tremendous continuance of bad weather—a very grand walk though the wind was very violent and we were caught in flying sands, and the ground was wet and boggy. The view beautiful—Tintagel mystical thro' rainy films, and Padstow harbour gleaming like a silver thread. A troop of very pretty ponies grazing as well as sheep and small red bullocks—distant valleys palely discernible.

Sept. 13. One of the most delightful days of my life—by earliest train to Penzance, breakfasted there, drove to Logan Rock to top of which all climbed. Then walked with them by Tol Pedn Penwith to Land's End. The beauty and glory of rock, sea, sky and air and the dear enjoyment of these earnest children—as joyous as they are good—Fred's splendid dash up and down the rocks after a Clouded Yellow which he secured, and Hugh's endless similes for every effect. The peaceful penetrating delight of Maggie, and Nellie's capital sketching. The climax came sitting on Land's End itself, eating pounds of great grapes. Home by the latest train. All most delightful, and yet—.

The following extract from my father's Diary of 1882 shows the kind of work in which he was engaged and his eager interest in the parochial associations, sanctified or unsanctified, of his beloved diocese.

July 30. After Communion in Kenwyn and Mattins in Chapel drove with Maggie and the Ghicas¹ to Redruth and then in Molesworth St Aubyn's² carriage to Clowance to open the Mission Chapel for Leeds Town two miles further on—six or seven clergy there and good singing. The old incumbent of Crowan³ 76 years old and youngest of the party. It was a very

¹ Prince and Princess Demetrius Ghica of Roumania. Prince D. Ghica was an old Wellingtonian, and a much-beloved pupil of my father's; he is now the Roumanian representative at the Court of Berlin.

² The Rev. H. M. St Aubyn.

³ The Rev. J. W. Johns.

characteristic Cornish scene—driving thro' Chacewater and Redruth, places utterly lost to the Church long since, where one has invariably the sense that "one is not wanted here," out to D—where for the best of reasons not ten people are church people. The crowd was so great that I went after prayers into the porch and preached in the open air—a very large and very attentive mass of people. But tho' I said "Hats off for the prayer, please, and then put them on again," the Ghicas were shocked to see how few moved their hats. "Even Turks," said Ghica, "take off their fez when they enter a church in the East—and I have even seen Turkish officers cross themselves from a sense of propriety on passing the threshold." But something has destroyed reverence for the things of men and the things of God.....

We robed at a small farmer's close by (though in Gwinear) and when I thanked the farmer's wife, she said, "It's such a pleasure, you are so like brother"—and she made me write in her album, saying, "I don't know whether I shall ever hear *this great fellow* again,"—a perfectly respectful expression *in its intention*, as St Aubyn said.

In September my father and mother with my eldest sister and myself visited Addington, the Archbishop being dangerously ill. My father wrote in his Diary:—

Addington Park, Sept. 27. It is odd that the first description I can remember reading of any place, as a child of 9 or 10, was a long account of Addington in the *Saturday Magazine*. It described these slopes, the Archbishop gently walking about them, and the view studded, I remember it said, with "third class gentlemen's seats."

It is very strange that the first time we were asked to stay here, we were prevented by our dearest Martin's sudden illness and death. The second time I came Craufurd Tait lay dying and died in a few days. The third time the beloved Archbishop himself lies at death's door—believed a few days since to be passing within it, and now with his extraordinary vitality and calmness safe as I trust and believe, though it will be long before doctors will say out of danger.

At this time he suffered another bereavement in the death of his youngest sister Ada, wife of Andrew McDowall, who was then Headmistress of the High School at Bedford: he wrote in his Diary:—

I never can see so affecting a funeral—the noble unfinished buildings of her school—the girls standing in rows holding each a wreath—Mrs Max Müller and Miss Smith and fourteen of her old pupils and mistresses from Oxford. The governors and as it seemed all Bedford and her little babe—and the flower-heaped grave—and the strange sky in which one seemed to see grand figures seated in long lines on either side of a saffron rift in the clouds, the throned forms paling away as the flush deepened towards one central figure—"That we be not sorry as men without hope."—The perfectly lonely husband and the babes—What will God do for these? "He woundeth and his hands make whole."

The Rev. J. Andrewes Reeve, Rector of Lambeth, writes :—

When he was chosen for the newly founded Bishopric of Truro he asked me to leave my dear people at Nottingham and to go with him; the letter he wrote to me always strikes me as one of the most remarkable I have ever read; it changed the whole plan of my life and made it quite clear to me that I must leave a work from which I had hoped nothing but death could ever part me. He began "Πὼς ἂν γένοιτο ἡμῖν μὴ καυχᾶσθαι, εἰ μὴ ἐν τῷ ✠¹"; But I hope that is really only a boasting in the Cross which makes me unutterably glad to believe on the word of your two dearest friends that you may be looked for to come down and live among and for the poor and the schismatical, with love and guardedness of truth, as a helper of my work and of my joy....I believe that your prayers had something to do with my unlooked-for call to Truro, now then mine have their answer and part in my being enabled and bidden to call you thither. And you must not, you must not, you must not, really, on any account say me Nay. You and your Vicar are on such true and noble terms that I will not write to him first, until you have talked with him, or else asked me to write. But I am sure he will let you, nay tell you to come—and that is what, considering all things, I could say of very few Vicars of this present world. In the next all Vicars will be like him."

Then after describing Kenwyn parish, of which I was to be curate, he says, "We shall have daily services I suppose, for our church will have to serve for our chapel—it is close to the house. The Church a fine old granite Perpendicular place, in good order,

¹ A free quotation of Gal. vi. 14, "God forbid that we should glory, save in the Cross."

and a good organ: where I suppose, I shall be on Sundays, more often than in 'The Cathedral' a good deal. *Au reste, to find out what has to be done: to do it: to keep our own counsel before, during, after—to offend no man; to win what we can; to glory in tribulation; to endure hardness; to rise by failing; to win by yielding; to yield nothing except as a tide and for the same ends; to love one another; to make all men see that Jesus lives; to make all men see what is the Fellowship in that mystery, the Church; to pray ἀδιαλείπτως τοῖς ἄλλοις κηρύξαντας μὴ γενέσθαι ἁδοκίμους*¹..."

The Sunday night suppers, when we were all expected, were indeed love feasts never to be forgotten. I usually came in very late from some class or prayer meeting; often tired, often even disheartened. How I used to hurry in when the work was done, wondering what subject in the heavens above or the earth beneath I should find under discussion at the supper table!.....

Very often it was some passage of Scripture which our Master was illuminating. I feel that I know incidents in the Old and New Testaments which I have heard him talk over, in quite a different sense from that in which I know others. I remember his speaking of the possibility of the story of the first sin being a "myth," and of how natural it was as God taught us in Holy Scripture by fable, parable, allegory, lyric poem, and the rest, that he should also use the "myth." Another time he explained to my astonishment how possible it was that Abraham's thought of slaying Isaac may have come to him from living among a people who practised human sacrifices and "passed their children through the fire." Yet all the while he would insist on treating Holy Scripture as the Church had always done, with reverence and holy fear. I think his reverence for the Church and his clear grasp of the wonderful mystery of God in all ages working through and by the Church was the deepest thought in him. He would see in the "Amens" and "Alleluias" of a methodist prayer meeting "rudimentary liturgies"; and would trace in the often extravagant utterances of extempore prayer a remnant of that early gift of prophecy in the Church, which St Paul feared though he dared not disparage. The constant theme of his conversation was the bringing back of the old ideal: he taught us to long after Church life as lived in the Acts of the Apostles, and he tried to make us ashamed of any lower ambition, or meaner motive. I believe that all his work for his new diocese was inspired with the same high hope. His

¹ "Without ceasing, that having preached to others we should not be rejected." Cf. 1 Cor. ix. 27.

cordial intercourse with the great laymen of Cornwall, with municipal authorities, or with working men was all instinct with the same beautiful and conquering purpose. "It may not come (isn't likely to come) in our day; we shall pass away without seeing a change in God's great purposes." "Our work is not Restoration, but work at Restoration.".....

A little while before he left Truro for Canterbury I spent two quiet days with him and his at Kenwyn to bid them farewell. He told me of course much about his hopes and fears for his new life. I remember especially one thing he said in a walk through the Cornish lanes, which well illustrates the way he afterwards acted as Primate. He was saying how that in Truro he had surrounded himself with us moderate high churchmen, and that we had indeed been happy. "Now," he went on, "I shall be Archbishop of the *whole* Church, but" (with a bright look in his eye) "I mean to rule.".....

I will give one more of the many delightful letters I have received from him. I had sent him a remarkable little piece of his old diocese, when he had been Archbishop for some time; it was a piece of granite in which crystallization had taken the form of a cross, the coming event thus casting its shadow before it.

"Dearest John,—How delightful, a piece of imperishable Cornish earth, which before the world was, signed Cornwall with the Sign of the Cross. It is all one continuous strain which flows on in your being Vicar of St Just. This will long grace Lambeth—and won't be at an end when the world is. Even the 'Stony Ground' has its morals, and is good ground in its right place. When you are *near* Babylon, even if near is rather far, mind you slip into the Maelstrom and get whirled here. How we should rejoice at your coming."

Canon F. E. Carter, now Dean of Grahamstown, writes:—

In the Advent of 1878, a year and a half after his consecration, I went down to Truro to be ordained by him. I can see him now as he sat at the end of the dining-room table at Kenwyn in his purple cassock, giving us candidates a Greek Testament reading on the first day of the Embertide Retreat. It was always a great feature of his days with the ordinands. Each one had to translate a verse in turn: and as every blunder was unsparingly corrected, it was, to begin with, rather a formidable and dry proceeding. But when he began to go back over a section and draw out—largely by questions—all sorts of unexpected meanings and applications, the whole class soon caught something of his

warmth. His way of ejaculating "eh!" after a sentence, with an eager look to one and another as if to gain assent to his meaning, will be remembered by many. Our reading that day was on the Seven Epistles of the Revelation; and I well remember the tender words with which he closed after expounding the Epistle to Philadelphia. "Now, dear friends, do put yourselves in an attitude of adoring love to this Lord to-day and to-morrow. He gives you the key of David. All you have to do is patiently and quietly to fit it into the wards of the hearts of your young men and people, and turn it.... No combativeness! no party names! And whether joyousness comes or goes, do your day's work determinedly, till the day shall come when He shall give you the name which no man knoweth save he to whom it is given!"

All through those earliest years at Truro, we lived and worked in an atmosphere of ideals of which he was the inspirer. The position was full of delicacy, at every turn, for both leader and led. Not only were the Dissenters watching, in many quarters with considerable suspicion, every new move of the Church: but some of the clergy and laity of the old régime were not unnaturally a little sceptical about the issue of all the new plans and organisations which were being floated. But his radiant presence carried us all along—at any rate, those who were working more immediately round him—with unbounded enthusiasm and hope. He made us, great and small alike, feel that we had a share in a splendid venture of Church life and that every task and every detail in it might have an infinite worth. I am sure that one great secret of his influence over men lay in his power of revealing the greatness of things that seemed commonplace and little to ordinary eyes. He ennobled everything: and while he was not at all prodigal with his praises, he let you see how entirely he trusted you, how he expected you to do the right thing. It seems almost absurd to say that there was not one atom of officialism or pomposity in his manner. His delightful freedom and naturalness—and at times gaiety—set anyone who had to work with him at their ease—and often thrilled one with pleasure. I remember an accountant at Truro who had periodically to make up some school accounts with him, telling me what a delight his hours at Kenwyn with the Bishop were.....

One element of the charm which he exercised over most of us was, I think, his power of listening, with such genuine interest, to what one was trying to say. It would never have occurred to describe his manner as being "very kind": a phrase that so often suggests a studied condescension of manner which is apt to betra

weariness and even contempt behind it. He really seemed to want to get beneath your words, to know what you were thinking and wishing. It was this exquisitely natural courtesy coupled with such μεγαλοπρέπεια of presence and voice which, as much as anything else, won the hearts of the Cornish people as he moved up and down the Diocese. He once said to me that the way to deal with the Cornish was to surprise them. Certainly he *surprised* them into admiration and—though reverence is not one of their striking characteristics—into reverence for him. I am sure that his words were often hard sayings to them.

To his son Arthur, on the death of Lord F. Cavendish.

LOLLARDS' TOWER till TRURO
on SATURDAY.

10 May, 1882.

MY DEAREST ARTHUR,

I have been so busy and moving about. On Sunday I was at Oxford and staying with the Talbots. Mrs Talbot is Lady F. Cavendish's sister, so that the horror of this dreadful event was close on her, and in fact I had to break it to the Warden early and afterwards tell Mrs Talbot. I never heard anything so noble as Lady F. C.'s behaviour—no single word or touch of vindictiveness, "nothing common or mean"—only the hope coming to her at once that this innocent death might be the beginning of light for Ireland, and all night quietly speaking from time to time of the Passion of our Lord—"His Mother could not have understood it at the time,"—"it must have been all dark to her."

God bless and keep you.

Ever your loving father,

E. W. TRURON.

*To Canon Westcott, on his being elected Fellow
(Professorial) of King's.*

Oct. 23, 1882.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,

It must be a great satisfaction to your son¹ to find you following his steps so closely, and obtaining your fellowship so soon after him.

And I am sure you feel that, if you work, and do not let

¹ The Rev. F. B. Westcott, now Headmaster of Sherborne School, who had been elected Fellow of Trin. Coll. Camb. in 1882.

yourself be dazzled by this success, a very distinguished career may now be open before you.

After a few years you may not unnaturally look forward to *settling*. But there is time enough for that, and in the mean time you need to keep your mind steadily aloof from all such considerations. They will only distract you. And when the time comes the opportunity will come.

However, these are but personal considerations, and however self-evident, I shall not allow them to interfere with my rejoicing on public ground, and my conviction that Henry the Sixth¹ in Paradise smiles well-pleased.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. TR.

To the Rev. J. A. Reeve, at St Just, on the Cycle of Confirmations.

1 Dec. 1882.

LOVING SON—what shall I say? Et tu, Brute?

In order that there may be anything like equity in Jacob, there must be method *even* in the Church.

The Deanery is divided into two halves, whereof one is taken every year alternately, and the Towns every year. 1883 is the year for the *Eastern* half of the Deanery. (You led the Rural Dean into error, I conclude? He put you down for a Confirmation.)

Parishes whose turn it is *not* are quite at liberty to resort to any parish whose turn it is, in their off years.

I *have* (I confess) gone sometimes to parishes whose turn it was *not*, when the earnestness of the parish and the Priest were evinced by the numbers that desired my office. Were I like you, and, in my perfectness of view, did "*not* regard *numbers*," of course I should *not* go down to them.

But perhaps it is my descent that infects me, and makes me observe how my forefathers, the Holy Apostles, did emphasize the fact of there being "3000" one day and "about 120 names" on another occasion, and relate of the "153 fishes," types of the called and saved, and the "number sealed in each tribe," and many other such cases—noting even whether "many" or "few" were healed, converted, or had laying on of hands. And if ever I have the joy of beholding Ezekiel and David, and speaking to them of thee, brother, I will for thy sake veil the little fact that

¹ Founder of King's College, Cambridge.

“you do not think much of numbers” as they, poor souls, did—and do.

But I doubt not that even thy after-drinking of thy glass of sweetness will find at the last the little lump of verjuice, which you drop quietly into the potion.

And again, if you will look down the little Calendar, which you have received of me, and will (as you know) read into that column of days, the journey every Wednesday to London, and every Saturday back again, perhaps you will then say which day can (you think) be appointed for your extra Confirmation—or, as you put it, for the “advertisement of your blessing.”

Nevertheless—*supposing* the Sennen Mission to yield fruit, and *suppose* that you have more knowledge, than you can yet have, of serious people wishing Confirmation for themselves, and that the numbers satisfy me, not you, I shall be as heretofore ready to listen to your reasonable Desires.

Your loving,

E. W. T.

I was extremely sorry you did not come to the Diocesan Conference.

Hadn't you better keep your classes simmering—in expectation that the Sennen Mission will lead to a demand (which would come irresistibly) for a Confirmation there, and then use that for this year?

Your most affectionate,

E. W. TR.

I *keep* your Methodist Circular, unless you want it. Marvellous.

To the Rev. R. T. Davidson, on Archbishop Tait's last illness.

PETERHOUSE LODGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Nov. 25, 1882.

MY DEAR DAVIDSON,

...His own beautiful head and face and the light there is about it—“the crown of glory” on “the way of righteousness,” and the loving spirit, which *not* in vain is longing to create peace among the unpeaceful, are a holy support to the faith of those who have now to bear, in watching his passing. He will render an account every way with *joy*, and I hope and pray that his joy may be made fuller by some sign of peace from the fold¹.

¹ *i.e.* an expected letter from St Albans, Holborn; see *Abp Tait's Life*, vol. II. pp. 475—480.

I wish I were worthy to think out and send him any message such as a faithful son and servant ought to send him. But he *knows* how I love him, though so unworthily, and I can only ask him to feel that his prayers and efforts for Peace in the Church cannot be in vain, and that many feel that while, in his illness he is shut out from the counselling which *all*—(*all of all parties*, I never saw anything like it) were looking to him for, yet they think that his interceding is only counselling in perhaps a higher and more powerful way. But all this is too weakly expressed to tell him—so please only say how everywhere his flock are loving and praying for him—*everyone* speaks of it with deepest feeling.

And again :—

It is so strange a thing always if a public and historical event of a very moving kind, has also its place very near and privately in one's heart, as if it were quite a private event. One moment one *swings* out into sympathy with the ten thousand who mourn a "prince and a great man" with unusual love, and the next all *that* seems nothing at all beside the thought of the daughters and you, whom we have loved so with all our whole hearts, and had such real privilege and blessing in loving. One moment one has to muster all one's Faith thinking of the Church in this hour, and the next one seems more to *see* than believe, when one thinks of the three so simply and utterly devoted daughters and of his "second Craufurd" and almost *sees* the company in Paradise, and *cannot* think of you all as "sorrowing," because there is such an eternal light on the last hour of the Faithful High Priest. You know that wonderful mediaeval idea that "character" imprinted here by the particular Calling of God which each has had here, is somehow eternized—it is difficult to think of him without it—without the *πέταλον*¹ or something spiritual answering to it.

Here all falls in with to-day's thoughts. The clouds began to weep, and wept much, and all is grey, and the Church pennon is half mast high, and the bells began to peal for Church and stopped suddenly and tolled, and the Christian Year for to-day wants one more stanza—and all things say "et vos estote parati." Be sure we pray and give thanks with you.

Your ever affectionate,

E. W. TRURON.

Love to each, pray, as well as to all.

¹ *πέταλον* is the word used in the LXX. for the gold plate on the High Priest's mitre.

After the funeral of Archbishop Tait, which the Bishop attended, he wrote to Mr Davidson :—

...And the only second word is of thankfulness for you—that you were able to arrange and organize a “scene” so true and beautiful and touchingly fervent without the *least* of a “scene” in any aspect. It was true nature and true love expressing itself nobly. The grand “scenes” of the *Revelation Worship* one feels to have nothing of a scene about them—because all is real, “uttering its voices” as is natural to it. And here that day, from the princes turning back, after laying down their wreaths, with eyes swimming, to the humblest gardener who wheeled the bier or lowered the coffin, there was not a single soul who was not in earnest. Nothing *could* go wrong—all things beautifully planned, and all people catching your every idea.....

The two lessons of this evening as I read them alone, not being quite well enough to go out,—how they showed the power of GOD to sympathise with our sorrow and to bring it into Glory—preparing for death alone—struck on the face—no one willing to have anything to do with Him—the same Person who in His childhood holds all spiritual, all material power.

St John xviii. read with Isaiah xi. ! How it assures to His servants, if they have only that same simplicity and sufferingness as He—all that is meant by “being” for ever “with Him where He is”—and *that* our lost Father had, and *there* he is. Deo Gratias—Deo Gratias—Thank you all for teaching me to say so ; I never thought I could during his illness.

To Canon Mason.

TRURO, Dec. 12, 1882.

AGAPIT,

I have, as I should think every one else did, carried away from Addington Churchyard a bad cold and a thankful heart of Requiem. It was most perfect.

As to Canterbury—the best remedy for the particular form of nervousness which I gather that you are indulging, will be the constant use of the prayer which I enclose.

Your ever loving,

E. W. TR.

The exact reasons which led to my father's being offered the Primacy on the death of Archbishop Tait cannot

I suppose ever be accurately known. Dean Church was certainly sounded by Mr Gladstone as to whether he would accept the Primacy ; but his health and mode of life made it out of the question : it was more generally anticipated that the Bishop of Winchester (Harold Browne) would have been appointed, but his age and infirmity rendered this impossible. The Queen was then strongly in favour of the Primacy being offered to the Bishop of Truro ; the Prince Consort had reposed a singular confidence in him and she herself had long regarded him with friendly feelings. Archbishop Thomson's health was known not to be very secure, and Bishop Lightfoot had hardly been long enough at Durham to have made his mark as yet as a great ecclesiastical ruler. The Bishop of Truro was no politician ; he had been appointed by Lord Beaconsfield to Truro, and had, just before the Primacy was vacant—with what might have been regarded as almost unnecessary candour, had he been a personally ambitious man—taken the trouble to go to Cambridge to give his vote for a Conservative candidate¹ to represent the University in Parliament. On the other hand, he was known to hold fairly liberal opinions, and his conspicuous success, wherever he had been, marked him out as a leader of men.

It was just about Christmas time that the Primacy was offered him ; the first post came before breakfast, and he used to read his letters at breakfast. I remember the meal well : he read his letters as usual, made no remark, but shortly after breakfast called us into his study and told us that the offer had been made. I was myself not unprepared for it, as I had been told at Cambridge that many people believed it would be offered to him. He said a few words about the responsibilities of the post and his need of advice on the subject : and a few words

¹ Mr Raikes, in succession to Mr Walpole. The Poll for the representation of Cambridge University closed Nov. 28. Archbishop Tait died on Dec. 3.

about his private fortune which was small and which he told us would if anything be decreased by his acceptance of the Primacy. I recollect that he was pale and very grave in manner and showed nothing but an intense anxiety on the subject. He wrote at once asking for time to consider the matter. He found that all his friends had no doubt what he ought to do; and a gracious letter from the Queen, expressing an earnest hope that he would accept the Primacy, brought him to the point of decision.

Mr Gladstone to the Bishop of Truro.

10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL.
Dec. 16, 1882.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF TRURO,

I have to propose to your Lordship, with the sanction of Her Majesty, that you should accept the succession to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, now vacant through the lamented death of Archbishop Tait.

This proposal is a grave one, but it is I can assure you made with a sense of its gravity, and in some degree proportioned to it: and it comes to you, not as an offer of personal advancement, but as a request that, whereas you have heretofore been employing five talents in the service of the Church and Realm, you will hereafter employ ten with the same devotion in the same good and great cause. I have the honour to be, my dear Lord Bishop, with cordial respect,

Sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Were not this letter sufficiently charged already, I would ask what information can your Lordship give me concerning Mr Wilkinson (of St Peter's, Eaton Square).

The Bishop of Truro to Mr Gladstone.

TRURO.
18 Dec. 1882.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am sure that you will be ready to believe that I cannot and ought not to do more to-day than simply acknowledge a letter which—with Her Majesty's gracious sanction—seems to

be a call so momentous. May I beg for a few days' interval, in which I may see one or two friends who both know my affairs and will counsel me as Christian men, with no eye to anything but the service to be done and the burden to be borne for the Church and her Lord.....

I remain, etc. etc.

E. W. TRURON.

To Dr Westcott.

LIS ESCOP, TRURO.

Dec. 20, 1882.

Ad Cathedram Cantuar. advocatus est puer omnium puerorum
Dñi indignissimus.

Si me amas, ora, cogita, rescribe.

To Bishop Harold Browne.

TRURO.

20 Dec. 1882.

MY DEAREST AND MOST REVERED BROTHER AND LORD,

As I am perfectly sure of the tenderness which you have always in the least particulars and in the greatest shown to me, and as I am sure that you know how constant is the love and reverence which all you are and do inspires in me, and as I know that the Queen has told you that nothing but your "crown of glory," as Solomon hath it, has prevented her from asking you to wear a thornier wreath than your present one, I must write one line to tell you that she has asked the most unworthy of your young brothers to wear it for you and to *try* to wear it as you would have done. *That* is a vain attempt. But if you can give a little of your love and faith and patience away by your sympathy and encouragement it would seem less hopeless.

A word from you would be precious here in your own house.

Your loving and grateful,

E. W. TRURON.

The Bishop replied assuring him of his affectionate and loyal cooperation; the Bishop of Truro answered as follows:—

Dec. 29th, 1882.

That the Queen should have written to ask your kind powerful aid for me touches me to the very heart. But in her Queen-soul

she knew she was asking what you would in all nobleness do unasked—that it would be your very nature to do it. And now I have nothing more to ask but that you will be ready always to tell me of every fault you see in me—and wherever my miswisdom, or my low ideal, or any other vice of nature draws my eyes down from the Pattern showed us in the Mount, you will be prompt to say so and not spare.

From Her Majesty the Queen.

OSBORNE.

Dec. 22, 1882.

The Queen wishes to express to the Bishop of Truro her earnest hope that he will accept this offer which she has made to him through Mr Gladstone, of the very important and high position of Primate—as she feels that he will thereby conduce greatly to the well-being and strength of the Church—and be a great support to herself.

The Queen, and her dear husband in byegone days, always had a high opinion of and sincere regard for the Bishop of Truro.

To Her Majesty the Queen.

TRURO.

23rd Dec. 1882.

MADAM,

Your Majesty's writing was a most gracious act for which I am deeply thankful. With extreme dread of failing in so high a trust, I was nevertheless drawn to the conclusion, under the advice of the few whom I could trust to *warn* me, that I ought to obey the call of Your Majesty, made to me through Mr Gladstone. The immediate arrival of Your Majesty's letter has dispelled the last doubt, and especially the most deeply kind assurance of personal confidence gives me a fresh and real hope.

I ask of God, and hope that worthier prayers than mine may obtain for me the grace to fulfil for the Church and Country what Your Majesty expects from me, and to be the most faithful servant of your throne.

Your Majesty's

Most devoted servant and subject,

E. W. TRURON.

The Bishop of Truro to Mr Gladstone.

TRURO.

23 Dec. 1882.

MY DEAR SIR,

I hope that I have not exceeded the time that I might properly be allowed.

I have now received the judgment of those from whom I most wished to hear—whom I most trusted to speak out to me with perfect sense of their responsibility—and specially from some of the Bishops.

Advised by them all in one way—and nevertheless with all awe which would, if it were suffered, degenerate into tears—I accept the Primacy—or in words of your own which are far more serious and inspiring, “the succession to the Archbishopric of Canterbury.”

God give Grace. God give all that I only can know to be so fearfully wanting. I will give all that He gives to the Service of the Queen, and people, and Church.

That Her Majesty herself approves it, knowing almost better than anyone some earlier work, is a thought full of strength.

May I say—God forgive me if I ought not—how much I feel its coming through you, with your heart-deep love of the English Church, and your devotion to her work and her Life.

From Her Majesty the Queen.

OSBORNE.

Dec 28, 1882.

The Queen has received with much gratification and pleasure the Bishop of Truro's kind letter accepting the high and responsible office of Primate.

From all sides she hears such expressions of thankfulness at this decision, and such confidence expressed in the Bishop. Her best and most earnest good wishes will attend him in his arduous and high Calling!

The Queen has heard with great satisfaction that Mr Davidson is (for the present at any rate) to give him his valuable assistance in the same position which he held with his beloved Father-in-law.

The Queen has just had a letter from the Dean of Westminster, in which he speaks of the Bishop and Mr Davidson in the warmest terms.

When it is possible for the Bishop to get away for a night, the Queen would be most anxious to see him.

He was overwhelmed with letters of congratulation, which he answered for the most part by sending little illuminated cards, with a text, like Christmas cards, with a few words scribbled on each, in almost every case asking for prayers that he might be guided and made stronger to bear the heavy responsibility. He wrote a letter to the Churchmen of his Diocese.

To the Church in Cornwall.

MY DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS,

.....Little justice should I do to my creed or my feelings if I did not yet once again, as often in the past, acknowledge with love and gratitude that activity for Christ's sake, that open-handedness, that kindness towards all good works, that favour at beholding growing activities in the Church, which have been shown by the Wesleyans and by very many others, who nevertheless have and use energetically organizations of their own.

Where I go I have a noble holy example before my eyes—my great predecessor in the archiepiscopal see. But how hard to follow. The greatness was God's gift of nature. But the holiness and the sweetness of his charity—for that I am bound to strive as I may. You (I know it) will pray for me often (for I shall belong to you still), and specially in that Holiest Communion where we are together unsevered by time or by space, that I may strive not in vain. I bless God for some little knowledge of the strong dignity of his work, and yet more for the sight of his fervent love to all men, and of his dying yearning for peace among Christians, which, by God's special goodness was allowed to me from time to time in his weeks of ebbing life.

For my successor here I pray with you, while it is known to God only who he shall be. I scarce think you can have one who will love Cornwall better than I—her primeval church and warm-hearted children and her vestiges of old story, her shores and shrines, and the fair House of God which is rising in the midst; but I will beseech you to pray for one who will work in the Spirit of Christ more faithfully, more zealously, more intelligently.

For her prosperity, both temporal and spiritual, I and mine shall never cease to pray; for her enrichment in every grace, in

hope and love and generosity, in purity of faith and purity of life,
in perfect truth and perfect peace.

I subscribe myself

for life your devoted Servant,

E. W. TRURON.

Christmas, 1882.

*To Canon Wilkinson, who had been offered the Bishopric
of Truro.*

TRURO.

13 Jan. 1883.

"Thou that hearest the prayer,
Unto Thee shall all flesh come."

Surely prayer has been heard. All the West, and many East and West have been praying fervently for God to "show *whom He has chosen*" here. And some have prayed that you might stay at your present task, and God hath taken "the whole disposing thereof." Of this more presently—but you never could speak to me of a call, you never could speak to any one any more of a call, of praying, waiting, following, if you closed your ear to this—nor would you ever hereafter be able to say you *had* followed, when trouble comes, and so be sure of being led further.....

The 120 wore a *Seal*. I think I used the very word. Not a Trumpet—but a Seal. The Seal is put on when the roll is finished. It was to dispel that fear which was gathering round you then, "that the work was ceasing to tell." It assured you so lovingly that the work was as good and blessed as ever, but that in that assurance, in fulness of blessing it was to *end*. You were not to be allowed to make it thin off through years, but God would have it a λόγον συντετελεμένον¹.

I have just broken ground. It was what I have all my life been set to do. I do not believe I could plant and reap here. The new Colonus is wanted, to do much more than I could ever do,—then the work is in you, visible.

And now as to its being God's doing and not mine. I am glad you mention that you had heard that I "pressed your name," for your mention of it enables me to tell you.

¹ "A word cut short," cf. Ro. ix. 28.

I was deeply, constantly longing for it. But even in prayers I would do no more than just offer your name on my heart to God, after praying that He would show whom He chose. I was determined that I would make no move of my own, towards what I desired, that I would suggest no name, and I did not. Every word I have said was in answer to direct questions from the *two* who had a right to question—neither of them prompted by me to ask me.

To Professor Westcott, on the selection of Chaplains.

TRURO.

24 Jan. 1883.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I ought to have a Chaplain who belongs to the Evangelicals, or is as near them as possible, in order that they may be able to let me know privately and honestly, through some one they trust, what they think about some matters as they arise, and in order more generally that I may not disfavour them.

I should like him to be a Cambridge man if there is such an one. But whether of Cambridge or not, is there anyone whom you could recommend?

I feel sure that you pray for me—but the load and the gloom are from time to time too much.

Yours affectionately,

E. W. TRURON.

To Canon Mason.

TRURO.

Natali Martini nostri ac Redemptoris sui.

Feb. 13, 1883.

Thank you for your dear little note to my dear wife. This is indeed the day which makes this world, as long as it lasts for us, to be

“Drest with faint beams”—

And we feel your sorrow and your “peace at home” with our own....

I only hope *you*, dearest friend, are not spent by all the fire and spirit you have been giving out. *Benedictio Dñi sit super vos omnes nunc et in saecula. Amen.*

I have been *very* unwell. From the effects of a dose of poison¹, incautiously swallowed—but happily immediately rejected.

¹ An Alcaic Ode, of the nature of a panegyric, addressed to the Bishop by Canon Mason.

It was very sweet and came in a letter. It is awful to think what lengths Fenianism and Episcopalianism are going to. It was anonymously sent. I never looked at anything half so attractive. But it had rather got hold of my system through the heart and brain I believe, before I detected it. It is described in the Vesper Hymn for Monday, Paris Breviary.

Vox blanda saevit tristius,
Dum pectus incautum subit,
Lapsuque caeco dulcibus
Laudum venenis inficit.

Congratulate me on my escape.

Your lovingest friend,

EDW. CANTUAR. elect.

Professor Mason writes:—

At the Editor's request, I wrote a short paper for the "Church in Cornwall" on "Our Loss," when the Bishop accepted the Primacy. As soon as Canon Wilkinson's appointment to Truro was announced, the Bishop, who did not quite approve of my former paper, said, "Now you must write one on 'Our Gain.'"

The view which the new Archbishop held of the duties and possibilities of his office before he actually entered upon it are best illustrated by his speech at the Festival of the Truro Church of England Mutual Improvement Society on Jan. 22, 1883. After an address to the young men who composed it, in presence of a crowded audience, the Archbishop-Designate said:—

It may not be possible I shall again have the opportunity of speaking to such an assembly of Cornishmen and Cornishwomen as this is, and therefore I must break off by thanking you for the great kindnesses, the tenderness, the simplicity of affection with which you have treated me ever since I came into Cornwall. The moment I set foot in Cornwall you were willing to believe far more good of me than ever was or can be true, and ever since whatever little efforts I have been able to make you have welcomed with regard tenfold more than they deserved; and whatever mistakes I have made you have been willing quite to overlook, because you know—what is truth—that my heart is with you—my heart is with you and it always will be. I

hope you will not consider it boasting if I say I know Cornwall about as well as any Cornishman can possibly do. It would be very wrong—I should have misused all my opportunities—if I did not, because there is scarcely anyone who has been carried as I have been into every part and corner, and parish of it, and wherever I have gone I have never left without loving and caring for Cornwall. You Cornish people have received a very noble inheritance. It has very strange, and very interesting, and very remarkable characteristics, and you will do well always to keep it so, and look upon every one of its characteristics as your inheritance—not foolishly to brag of any of it, or misrepresent it, but to calmly and quietly, like true descendants of your ancestors, look over every part of it, and know that which is good in it, put away everything evil in it, and go on improving and improving until all the glorious things that God has put into your hands are really dear to you, and all regarded by you in the very spirit of God. You must try to make Cornwall altogether a sweet and holy place. Why should it not be so, here in this Western sanctuary, the place where every Christian virtue can bud and blossom like a rose? Canon Mason has told you that I have been called to occupy a seat more ancient than the Throne of Queen Victoria ; but you will remember this, that if there is anything that has dignified the seat, if there is anything that is characteristic of it, it is that through all the dim antiquity through which it comes down, it has always been the loyal subject and servant of the Sovereign's Throne and of the people. I should like to go through the history of that seat with you, but its history is now very accessible and can be read by all. Its history tells us of those wonderful times when Lambeth Palace was built on the other side of the Thames from the King's Palace, because the people felt that if a tyrant came upon the Throne, or a press of nobles gathered about the English Throne, they ought to have close by, and invested with full power, in order to do their work, those who had risen from themselves, and who would be able to confront any oppression and stand up for the people on the principles of the law of Christ, so that, as an historian says, the Archbishops of Canterbury were the tribunes of the people as well as faithful to the monarchy. It is a very remarkable office to which I have been called, and one which ought to and really does crush one to the earth while one thinks of its responsibilities ; absolutely faithful to the monarchy, and at the same time looked upon and trusted as the best representative of the people by the side of the monarchy. Since those days

this office has passed through many vicissitudes ; but I ask you as a last request to pray God for this, that it may please Him that it may ever be the seat of those who wish to be most devoted to the Throne of England and most devoted to her people. If you give me your prayers for that you will give me the very best gift you can possibly give, and in return I need hardly promise you, dear Cornwall shall ever be in my daily morning and evening prayers ; and if you are kind enough to regard it as an honour that your first Bishop, who accepts the offer with much simplicity and fear and trembling, is called to that office—you will only accept that as a tribute to yourselves, and consider it is wrapped up with the love I shall henceforth carry with me to my grave—you will honour me still more.

On Sunday, February 25th, the Archbishop-Elect preached a farewell sermon at Kenwyn Church. He took for his text 2 Cor. i. 12, "For our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world, and more abundantly to you-ward." The subject of the sermon was "Simplicity." He ended with the following words :—

...So, dear friends, since there *is* so much good going on, and so many loving hearts at self-denying work, let us as we pass say that we are sure that He who has wrought this good work will continue it to the day of Christ. Here for six years we have worshipped together in this simple quiet church, where the stone of the wall and the beam of the roof bear witness to us of past generations.

The bright clear well outside tells us of a holy man who laboured and preached here, and baptized our forefathers, 1200 years ago : then 600 years later the Bishop of Exeter consecrated the altar : so one generation declares God's works to another down through the ages. And then John Wesley stood against one of those pillars and preached, and Henry Martyn talks of the quiet Sunday afternoons he had in Kenwyn Church, and George Cornish, the friend at once of three such diverse men as Newman, Keble and Arnold—these men so different from each other—and others who are still living, have stood and preached the truths of Christ on this spot. How continuous the flow of

God's truth has been since the heathen had their heads bathed in the well outside! And now there is another little crisis in this parish, not to be compared with those great times, for other men have laboured and we have entered into their labours, and God has showed them His work and us, their children, His glory. Your vicar goes to another parish, and I part from this church I have loved and go to a house whose walls bear witness of Wickliffe, Anne Boleyn, Cranmer, and Laud, and through all we see that it is not change, but continuity, which is the great law of God. The little particles, you and I, pass away to holier worlds, but the work goes on: the change is small, the continuity long. O that we may take our part in the stream of holiness, and while we live do our part to roll the stream of good down to the ages that are to come after us.

So let us know each other, and love, and be together in mutual intercession: pray you for me, if you will be so kind, and I for you, I steadfastly promise you. We may not see each other's faces, but God will see us both, and we are one in Him.

Our very words of parting witness that change is not the great law of life. The Greeks parted from each other with the word *χαίρε*, "rejoice." The Roman farewell was "Vale," "be strong," and our English "farewell" means "go on, go forward, go on from strength to strength, fare well." So our common word Good-bye is simply "God be with you." Each recognises as each passes away from each, perhaps to see his face no more, that God will be with them both, that they will be one in His presence. May our parting be of this true and noble kind: joy,—strength,—progress,—the Presence of God.

CHAPTER X.

LIFE AT ADDINGTON AND LAMBETH.

"Then said Christian to the Porter, Sir, what house is this?...The Porter answered, This house was built by the Lord of the Hill, and he built it for the relief and security of Pilgrims."

BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim's Progress*.

*"But blame thou not the winds that make
The seeming-wanton ripple shake,
The tender-pencil'd shadow play."* TENNYSON.

ABOUT a month before Archbishop Tait's death I went with my father and mother and eldest sister to stay at Addington. Archbishop Tait, who knew himself to be on his death-bed, desired my father's presence because, as afterwards appeared, he had strongly in his mind the belief that the Bishop of Truro would eventually succeed to the Archbishopric; my father and mother saw him once or twice, the rest of us not at all, as he was confined to his bed, but he daily sent us affectionate messages. To my father the visit was like a patriarchal benediction.

I do not know why, but it was very strongly borne in upon my mind as by a presentiment, that Addington would be our home, from the first moment we entered the Park gates. One evening in the falling twilight I walked with my father up and down the drive, the breeze blowing very fragrantly out of the wood. My father talked about Addington, and said that no future Archbishop could ever live there; that it was too much in

the style of the *grand seigneur*, and that it was a most unsuitable house both from its size and from the inevitable expenses of such an establishment.

Yet later on it became to him a most beloved home ; its nearness to London was an immense convenience, and its great seclusion gave the rest after London life which was essential ; and from the moment of his appointment he never seriously thought of giving Addington up.

The house is a great grey stone building¹, very ugly in front, rather stately behind : the ground falls so rapidly that the front door is really on the first floor of the house, with a large basement below.

It lies in the corner of a park of some 600 acres ; a lovely tract of undulating ground, with every kind of scenery to be found within it. There is a steep heathery valley with pines : there is a great tract of English woodland with beautiful glades and open spaces, a certain amount of pasture land behind the house, and a little farm land as well, very gracefully concealed. There is a small home farm and large gardens. The great beauty of the place is derived from the extreme steepness of the gravel hills, the shoals of some ancient sea, over which the woodland extends.

The house itself was very substantially built. You entered by a large hall which had a collection of ancient weapons on the walls, with the words "*Dominus custodiat introitum tuum et exitum tuum*" over them, a motto which would seem ironical until the weapons were examined. To the left of the hall was an anteroom, where was a large library of biography and history, neatly arranged by my father on some esoteric plan of his own, which resulted in every book being where you least expected it ; for instance, in arranging a work in several volumes,

¹ It is now (1900) undergoing extensive alterations, having been sold by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

the last volume was always to the left and the first to the right of the set. Over the various bookshelves were ingenious Latin mottoes put up by him. Over the door into the drawing-room, which was covered with book-backs, he put up "*Pervius usus auctorum*" parodying it from the lines in the *Aeneid*—"pervius usus tectorum Priami"; over another bookcase "*Nunquamne reponam?*" In this room were also his large collections of photographs and prints.

Another door from the anteroom led into my father's study. He was very sensitive to draughts, and found that people were apt to leave the anteroom doors into the hall open. He therefore put up a notice, sealed with the archiepiscopal seal, between the doors:

"To close one of these doors is an act of obligation.

To close both is an act of merit."

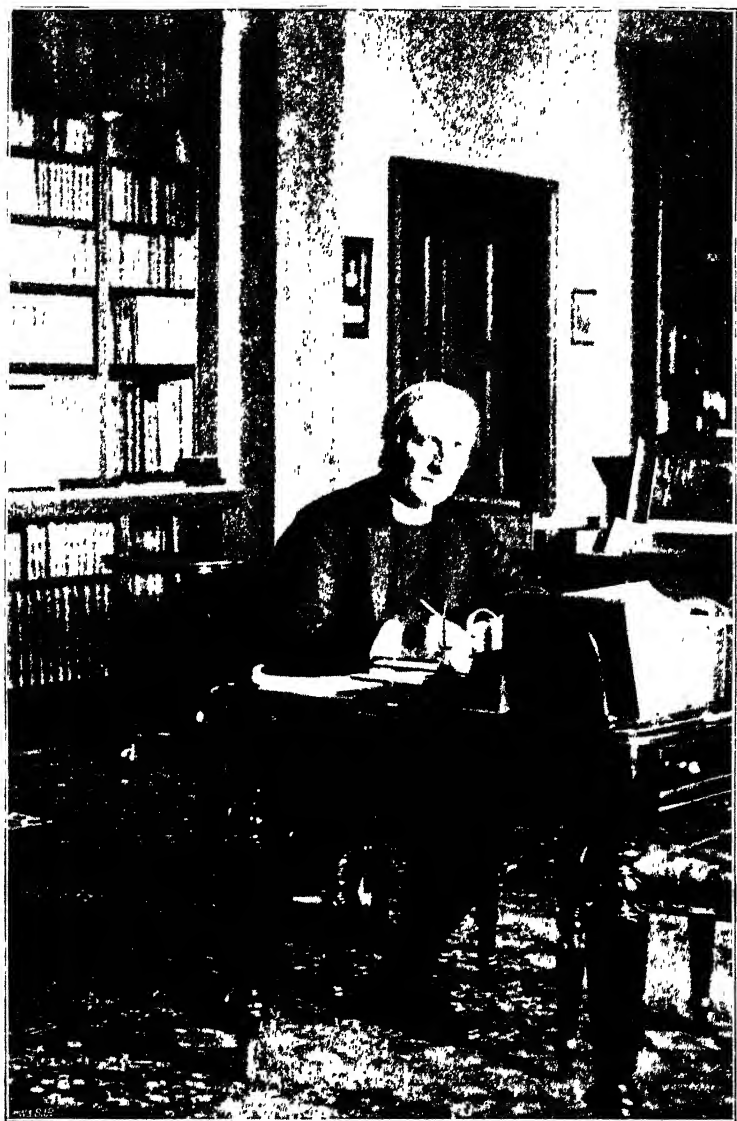
The whole of his study was full of books, arranged in subjects with immense care. Classics, hymnology, Theology and general literature. Over the Patristic class was inscribed, "*Ex veris possunt nil nisi vera sequi.*" Over the classical books was *ΤΙΣ ΑΠΟΚΥΛΙΣΕΙ ΗΜΙΝ*¹. Over the Old Testament was "*a longe aspicientes. et salutantes*."² Over the Historical section was "*aut facta scribere, aut scribenda facere,*" over a section dealing with Oriental and other religions "*vario discrimine caeli tendimus,*" over the shelves that contained New Testament commentaries was *ΠΙΣΤΟC Ο ΚΑΛΩΝ*³.

There were several tables used for different purposes; but his own special table was near the door and opposite to it, so that anyone entering the room, tumbling perhaps over the sandbag placed to exclude draughts, fell into the presence of the Primate as he sat facing the door; in this room all sorts of little curious mementoes, family trifles, and

¹ "Who will roll away for us [the stone]?" Mk. xvi. 3.

² Heb. xi. 13.

³ "Faithful is he that calleth," 1 Thess. v. 24.



THE ARCHBISHOP IN HIS STUDY AT ADDINGTON, CIRCA 1890.

odds and ends accumulated. Henry Martyn's riding whip was over the mantelpiece; a plaster statuette of Newton with an Egyptian charm hung round the neck; a marble clock with a bronze statuette of a sitting nymph, which my father loved because of its exceeding ugliness. Any trifling presents that we gave him were always carefully arranged and displayed here, and he never failed to notice the absence of any familiar object. There were four great windows looking out, over the lawn and meadows, to quiet pastoral hills on which he loved to rest his eyes.

The packing up in this room of things to go to Lambeth was always a solemn function, and it took all his odd moments for days to complete this to his satisfaction. He had a tall chest of drawers that went to and fro, and I remember once when he had mislaid some precious object, seeing him searching for it just after he had finished his packing, and turning out of the drawers all sorts of odd things that he had packed in to prevent, as he said, "the things churning about."

At the end of the study a tall door led into the Chapel, which, out of a bare room, he had made into a very seemly sanctuary, as he describes in his Diary. The altar was vested with fabrics unusual but effective. The East end was hung with the levitical colours in striped curtains of plush. His own stall had curtains "for state not for use" as he said.

Everything was done in the most seemly way but without elaborate ritual. Even when celebrating alone my father always read Epistle and Gospel from the proper stations. To the left of the altar were a plain wooden Archiepiscopal Cross¹ and a Pastoral Staff². The credence³ was supported on the mahogany pillars that had sustained the foundation stone of Wellington College.

¹ Now in the Parish Church of Pateley Bridge, Yorkshire.

² Now in the Morning Chapel, Lincoln Cathedral.

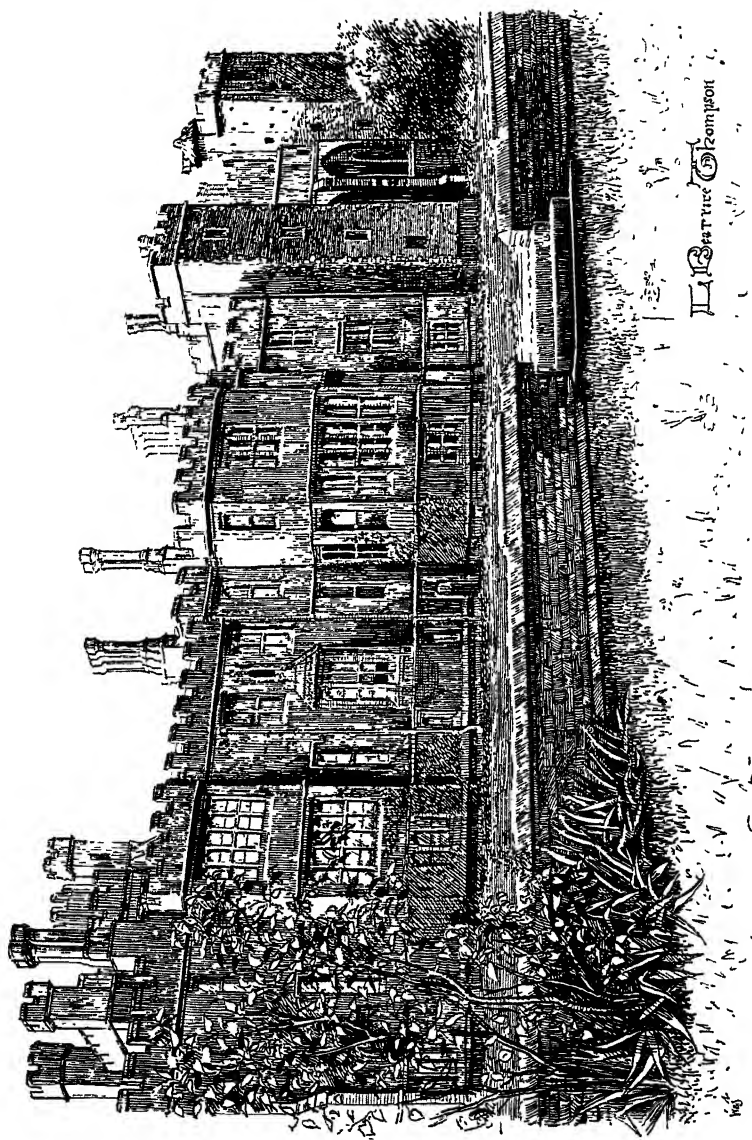
³ Now in the Chapel of Wellington College.

At the South-Eastern corner of the house was a large room which was always called the schoolroom, used by my sisters as a sitting-room, and where, when alone, we had a nursery tea presided over by "Beth," who had nursed my mother and all her brothers, as well as all of us. Beth, who could never bring herself to address my father except as "Sir," always insisted on nursing him when he was ill with affectionate severity and much persuasive speech.

My father always sighed and hankered after Addington when in London; he would go and picnic there at Whitsuntide or run down for a Sunday if he could. He imagined that his health and spirits were better there than at Lambeth, but it was not the case: he was often ill and more often depressed at Addington; while at Lambeth, though he groaned over his work, he was usually in good health and spirits: for he was suited for the fray.

Stately, beautiful and dignified as Lambeth is, it was never deeply loved by my father; the associations that he had with it were of hard unrelieved work, anxious interviews, momentous meetings; it was to him an official residence, whereas Addington was a home.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the amenities of Lambeth; quite apart from its dignity, its associations, its beauty, it is wonderfully well-planned, cool in summer, warm in winter. The Northern outlook into a spacious and beautiful garden with a broad bowling-green, thickets and winding walks, sumachs and elms, is unique in London. The garden was my father's great delight; he loved to steal a few minutes' quiet there and to observe the wood-pigeons that made it their home. It was a peaceful enough place to walk in, even when the adjoining fields were full of shrieking children, but not satisfactory as a garden, for everything that one picked or smelt left black marks on fingers and nose. The roar of London only came there as a faint monotonous undertone of subdued sound.



THE GARDEN FRONT, LAMBETH PALACE.

From a drawing by L. Beatrice Thompson.

ILLUSTRATED BY
L. BEATRICE THOMPSON

The house itself was greatly improved by my father, who furnished it more completely than it had ever been furnished; he had search made, and indeed himself routed about in cupboards and garrets and dragged to light innumerable old chairs, chests and settees of beautiful and costly design, which had been allowed to drift out of sight, and which when restored furnished the great corridors. He discovered in one of the towers a rusty bundle of the pikes which were anciently carried before the Archbishop and are so represented in old pictures; these he had cleaned and displayed in a fan on the wall of the great entrance. He despoiled the great gallery, a most desolate, useless place, where draughts and dust held undisputed sway, of many interesting pictures which he had cleaned and placed in more favourable situations in the central corridor. There were some huge full-length portraits which hung on a staircase seldom used, which were brought out; one of these proved to be Sir Robert Walpole. My father at first refused to allow this to be hung in public, on the ground that the Minister had used Church revenues as bribes for political services. But eventually he had it hung in a conspicuous place and said that the warning it gave of the possible corruption of the Church was useful.

At the North-East corner was the Archbishop's library, a noble room with a private staircase into the garden. Over the fireplace is a copy of the portrait of Warham, by Holbein, which hangs in the Guard-room¹; the incongruous feature of the room is the row of classical busts that run along the top of the bookcase—Clytie, Antinous, Hesiod and the like, as in the Groves of Blarney. A door masked by bookbacks led into my father's dressing-room, a large room where he was generally to be found if not engaged with his secretaries

¹ The Louvre portrait is probably a replica of this. There is another at New College, Oxford, and another in the possession of Lord Dillon, both possibly original. There was a further copy at Addington.

or "sustaining" an interview: he used the library little; the dressing-room was the place of hard solitary work. It contained a large ancient knee-hole table, one chair, a sofa, a prie-dieu with a few devotional books, and this communicated with his and my mother's bedroom—that again with my mother's sitting-room and that with the drawing-rooms—so that it was possible to pass along the whole house from the library to the Chapel without entering the corridor. The vestry is at the base of what is called Cranmer's Tower, which leads into the Chapel, a plain panelled room, containing nothing but a chest or two for chapel furniture, and the iron curule chair designed by my father for ceremonials when he was seated before the altar, on which occasions it would be covered with white camlet. He hung two pictures there—the engraving of Archbishop Parker's consecration, and a photograph of Fra Angelico's monk, with finger on lip.

The Chapel itself is a very exquisite building, painted from end to end and the windows filled with stained glass. My father sat in what would be the Dean's stall, within curtains of red velvet. The organ-loft was in the N.E. corner of the Chapel, and was in reality a room in Cranmer's Tower with the wall abutting on the Chapel pierced: my father had the organ built for this place, and put at a special angle to increase the volume of sound. He loved the Chapel very much, and was constantly beautifying it in little ways.

The day at Lambeth was a day of ceaseless pressure; but the Archbishop generally contrived a short ride in afternoon or evening. Though he observed Lent strictly, never dined out, and gave no entertainments throughout that season, there was even then a constant succession of guests at nearly every meal, which was often his only time for interviews. The post was always arriving, and the oak sideboard that stood by the library-door was always loaded

with letters. I have no clearer picture of my father than seeing him stand there in evening dress,—purple coat, shoes with the gold buckles that had belonged to Archbishop Howley, big glasses on his nose, reading abstractedly by the light of a bed-candle, with the heel of one foot resting on the toe of the other, touching with the finger-tips of his left hand the thumb of his right hand—a common action of his—and just looking up to smile and nod vaguely or shaking his head with a mock-groan descriptive of despair as one passed, but with his thoughts intent on the letter or paper he was studying. There he would stand long after family and guests had retired to bed, reading, meditating, devising.

When my father came to Canterbury he was a comparatively young man, only fifty-three. His appointment roused the greatest curiosity; he was practically unknown, except to ecclesiastics. What his experience was has been told; what normal experiences he had lacked may be noted. He had little knowledge of London, in some ways little knowledge of central affairs; he was one of the Junior Bishops and had never sat in the House of Lords. He had on the other hand been always in positions of authority; he had been successful in everything he had put his hand to. When he first came to London there was great curiosity to see and hear him. His sermons were impressive, and his speeches at functions were admirable.

As was often said, "he looked the part to perfection." He was at first very active in body, but this activity gradually decreased. He was still singularly capable of bearing fatigue, and could walk for a great number of hours on end, even uphill, but very slowly. Even ten years later, on a visit to North Africa, when going on board a steamer in a very heavy sea at Tunis, the ladder broke, to the consternation of his family, already embarked, the

Archbishop caught hold of the rope-ladder from the boat and climbed up the side of the steamer. "Qui était-ce?" said a Frenchman present. "Est-ce que c'était l'Archevêque, si fort, si vigoureux?"

Of his personal appearance in earlier and later years, my mother writes:—

There was nothing in its way more remarkable than the development of the beauty of his face as time went by. With most faces there is a great change, but though in many cases new lines of power, or thought, or softening can be seen, it is seldom that the absolute beauty develops so markedly. The brow developed extraordinarily; large bumps grew over the arch of the eye, specially during the last 14 or 15 years of his life. He took to growing his hair longer of later years which increased the likeness, often noticed, to John Wesley.....I used to be afraid that when his hair grew whiter it would not furnish a strong enough background to the marked features, and I think Herkomer felt this. When we asked him seven or eight years ago to paint the portrait which, according to immemorial custom each Archbishop had to leave at Lambeth, he urged speed. "I can wait," he said, "but the subject cannot." Yet this proved not to be so. It is seldom I think that the growing development of a face strikes the members of the family—yet of late years we have often talked to each other of the changes which seemed to us all very rapid.

One of the most striking features of my father's outward appearance was his dignity on public occasions—dignity combined with humility—official dignity, in which there was no taint of personal elation. I remember this from the earliest days. His demeanour in Wellington Chapel was awe-inspiring. At Lincoln I recollect his being late for a Morning Service when in residence; when he had himself ushered to his place by the verger before the Venite with such solemnity that a stranger who was present supposed it to be an ancient custom of the Cathedral that the Canon in residence should not appear before. This dignity was the same even on the humblest occasions; and the bow which he used to give at Addington,

when ushered to his place in the chancel by the Vicar, was a ceremony which never lost its impressiveness. His appearance in the pulpit at Addington, where he always preached on Christmas Day, was the most perfect mixture of fatherliness and dignity ; and these sermons, which he used to preach almost without preparation, speaking of family life and the events of the year, were so touching that many of the congregation used to be affected to tears.

At the same time he was decidedly shy. He found great difficulty in breaking off a conversation, even when longing to go back to his work, and he had a peculiar swing of the arm and a manner of throwing out his foot as he turned on these occasions, which were always an absolute indication of his state of mind.

Another small personal gesture which deserves to be mentioned because it was so characteristic of him, was a peculiar manner of shaking his head, or rather of agitating it slightly with downcast eyes if he was vexed at anything that was being said or done. We always knew if we saw this happen when any one was speaking that he was in a "dangerous" frame of mind, and that some rebuke or contradiction would result, severe in proportion to the offence.

Yet my father was more ready and humorous in conversation than in prepared speeches. He was not to be reckoned a brilliant conversationalist, because he was too eager to argue patiently and was too much inclined to be lengthy ; he explained too much, and refined upon the lucidity of what was already clear. I do not think he was ever an easy person to talk to. He was impatient of abstract topics, and, though interested in personal conversation, disliked gossip. He had from early days a feeling in favour of "improving" conversation. And yet he was not consistent in these respects, because he would

speaking with the greatest minuteness of unimportant things in which he took an interest, matters antiquarian and artistic, but was quick to resent any monopolising of the conversation by others in subjects with which he was imperfectly acquainted. He had not the art of eliciting information on subjects which were strange to him by questions, and was apt to deflect on to subjects which he knew.

Argument with him always engendered heat, and he was apt to express himself too vehemently to be agreeable; thus I think he did not, in later life, make many equal friends among men. All his great friendships, especially of later years, have been with women; he was not really at home in an atmosphere of perfect equality; surround him with a certain deference and affection, and he was expansive, humorous, racy—but with men of like age, whose views he imagined to differ widely from his own, he froze and became silent and severe. There were of course exceptions to this; he was always interested by enthusiasts of any kind, such as artists, artistic workmen, scholars or scientific men, when he could meet them on some common ground, quite apart from religion. What he intensely disliked was a dilettante, or a man who with ignorant confidence treated sweepingly some subject he had himself minutely studied: any absorbing interest, other than sport or politics, at once appealed to him. But a mind without religion, or a mind in which religion was only one of many interests, was incomprehensible to him. He never realised that there could be people in the world, not morally depraved, who thought of religion as either tiresome or absurd, of church-going as an amiable foible, or liturgies as unnecessary, antiquarian, and tedious ceremonies. And thus he did not realise the belief that exists in the minds of many cultivated persons that the Church will have to battle to establish itself as a necessary

institution. He thought of the Church, or rather of religion, as *the* absorbing fact of life.

People of diametrically opposite views he could not really tolerate. Cordiality with them was out of the question. And he would not really ever try to meet them or argue with them. Several times, as in the Education Bill, he lost ground by not being able frankly to meet and discuss matters with certain leading Radicals, who would have been quite ready to meet him half-way. But their view, or what he thought their view, was incredible and unintelligible to him. With politicians, as a rule, he had little in common. There were of course exceptions. He had for Mr Gladstone a peculiar veneration based on his Churchmanship and scholarly pursuits. He enjoyed immensely his frequent conversations with the veteran statesman, though he wrote with excessive severity in his Diary on Mr Gladstone's political principles. Still, their friendship was independent of politics, and was a very deep-seated sentiment in my father's mind.

He was not always a patient listener; on one occasion at Addington a worthy clergyman talked at great length and somewhat pompously at dinner to my mother, monopolising all the conversation, about a course of sermons he was shortly to deliver. My father after some minutes could bear it no longer; and he suddenly said in a loud voice, addressing no one in particular, "I once preached a beautiful course of sermons at Lincoln; they taught a great many people a great deal, and they were, besides, exceedingly well expressed."

He had a strong sense of humour, and told amusing stories with overpowering relish, laughing till his eyes filled with tears; when thoroughly amused, he had a very inspiring loud laugh, when he would throw his head back, close his eyes, and lean back in his chair. He had a particular knack of heaping absurd details together, and

drawing laughable inferences which made his talk sometimes irresistibly amusing. I recollect his saying to a large party at lunch that he had received no present on the occasion of some distinguished function, when some memento was generally given him. He looked pathetically round, as though to demand sympathy. "They are offended with me, I know" (ruefully). "But it's not that I mind—it's the attitude to the Church. How are Archbishops to subsist?"

I remember on one occasion there was some uncertainty as to the time of the service at the Consecration of a neighbouring church, and whether he was to go robed or not. It was to take place that afternoon. "Really, my dear fellow" (to the chaplain), "you ought to have made *sure*; I know what will happen; we shall decide to go *not* robed; then we shall drive to the Vicarage; then we shall hear they are at the church; then we shall go round there; and I shall get out of the carriage and my cloak will catch in the door, and I shall be dreadfully vexed, while all the choir-boys and clergy will be standing in their robes at the gate; then just when I ought to be saying 'Peace be to this House,' the clergy will form in procession, and all that will be seen of the Archbishop will be a gaitered leg hurrying round the corner to the Vestry."

He used to wake early in spite of his short nights, and be unable to sleep; and then suffer from exaggerated depression of mind; he was forbidden by his doctors to get up, and lay, as he used to say, revolving many things and reviewing his own inadequacy, and the consequent downfall of the Church and the wreck of religion, till he was in complete despair. He used to speak of these dejected reveries with great solemnity at breakfast. "Oh, I had such a terrible hour this morning—I shall never forget it! I have been thinking about *Spain*—what a melancholy country! the chivalry, the romance of the

Middle Ages all gone—nothing left; their pride humbled; the only country in the world where the blood of the martyrs has *not* been the seed of the Church. Their Cathedrals are impoverished and deserted; their clergy are mocked at, not even allowed to wear the religious dress! It is terrible!”

I had recently returned from Spain and said to console him that the clergy did wear the usual dress of priests.

“Yes, I daresay they do! but they are despised, utterly despised. At all events, they are not allowed to wear the dress of priests in *Portugal*.”

I said that at Lisbon, where I had been, they wore the usual dress of clergy. “Well, there was a *proposal*, at all events, to take the dress away. And think—the Archbishop of Toledo used to be the first ecclesiastic in the Roman Catholic Church next after the Pope. It’s very sad.”

He never spoke, even to his very nearest, of the private information he received on important matters. His discretion on such points was most severe. A secret was absolutely sacred, and to be communicated to no one. As a rule people in an important position are by no means chary of producing, if not all, at least something of what they hear; but nothing would induce him to open his lips on any such point. He was fond of talking about the recollections of his early days, but not before strangers; he thought that an unpardonable discourtesy, a provincial trait. About all such things he had a curiously elaborate code of his own, not based on ordinary rules of courtesy, and in many points far more rigid.

He read very little of recent years except to gain specific information, though he often studied French historical memoirs, and devotional books of all kinds; and he took no interest in current modern literature, though he would not have avowed this. He read very few novels, and those with immense trouble and many lamentations. Of modern

novelists, however, he read Mr Henry James's books with interest, once even quoting from *Roderick Hudson* in a University Sermon. Miss Austen was an author he liked, but he thought Dickens vulgar and Thackeray cynical. Shakespeare, Virgil and Dante he put on a pinnacle by themselves as "not quite human—almost angels," as he said to me once. He was fond in earlier days of reading Shakespeare aloud, and had a strong, even exaggerated, dramatic instinct. All his reading aloud was singularly original. The Old Testament Lessons which he read at the daily Morning Service in the chapel, were always interesting to listen to, because the emphasis was so unexpected; but it was not always dignified reading, sometimes even irritating by its quaintness but intensely vivid. "The same vividness," says my sister, "I always felt he gave to the Bible readings we had with him. There was some peculiar interest always about the books we had read with him."

All his life he found pleasure in the writing of verse both English and Latin. "Latin verses—the sweetest and prettiest things in the world," he used to say; he had a little book of Latin verse by the present Pope, given him I think by the late Lord Ravensworth, which he read with pleasure. In one of his latest diaries I find that he composed a sonnet on St Paul, to test his mental agility; I give the sonnet elsewhere¹. He wrote a good many hymns at different times, and held very strong opinions as to what was and what was not appropriate in hymns. Indeed on the latter subject he used to express himself with great warmth. Thus he held "Lead, kindly Light" to be most emphatically a poem, not a hymn; and he much disliked the subjectivity of much modern hymn-writing. "These things are for meditation and solitude," he said, "and not to be roared out to an attractive tune."

¹ See p. 314.

My sister and I have fortunately kept some careful notes of his "table-talk," often preserving the exact words.

Talking one day while at tea under the cedar-tree on Addington lawn, he said suddenly that he had been making his will (this was in 1888), and told us some particulars. He then said, "I should wish my funeral to be pompous rather than plain; I should like to have on my tomb a figure in a cope but not in a mitre—that is," he added, "unless I have to crown the Prince of Wales King of England, and wear one then. At George IV.'s coronation," he went on, "it was discussed whether the Bishops should wear mitres and it was settled that they should not. I don't want to appear on my tomb as wearing what I never wore in my life."

One day riding with him up what we called the "Howling Wilderness"—a great bare valley which stretched up from one of the Park Lodges, we talked about Omar Khayyam and his translator, Edward FitzGerald. "I have never been able to care for Oriental poetry—except that of the Jews," he said, and he went on to talk of nationalities. "The Jews and the Greeks were the two most wonderful nations—the greatest in every way—the Romans can't be *compared* to them; their only faculty was that of governing, and getting the most out of the people they governed. The Jews looked, if not to something beyond this life (which they did not seem clear about), at least to something above it. *We* look to what comes after life; the Greeks to what was *in* life. Yes, of course the Romans were law-givers, but the subjection of people was all they studied. We in England do harm by working for prosperity and nothing else.

"The Saxons were a most cruel nation. We seem to be getting rid of that by degrees. The *live bird* plaything is the test of whether a nation is cruel. In Italy and Spain a live bird is a thing given to children in the market as a

plaything. It is the Bible which has made England humane and nothing else. The Church Association foolishly talks about Romanism and all its horrors. It does not matter how ornate we make our services as long as we keep the open Bible."

Talking about the Palace at Exeter he said, "The Bishop (Temple) has spoilt the most quiet place of worship in England, his domestic chapel. It was a little dark old place, with *Domus Mea Domus Orationis* in gold letters on a blue scroll painted over the door. And now it's the very last place where it would occur to you to say your prayers. It's the sort of place" (with a face of great disgust) "where you would eat ices on a summer evening. He gave it over to his architect. The walls are covered with glazed tiles, of the sort that you can see your face in, with all sorts of hooks and twists. The pillars—cast iron I believe—are painted chocolate colour and blue—the blue which only one architect uses in churches—a kind of putrescent blue which is only found in one place in nature—do you know where? On the cheeks and under the eyes of a large baboon—you can see him at the Zoo. There was a beautiful Sedile on one side of the chancel, and he must needs go and put another inside the rails for the Bishop to sit in, with a kind of lectern, so that he can turn his back to the congregation when he reads the lesson. The rest of the seats I believe are pitch-pine! pitch-pine, ugh!"

Mr George L. Bennett, Headmaster of Sutton Valence School, writes:—

On one occasion I had to do the honours of our parish Church here, to the Archbishop, when he paid us a visit. He was very genial. When he missed one of our Churchwardens, he asked the other where he was, as he had been there a minute or two before. To him the rustic Churchwarden: "He has sloped, Your Grace, he has to kill a pig!" "Oh, very well," and in taking leave of us, he said to the warden who had stuck to his

guns—"I am greatly indebted to you, Sir, for not sloping with your colleague."

He once spoke with great vehemence of the part he would play if the Church were to be disestablished: "I shall head a revolt, seize the principal agitators and hang them at Lambeth out of the windows." (Very fiercely) "I know whom I shall begin with!" Then in a melancholy tone, "I daresay it will be the other way! I often have a vision of being hung on a scaffold in the road by Lollards' Tower—ever since a man whom I passed there shook his fist at me and said 'Yah.'"

On one occasion a long discussion took place at dinner as to what would be the result if two engines moving at different speeds were attached to a train: it was contended that if the first were slower than the second, the second besides drawing the train would have to push the first as well; if the second were slower, the first engine would have to pull the train and the slower engine as well. The Archbishop took a decided and totally erroneous view, and defended it with vehemence. The discussion raged all dinner, and afterwards when all were in the drawing-room, it broke out afresh, the Archbishop growing more warm every moment. Then suddenly he retired to a distant table and began to turn over a portfolio and to call his daughter's attention to an inscription; while thus occupied, he said in a low tone, "I ought not to argue! I am always insulting when I argue—don't you think I am?" My sister said, "I shouldn't have used that exact word—you have been vehement." "Oh, it's more than that," he said, "I can't help using insulting and personal language." He then began to think over the problem again, drawing little signs on paper, and argued the question again at breakfast and all the way while driving up to London, with little less vehemence.

I cannot help alluding here, though necessarily briefly,

to the Archbishop's relations with his chaplains¹. He treated them with fatherly friendliness, talked freely to them, and liked to have them with him. But how grateful he was for their self-denying and devoted labour can here be only indicated. "What a good fellow — is! I never had such a chaplain before," was a frequent exclamation after some instance of filial consideration or sagacious memory.

In August 1890 my sister was riding with him; he had been greatly vexed by something that had happened in the morning; he had been speaking of the late Lord Carnarvon, with whom he used to stay at Highclere, and whom he greatly admired, and went on to talk of the birthright of beautiful manners. "The perfection of breeding," he said, "is if you are depressed or vexed to talk and behave as if there were nothing in your mind—with Celtic natures this seems to come naturally—good *surface* spirits, whatever is happening below. People less finely tempered, who don't behave thus naturally, are silent and *distract* if they are depressed; it is so with me: when I was young, I was never taught that it was wrong to be angry; I was taught to see that it made one *disagreeable* if one was angry, but not that it was wrong; I came to look upon being angry merely as the quickest way of getting what I wanted."

In the afternoon after the pronouncement of a pre-

¹ These were the Rev. W. A. Moberly, chaplain in 1883, now vicar of S. Bartholomew, Sydenham; the Rev. M. Fowler, chaplain 1883-1888, later vicar of S. Lawrence, Thanet; the Rev. A. H. Baynes, chaplain 1888-1891, now Bishop of Natal; the Rev. St Clair Donaldson, chaplain 1889-1891, late head of the Eton Mission, Hackney Wick; the Rev. L. J. White-Thomson, chaplain 1891-1894, now vicar of S. Martin and S. Paul, Canterbury; the Rev. H. France-Hayhurst, chaplain 1891-1893, now vicar of Chelford; the Rev. F. Halsey, now vicar of Cartmel Priory, who became chaplain in 1895, and stayed at Lambeth till 1898; and the Rev. E. L. Ridge, who came in 1893, is still domestic chaplain to Archbishop Temple. To these names must be added that of Mr Mandeville B. Phillips, Assistant Secretary for more than ten years, and now Secretary to the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation.

liminary decision connected with the Lincoln Judgment my sister notes that my father went to hang pictures by way of recreation, as it was raining and he could not go out. Then he conferred a Lambeth Degree; then he could not be restrained from going to address a Society of working men who were inspecting the Chapel. The following morning she notes, "he is as lively as ever, arranging that he and I shall go down to Addington for a Sunday, taking slices of cold tongue to eat and a cold loin of lamb, part of which shall serve for chops for Sunday; he is full of spirits and strength, though he spoke in the House of Lords on Tuesday on the Liquor Traffic, preached on Wednesday, spoke on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill on Thursday and on the Education Bill on Friday."

I shall never forget a conversation between the Ambassador of a foreign power and my father. The former was dining at Lambeth, a genial intelligent man, very solicitous to be thoroughly in touch with the social life of the country to which he had been accredited. After dinner, the Ambassador, in full diplomatic uniform, with a ribbon and stars, sitting next my father, said politely, "Does your Grace reside much in the country?" My father said that as Archbishop he was provided with a country-house, and that he was there as much as possible, as he preferred the country to the town. "Now, does your Grace go to *Church* in the country?" with an air of genial enquiry, turning round in his chair. "Yes, indeed!" said my father, "we have a beautiful church almost in the Park, which the village people all go to." "Yes," said the Ambassador meditatively, "Yes, I always go to Church myself in the country—it is a good thing to show sympathy with religious feeling—it is the one thing which combats Socialistic ideas...I think you are very wise, your Grace, to go."

My father said that he felt as if he and the Ambassador

were the two augurs as represented in *Punch*¹. "I did my best," said my father, "to persuade him that I was a Christian...but he listened to all that I said with a charming expression, implying, 'We are both men of the world, and understand each other.' I am sure he thought that I was speaking diplomatically and in purely conventional language, and that if we had known each other better, I should have thrown off the mask, and avowed myself as free a thinker as he."

Of his habits of observation my mother writes :—

His fondness for birds grew with the years. He was never tired of watching the ways of some fly-catchers which haunted the string-course just outside his dressing-room window at Addington, and he would tell me, almost every morning when I went in to him, the fresh things he had noticed.

His relation to all animals was very remarkable. He was filled with such a sense of their mystery. He used to look into the beautiful eyes of our old collie, Watch, and say, "O Watch, I wish you could tell me *what you are*." A pet parrot of mine which I had tamed used to stir his wonder. It was a fierce bird, but quite under control, and I seldom missed a morning at Addington taking him into the study—my husband would always tempt him on to his finger, and wave him gently about, singing to him as if he was a baby. He had such reverence for the mystery of the animal creation and their dumb relation to us—the extraordinary powers they had, and the equally strange and sudden limitations which would block the way.....

He never tired of little devices to remind him of beautiful things; he had little pictures all about his study; sketches of places that he loved were let into the panels of the doors; "he always wanted one sketch," says my sister, "from every place that we stayed at in the holidays"; a shelf of books of poetry of which he was fond stood close

¹ In Sir John Tenniel's cartoon of 8th of February, 1873 :

Disraelius. "I always wonder, brother, how we chief augurs can meet on the opening day without laughing."

Gladstonius. "I have never felt any temptation to the hilarity you suggest, brother : and the remark savours of flippancy."

to his sofa, that when he was tired or fretted he might recall himself to lovelier and deeper realities. He was for ever trying to keep the spiritual eye undimmed in the midst of dusty and laborious work ; for instance on the box, where he put letters for the post, was written "Ite, ite, veloces angeli !" and gummed to the bottom of one of the drawers of his writing-table, where it can be seen on pulling out the drawer, is a strip of paper thus inscribed :

Rule:—Not to answer for 24 hours any letters which on any account made his heart beat faster—"asperities soften away, and my view of the writer's meaning gets so much fairer."—*Bp Sumner*.

My father's habits were extraordinarily simple. For many years he never slept more than "five hours and ten minutes" in any night, often not so much ; he had trained himself to wake early as a boy, by going to sleep thinking of the face of a clock with the hands pointing to the hour at which he wished to wake, and his sleep was broken by the most vivid and picturesque dreaming. As late as the last month of his life, I recollect his entertaining us with the account of a dream he had had. He dreamt that he was at Trinity College Chapel, about to celebrate the Communion. But on reaching the altar he found a book printed in an unknown language. He said, "I began to read, but could not remember how the sense went, so I kept up some sort of muttering, and the choir sang responses at intervals, while I beckoned to everyone within reach to come to my assistance. At last a grave-looking man like a verger came, and on my pointing out the book to him he said, rather severely, 'Your Grace is not aware that this is one of the days when the Mozarabic liturgy is used.'" Again he dreamt that he was passing along a narrow street in some foreign town and saw golden skeletons leaning from the windows. On the skeletons were moving small objects. "This sight," said my father, "inspired me to write verse,

and I indited a poem which appeared to me to be very spirited : it began,

Oh, not in vain ! the poet sings,
Forms of things, like earthy worms,
Crawl about on forms of things."

But the most vivid dream of his that I remember was as follows:—"I dreamt," he said, "that I was standing in the cloisters of the Abbey with Dean Stanley, looking at a small cracked slab of slate with letters on it. 'We've found it,' he said. 'Yes,' said I; 'and how do you account for it?' 'Why,' he said, 'I suppose it is intended to commemorate the fact that the animal innocence was not affected by the villainies of the master.' 'Of course,' I replied. The slab I then saw had on it the letters

ITI CAPITANI

and I knew that it was the stone that marked the grave of Titus Oates's horse, and the whole inscription was EQUUS TITI CAPITANI—the 'Captain' referring to the fact that I then also knew that Titus Oates had been a train-band Captain."

My father used in former days to rise at 5.30, and after a cold bath, taken all the year round, to make himself tea in an Etna and set to work. He had thus generally done a good deal of work before breakfast, but he had besides read the Greek Testament for an hour or worked at his book on the Revelation. In later years the doctors forbade work before breakfast, but he read a good deal in the Bible, and his dressing used to take him an hour, so that he never rose later than about seven. He used a prie-dieu for his devotions, above which were fixed a triptych, a little illuminated picture, painted after a design of his own, and two little wooden circles painted by himself, with sacred emblems. On a little high desk lay a Theocritus or a book of Greek Epigrams, which he

liked to read while dressing, with bullets hung on tape for markers, to keep the pages down.

Breakfast, unless there were many visitors, was at 8.30, an hour which my father regarded as having a peculiar kind of sanctity; he used indeed to try to have breakfast in holiday time at 8.0, to secure his great delight—"a good *long* morning." He was a very small and swift eater, and had in later years a little loaf of brown bread before him, which was offered to special friends as a particular delicacy. Chapel followed breakfast. My father wore in Chapel a purple cassock, linen rochet—copied from the one worn by Warham, in Holbein's picture,—hood and scarf. He read the morning O.T. Lesson, and the prayers after the hymn, using by preference ancient collects. At one time he used to expound the Bible, but seldom in recent years. He was very fond of music and attached to old tunes which he sang fervently, but except Handel he had no special preferences in music and no technical knowledge of it. He preferred old-fashioned florid chants to Gregorians.

After Chapel my father set to work on letters at once: the chaplains came to him about noon with correspondence when they had opened and sorted the letters of the day. He was often needlessly exact about trifles in letters, and used to alter expressions which were perfectly adequate into precisely synonymous terms for some unknown reason of his own. "No, I don't like *that*,—he will think"—and then followed some grotesque thought which it was almost inconceivable should enter anyone's head. Sometimes he dictated letters, or dictated the main points: only once he had a secretary who knew shorthand, and he found that a great convenience.

At Lambeth he generally took a short ride before lunch, in the Row or at Battersea: at Addington he rode as a rule in the afternoon. He was very fond of "taking a turn" up and down the terrace at Addington, in a soft wide-

awake, and wrapped in an ample black cloak copied from one worn by the Duke of Wellington; but he was not easy to walk with, as he stopped so often to talk, to explain, to draw diagrams on the gravel, that it was a rather tedious proceeding. Of late years he suffered a good deal from a painful constriction across the chest whenever he walked. I suppose it was connected with the weakness of heart which was ultimately fatal.

He returned to tea at five o'clock. He used to say that at five o'clock, wherever he was, even if he were not conscious of the flight of time, he was warned by a mental sensation and became conscious of a craving that nothing but tea would allay. He had a semi-aesthetic ideal of tea; knew fine differences of flavour and the hand of the maker; held that tea-making was an art in its decline; it was quite a time of family crisis when the "brand" of Twining used for three generations ceased to exist and another must be chosen as much on the same line as possible. After tea he generally slept for a few minutes and then worked till dinner. After dinner he talked to guests, or if we were alone read the papers or slept again—and then after chapel worked steadily on till one or two in the morning. The Rev. Colin Campbell¹ writes, "I suppose that many of his most important and most private letters were written after prayers in that purple dressing-gown, robed in which he would put his beautiful head into my room with his grey hair all distraught from work, 'Go to bed, my dear fellow; don't sit up any longer.' Sometimes at a late hour he would appear with a draft of an important letter."

His capacity for taking short naps was very great, and was a source of great refreshment. He could compose himself at any time for five minutes, and wake with his brain perfectly clear, but always with the minute recollec-

¹ Senior Domestic Chaplain from 1894 to 1895, and now Vicar of Great Thornham, Suffolk.



THE ARCHBISHOP AT ADDINGTON, ON HIS MARE COLUMBA.

From a photograph by H. W. Tyler, Croydon, 1892.

tion of some grotesque dream. He always did so for example before a speech in the House of Lords. I think he made up by this for the shortness of his nights. But the great lack in his life was his incapacity for any form of recreation. And thus he liked to sit and linger long after meals and talk on and on, and then say severely "and now you are wasting my time and the Church will suffer." But he played no outdoor game, read no light books, and could not be *amused*. Thus his tours were really a great holiday for him and relieved the pressure of his work. His "tidyings" too and some of the time spent over detail were really rests for him, making up for the very long hours of work, and the absence of regular recreation.

He did not like starting on visits, and could hardly be induced to dine out in the country. But when once he went he was always well pleased, and was the better for it. But he was a difficult visitor, for he did not like being left alone, but wished to be entertained, talked to, walked with, driven out, every unoccupied hour. "I don't want to go to a *peaceful* place," he used to say. "I hate '*peace*.'" Thus, although the entertaining of visitors at Addington was always somewhat of a strain to him, yet he sacrificed a most unnecessary amount of time to them, under the impression that they required amusement, and then used to lament over his arrears of work.

He had curiously little sympathy with athletics, considering that he had been so successful a Headmaster, but of exercise he was very fond—indeed he was almost a martyr to it, so necessary did he think it. Horses and riding were his unfailing delight. He rode until lately very fearlessly and enjoyed it most thoroughly: the times when I have seen him in the best spirits of late years have always been out riding. Each horse that he had in turn was the best and most good-tempered and most beautiful

of his race. He fed them with bread with his own hands both before and after a ride; and was devoted to his last mare, a beautiful creature, who used to beg with her forefoot for bread whenever my father came out at the hall-door. There were few days in the year either at Addington or Lambeth that my father did not get out for a short ride, though he rode slower and slower as he got older, till we often used hardly to get out of a walk at all.

My mother writes :—

I should like to describe the kind of Sunday he thoroughly enjoyed. It could be seen in its perfection at Addington. In London there was not enough domesticity possible.

We began the day by an early Celebration whenever there was no mid-day Celebration in the Church. When there was he always preferred to be there, and often celebrated himself. When there was no Celebration we had prayers at which he used a Greek Litany he had compiled and translated. We always used the Wellington College hymn-book—his own collection. Breakfast followed immediately, where he used to linger and talk, or, if it got late, he would go into his study where he liked one of us to follow him and stand there talking while he tidied about. This brought it near to Church time. What he would have *liked* would have been that all the members of the family who were at home should walk slowly with him to Church. This seldom came off as young men have a way of liking to rush down at the last moment. It was a very pretty walk through the great avenue of elms, which must have formerly led up to the old house, a hunting lodge of Henry VIII., of which now no traces remain, except in a very dry summer when the plan of the foundations shows itself. The path passed along under the little height we called Fir Mount, which was crowned with magnificent Scotch Firs, descending in an avenue to the gardens.... Then through the gardens, where in the autumn there was a splendid border right down to the Churchyard in belts of vivid colours. Every one coming to Church from the north-east could come through the park and gardens. As we stepped from the gardens into the Churchyard he always glanced at our grave and gently raised his hat. He was often detained in the vestry by someone, but he always liked to find two or three of us waiting outside to walk up, and he often lingered in the garden on fine Sundays, walking up and down the terrace in front of the house, by the magnificent cedar which stretched

nearly across the lawn—little monthly roses were almost always in bloom under the little low wall, and he loved them.

After lunch came the walk. This was an institution which he dearly delighted in. It had to be exactly the same walk every Sunday. This was one of its charms to him. It had to be very slow. It generally lasted two hours, and scarcely a mile and a half was covered, and again he liked as many of us as possible—but as two of us had Bible classes, and the young men used to branch off at a turning to go some longer round, it often ended in his walking with a daughter alone, when she could go, and otherwise with Lucy Tait. He used to take out Keble's *Christian Year* and George Herbert very often with Maggie and read and discuss. The first halt was made at the swan pond, where a regular programme had to be gone through. From a little distance he would call "Beauty, beauty,"—and the male swan would hear him, and ruffle his feathers, and thrust out his chest, and propel himself along with rippling jerks. This bird was very fond of him, and would come and eat out of his hand—greedily indeed, biting at his foot if the bread came too slowly or the lady swan was too much favoured.

He had armed himself before leaving the house with a small bag full of remnants of bread for the swans—he always called it "my canvas bag," but as a matter of fact it was brown holland.

In September, 1896, the bag was lost, and he was in despair. I found it by accident, a sorry object, on the slope in front of the house, wet and weather-stained. My father was delighted. "This," he said, producing a new one which had been made for him and was much more respectable, "This was never worth anything."

My mother continues:—

He always liked conversations on a Sunday to have a special tone in them. It wasn't that he wanted to be always talking seriously—far from it—but he liked a gentle, kindly, reverent atmosphere: he always went very slowly up the hill—turning round and standing still every two or three minutes: on nearing home he turned aside into the garden to feed the gold fish in the fountain.

He very often used to have a Bible reading with one or two of the young people before tea—most vividly remembered by them.

Soon after six it was time to go down to Evening Service—he rarely missed except when he was not well, or the weather stormy—we often wanted him to have Evening Service in Chapel

instead, for he caught cold very easily, but he thought it better to go to Church.

After supper he used to read the *Pilgrim's Progress*. He read it round and round from Christian's first lament to the crossing of the last of Christian's party, and we almost knew it by heart. His reading was full of light and shade—the voice rich and with fine and delicate humorous inflections; as with the party at the Interpreter's house, the water often stood in our eyes, and most when we were most amused. This reading could not be long because Sunday was finally closed by Compline—singing the psalms, canticle, and hymn.

From the first note of the hymn in the morning to the last Amen at Compline, this kind of Sunday was full of the deepest and most restful enjoyment to him.

The only trace left on my father's habits of life from his early discipline was a certain, almost morbid, horror of anything like waste even in the most trifling matters, which contrasted oddly with his splendid generosity in larger affairs.

On general lines my father was liberality itself; he had the utmost repugnance to the idea of accumulating a *church* fortune, and he would have been a richer man if he had remained Bishop of Truro from 1883 to 1896 instead of going to Canterbury. He exercised a great and lavish hospitality and his charitable contributions made anonymously have surprised me by their size and extent. As he said once, speaking at Truro¹, it is our duty "to do all our works in a *great* way...to put up with nothing petty and puny...the mother of magnificence...is frugality." Thus his generosity was combined with an enthusiasm for economy even quaint in its results.

He had the most extraordinary precision about keeping accounts, and when I was at Cambridge and had to produce my accounts to him, I always felt that he was less grieved by the addition of ten pounds to a tailor's bill than by the omission of a halfpenny in the credit account. If the

¹ *v.* p. 179.

accounts had been drawn out and balanced with extreme neatness, I believe he would never have thought of examining the total.

He invariably gave most disproportionate gratuities to cab-drivers and porters: but as long as he wrote them down in a little book, carried in his pocket, neatly labelled "*Petty Disbursements*," and confined by a piece of elastic, he did not mind. But if, in accounting to him for expenses one said "*about* a shilling on porters," he used to say sadly, "Ah, well, *I* had to think exactly how much it was when I was young." In connection with this it has amused me to find recorded in a letter his extreme vexation as a boy on travelling into Yorkshire at having to give the guard and coachman of a coach a shilling between them instead of a shilling-a-piece, having run out of his money.

Neither could he bear to throw anything away or waste anything. His table drawers were always filled with little boxes, hanks of string, the gummed paper off the edge of sheets of stamps (generally put in a little box and labelled "Strips")—things that had come to him by post and which he could not destroy or use. I recollect once on the eve of a journey he was about to take abroad in 1890, I went to talk to him in his library at Addington after chapel. He was in his purple cassock which he wore at night, and red morocco slippers. He talked long and affectionately about my plans and everything that concerned me; and while he talked he wandered restlessly about the room with some little purple books in his hands, trying to fit them into pigeon-holes and drawers and all sorts of impossible places; at last he settled on one pigeon-hole, and made innumerable arrangements of the books, all to no purpose. *One* was always excluded. I said at last, "What are those books?"—"Oh, they are *almanacs* for 1884. I have just found them in a drawer." "Do you want to keep them?" "Yes, they are such nice little

books," looking at them affectionately and stroking one of them; "so beautifully and strongly bound—given me by the Stationers' Company of which I am a patron—such a curious thing—it is the only thing left of the old censorship of the press." "Let me take them and dispose of them," I said. "No, you would throw them away." "No," I said, "I would put them about in the bedrooms." "Oh, that would never do! Why, a bishop might be staying here and be misled by one of them in making an engagement—the almanacs in the bedrooms ought always to be of the current year. Remind me to ask to-morrow whether it is so."

We went on talking and he went to another place which necessitated much stooping and pulling out of paper. "Oh, Arthur, what an odd thing—here are all Hugh's old examination papers at Truro, we must look at these" We looked at them long, and then he went to another place with the little almanacs. "Haven't you got a good deal of packing to do?" I said at last. It was then nearly one o'clock. He turned round with the almanacs, "Yes, dear boy, I have: take them away and '*dispose*' of them—don't *burn* them—I am capable of sitting up till three o'clock trying to fit these away into a pigeon-hole."

This habit of doing everything himself took up much of his time; it arose from a love of perfection in the smallest matters, but as I have said elsewhere, was a form of unconscious recreation. I remember once at some extremely busy time, going to see him at Lambeth and spending half-an-hour with him putting a roll of papers away. Every drawer proved too small or too deep—at last it was fixed—but on coming to dinner an hour after, "I've been in *despair* ever since. I was afraid it might *swell up* in the night and make it impossible to open it, so I had to take it out, but can't find a place yet."

It was remarkable that side by side with this intense

precision in detail coexisted a certain radical inaccuracy on certain points in my father's mind: I used to think that a good deal of his almost exaggerated exactness arose from a determined effort to overcome and conquer this tendency, and I am certain that the microscopic minuteness with which he verified references, was due to the consciousness of great untrustworthiness of memory on small points, especially in questions of figures.

It was curious too how particular about little details such as dress he was and yet how inaccurate in questions of texture: "What a nice cloth dress!" he used to say to my sister about a very ordinary merino: "my little canvas bag" he always called the brown holland vehicle for the swan's-meat. He would say to a son or an intimate friend "How badly that coat fits!" (pulling it about) "It ought to be tighter here, and here—like *this*!" (a vigorous pull) "and this! Oh! dear! How I waste my time—well I always think that if the Church was disestablished I could get my living as a tailor's fitter! I don't believe" (with profound conviction and very seriously) "that there is a man in England who can fold up a coat or roll up a rug better—I ought to have been a *valet*!"

The following note sent gravely out of a meeting to my mother, on a day when they were leaving Lambeth for Addington, is an amusing instance of the same characteristic.

Razors,

Right-hand drawer

Looking glass table

Dressing room.

Please pack tight *and bring* in shabby old case.

N.B. They'll slip out at the ends unless guarded.

And there is a precious chip of ivory under one of the razors on the undisturbed position of which the very existence of the Church Establishment depends.

I have thought how little those who were attending the meeting and saw the note written, folded and sent out,

imagined what the Archbishop was gravely composing. Probably they imagined dimly that it *was* something on which the existence of the Church Establishment depended !

With an unusual power of work, and this extraordinary taste for detail he combined an immense pleasure in the acquirement of strange bits of knowledge, which often proved, as will appear, of great service to him.

Professor Mason writes :—

...The average number of his daily letters alone was such as to keep himself, two chaplains, and a lay secretary writing hard for many hours of day and night. "The penny post," he said, "is one of those ordinances of man to which we have to submit for the Lord's sake."...Brewer's graphic description of Wolsey, in his attention to detail combined with the widest outlook,—managing Kings and Popes for great ends, yet particular about the exact shade of his Cardinal's robe and the exact shape of his Cardinal's hat,—was equally applicable to Archbishop Benson. To hear him describe a gold ornament from Aegina, just brought to the Museum, or the proper way of cutting a lawn sleeve, you would have supposed that he had nothing else to think of. After he had been instructing his coachman (he was a great lover of horses, and, like Cranmer, an excellent rider) in the points by which to tell good oats from inferior ones, "Lord," said the coachman to someone else, "I don't believe there ain't nothing that that man don't know¹."

I have said before, but the statement needs a little amplification, that my father was seldom conscious of happiness. He was often happy, I believe, when plunged in work, when immersed in Cyprian, when storing his memory with some of the beautiful sights of travel, artistic or natural. The felicitous and facile exercise of natural gifts, the conversion of mental energy into action must of itself be of the nature of happiness. But I have seldom seen my father in conscious high spirits of the spontaneous irrational kind, the *joie de vivre*, though my mother says that outbursts of irrepressible spirits were characteristic of

¹ *Cambridge Review*, Oct. 22, 1896.

his early youth. In later days, when he was conscious of himself, his thoughts naturally turned to what was unsatisfactory or painful, in prospect and retrospect. He would reflect how little he had made of his opportunities, or sink beneath the oppressive thought of some difficult or delicate task which overshadowed him. I imagine that this was not always so; but it has been so ever since I have been a sharer of his more intimate thoughts. He had a natural tendency to melancholy, and such a nature finds food for sadness in everything. If there was nothing else, the prospects of his children, the demeanour of his family circle towards himself, were matters of deep concern. He would sadden himself with the thought of problematical dangers, or accuse himself of having forfeited some dear one's sympathy, which had never faltered or failed.

There is something particularly striking in the intense accuracy and minuteness of erudition displayed in the Notes and Appendices to the "Cyprian": he had taken this work up originally as a sort of counterpoise to mere serving of tables; but I think his reason for the methods he employed, his insatiable verifications, the length of time he spent on the elucidation of minute points, had a still deeper origin. In the first place he looked upon it as a severe corrective to the naturally inaccurate and imaginative tendencies of his mind. And secondly, the slap-dash sketchy way in which he was obliged to live, the ceaseless pressure, the lack of time for preparation, the impossibility of giving literary finish and artistic precision to so many of his utterances, made him hanker after some one piece of work where all might be solid and definite and exact. That is why his "lust for perfection" was so strong; it was this that explained the innumerable revisions, the incessant re-touching, the interminable delays.

There was never a stronger instance of the development of inborn as opposed to hereditary instincts than my father.

He was descended from a long line of Yorkshire dalesmen, without a single clerical element. Then there came two generations of great mercantile acuteness, then a dissolute young soldier, and then his immediate parentage is an Evangelical man of science and a strong Unitarian. From this arises a nature of the most decided aristocratical and ecclesiastical tendencies.

He cared for ecclesiastical things from his earliest years though his mother was a strong Protestant, and his adored schoolmaster a scholar and a man of wide cultivation and of liberal rather than ecclesiastical views. Yet my father was strongly and deeply imbued with these ecclesiastical tastes, liturgical and antiquarian; and the moment he was brought into contact with a strong high churchman like his cousin Christopher Sidgwick, found himself, even as a boy, in his natural element.

Then as to the aristocratical side; my father was a strong Tory, and had a great natural reverence for authority and a great ideal of an historical aristocracy. Though brought up in comparative poverty, he was never, in spirit, quite of the working democratic world; dignity, stateliness of life, ancient buildings, refined leisure—all these were dear to his heart. Not until he was four and forty was he ever brought face to face with the problems of the democratical world. But his early training, the constant association with mechanics and working-men in his father's factory, stood him in good stead here. He talked to working-men as if he was one of them; he understood them, as if by instinct; he sympathised intensely and naturally with any self-respecting workman whose heart was in his work. Moreover his sense of justice, and his overpowering desire to bring the knowledge of Christ home to souls made the duty of sympathising with lives lived in struggle and poverty paramount. Though the circumstances of his life placed him in stately spheres of activity,

he was profoundly conscious of the duties of the Church to the poor, the ignorant and the oppressed; and though he had not the impassioned zeal of the democrat or the reformer, he understood the hearts and sympathised with the ideals of the brotherhood of labour far better than many who claim to represent them.

Mr Colin Campbell writes:—

I remember on one occasion when I was riding past the House of Lords with him, just when the pigeons were in clouds before the horses' feet, we were overtaken by a hansom cab. The driver having no fare inside and perhaps cogitating upon the vanity of human nature when he sighted a Bishop who could sit in the saddle, found in the occupant of a palace (with nothing to do but ride in the Row) a concrete illustration of his text. Be that as it may—as he passed us at a leisurely pace, he turned round in his seat, and looking the Archbishop full in the face exclaimed, "Better off in this world than in the next, old man." Without a pause His Grace looked across to me with a sweet smile and "Very pithily put, wasn't it?"

It is not the first time that popular ignorance has uttered its unthinking gibe, but it has never been more sweetly forgiven.

You probably know how pained he was to have it brought home to him, as he sometimes did, how little the working man understands the actualities of a Palace and £15,000 a year.

The Rector of Lambeth found it so hard to explain matters to working men that he asked the Archbishop if he would consent to receive a Deputation of working men at the Palace and allow them to talk with him on the matter. He readily consented, and so one evening I showed up into his study four or five working men on their way home from work; one big fellow I well remember, as he deposited his bag on the floor.

In a few minutes the clamour of debate reached such a pitch that it brought me to the door, and it seemed as if everybody was talking at the top of their voice and all at the same moment; and such proved to be the case—for when I had shown them out, and asked the Archbishop how it went off, he was much amused and much pleased with the interview—his face was "beaming"; he said, "I waited and waited for my turn to come, but it never came, and so at last I was obliged to join in and we all spoke together."

My experience of many a ride in London is that few things

gave him such genuine pleasure—judging by the look of his expressive face—as the salutation of a working man; perhaps it meant to him that an Archbishop's life was better understood and more fully appreciated.

His feeling about the splendours of the Church was that they were a stately heritage, which it was right and proper to enjoy, and he had not the faintest sympathy with—only horror for—Socialistic ideas. Several times, it is true, he gave what might be thought a radical vote, as for the extension of the franchise, when he said, with great feeling, that the Church “trusted the people”—but the people that he meant should be trusted were the dignified and independent working people whom he had known in boyish days, who, he believed, acquiesced as firmly as he did in the established order and the sacred rights of inheritance.

On the other hand, he had a great personal affection for his lesser neighbours. A party was given during the summer to the old people who received the “Lambeth Dole,” and “Corrody,” and to the blind.

The Archbishop loved to make this link as much as possible a personal one, himself going into the circumstances of each old lady before appointing her, and always making a point of taking the service and giving a simple address in the Chapel at the close of the yearly party; and finally bidding each good-bye as he stood in his rochet at the West door leading from the Chapel into the picturesque old Post Room where buns and flowers were distributed.

This feeling of a personal link between the Archbishop and his poorer brothers and sisters he always jealously guarded, and tried to make real, whether by the careful arrangements made by him for the fullest use of the Lambeth field, or by the care with which he went into the details of each “brother's” and “sister's” case whom he appointed to Archbishop Whitgift's College at Croydon, an almshouse to which the Archbishop presents, and the

point he made of riding over there from Addington from time to time to visit the Warden and have a chat with some of the "brothers."

He was always strongly moved by any disrespect, such as is not unfrequently shown in certain parts of London to the episcopal costume ; and this sensitiveness was one with the feeling that made him acknowledge any salutation from a stranger with an eager and elaborate courtesy, and welcome the increased friendliness of the people in the poorer streets of Lambeth and Westminster, to whom he became, as he rode through, a familiar figure. He strenuously resisted all suggestions to turn the Lambeth fields attached to the palace into a public recreation ground : he organised most carefully the use of the ground by cricket-clubs, and maintained that it was giving far more wholesome pleasure than if he had thrown it open for all alike : he felt a certain pleasure also in its being a concession, and not a public right, feeling that this best maintained the direct bond between the Church and the people.

Where this feudal strain came from I know not, but it was most strongly there ; I do not mean that it was ever allowed for an instant to clash with his sense of Christian duty ; but, in cases where his reason went against it, it was a struggle of grace with instinct.

Nothing was more characteristic of my father than his consideration for and affectionate interest in his servants. My father studied their ways, thought of them, talked to them and about them, showed his gratitude for their devotion, and won their faithful love. Servants stayed long with us, returned to us, and in after days visited us ; the relations between them and my father were never formal, rather patriarchal in character.

Nothing, again, was more eager than the way in which he threw himself into the interests of his children, and this increased rather than diminished as time went on, and as

his sympathies widened. He said to me once that he had been late in discovering that one cannot alter the decided bent of a character, and the interest he took in my brother Fred's writings was an instance of this. He did not care for fiction, still less for fashionable fiction; but he read my brother's books with a candid admiration for their *élan*, their vigour, though with a kind of mystification as to whence those qualities were inherited; and he was intensely amused to hear a report that he himself had read *Dodo* "with the tears streaming down his cheeks."

Though he welcomed warmly any new line, any fresh development, which might be alien though not opposed to his own, he loved perhaps above all to recognise the fruit of seeds which he himself had sown, the upshot of interests which he himself had implanted in us.

He used to be preoccupied with deep anxiety with regard to his children. My mother has told me that before she went down to breakfast, he would pray at his prie-dieu, in the simplest and most affecting way, mentioning one after another of his family by name, and praying for their special needs to be supplied. At the same time he often exaggerated trivial points, thinking them to be indications of character and bent, even when they were quite fortuitous. I remember a little instance of this when we were all staying at Porlock Weir; I was then an Eton boy and suffered for some days from toothache, which I did not happen to mention; and finding that it was painful to open my mouth, went two or three walks with him and others but said nothing; he made himself very unhappy over this and came to the conclusion I had something on my mind which I could not tell him—so indeed I had, but it was only a toothache.

He used to lament sometimes, if one of his children happened to be silent or preoccupied, over their uncommunicativeness, and say that he did not possess their

confidence; indeed his sensitiveness to the way in which he was regarded by any member of his home circle was quite extraordinary and never diminished. Shortly after the death of my eldest sister, he asked our dear friend Lucy Tait, whose sister was married, to come and make her home with us, and from the moment that she entered our household she was to him as a beloved daughter. With very different traditions and instincts they often had heated arguments on points about which they disagreed. On one occasion she and my father had a difference about felling timber in the Park; he was anxious to open up views, while she disliked the trees being removed; there was a contention between them, and he spoke strongly, but atoned for it a few days afterwards by presenting her, with a smile, with a little axe made after his own design.

But it is impossible to exaggerate the intense delight that my father took in family life. Indeed it played so large a part in his whole career that it is difficult to imagine him without it. He always wanted as many as possible of his family to be with him. When he first went to Wellington my mother was for years the daily companion of his walks. As his children grew older, he always wished to have them about him and with him; he was not content with one companion, but always desired that all should be there.

"My dearest love to the dearests," he wrote to my mother on one of his visits to London in 1881,—*"I think I ought always to have one with me here. They could go into a state of coma when I went out, and thus would not find it dull."* In a similar letter, looking forward to his return to Kenwyn, he wrote: *"I had rather teach Hugh Greek, or walk with the girls, than anything else—and would promise not to be idle!"* And again in more serious strain;—*"How little we knew of the intense brightness which was shining over us at Wellington College!*

What the blessings to us of those children were! And now I do not know how to look on to the years without little children."

I will give here one instance of his verse, written privately and laid among his papers.

He was fond of watching from his study and dressing-room windows at Addington the swallows, or rather house-martins which used to go and come in that sunny corner. In two or three of the frescoes in the Chapel he had represented a martin, settling or flying, and in 1889 he wrote these touching verses in memory of his eldest boy:

The Martin.

The Martins are back to cornice and eaves

Fresh from the glassy sea.

The Martin of Martins my soul bereaves

Flying no more to me.

One of them clung to the window-side,

And twittered a note to me.

"There's a Martin beyond or wind or tide

Whom you know better than we.

"His nest is hid in a clustered rose

On the Prince's own roof-tree,

When the Prince incomes, when the Prince outgoes,

The Prince looks up to see.

"Calls him hither or sends him there,

To the Friends of the Holy Three,

With a word of love, or a touch of care.

Why was he sent to thee?"

Martin I know. And when he went home

He carried my heart from me.

Half I remain. Ere Martinmas come

Go with this message from me.

Say "Thou Prince, he is wholly Thine!

Sent once on a message to me.

Yet suffer me soon, at morning shine,

To see him on Thy roof-tree."

Sept. 16, 1889 (ADDINGTON).

CHAPTER XI.

DIARY. PARLIAMENTARY WORK.

"That great glittering world." W. CORY.

*"Audire magnos jam videor duces
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos."* HORACE.

AFTER his succession to the Primacy, my father began to keep a very full, confidential and outspoken Diary. It is difficult indeed to imagine how he found time to write it, but it was evidently, as a rule, written late at night, after the labours of the day were over. The whole book, in its fourteen volumes, is a remarkable historical document, and I am not without hope that at some later date more pages of it may be given to the world. It is so extraordinarily frank in its criticism, so full of personal details, and deals so boldly with recent events and living persons, that the greater part could not be printed at present, consistently with the exercise of a due discretion. It acted for my father as a kind of safety-valve: the depression, the irritation, the disappointment that must necessarily attend so eager and masterful a temperament while striving to carry out a policy deemed essential to religion in the face of so much opposition and indifference—all these are recorded in the Diary: not less poignant is the picture he unconsciously draws of a man of deeply spiritual instincts, with a deliberate hankering after study and seclusion, forced day

after day to organise, to superintend and to direct a mass of practical enterprises, both small and great. In his letters, speeches and private conversation, he assumed of set purpose a brighter tone; but in the Diary are written plainly enough the struggles, the fears, the agonies that he did not allow to appear in face or voice or gesture.

On January 9th, 1883, the Archbishop-designate went to Osborne to have an interview with the Queen. He writes:—

Tuesday, Jan. 9, 1883. To Osborne, the Queen sending her yacht to Southampton for me.

Had a very long—about an hour's—most interesting and stirring conversation with the Queen—of which elsewhere. Her sagacity in reading people and their ruling motives and weaknesses, and a little disposition (though very little and scarce more than to show her complete grasp of them) to be quietly amused at them, struck me very much. Quite as much also, the fearless confidence with which she said *out* all these insights, and all that she had to say on modes of dealing. Partly resumed at dinner and after. She left me much wiser about a good many men than I expected to be.

She has most earnest views as to the maintenance of Establishment.

The early weeks of 1883 were spent in endeavouring at the same time to make arrangements for clearing off necessary business at Truro, and to deal with the immense mass of correspondence which began to pour in upon the new Archbishop.

The Archbishop took his seat in the House of Lords on Monday, March 12th; on the 19th he went to Windsor to be sworn of the Privy Council. The previous day he had preached in the Chapel Royal. He notes:—

March 18th, 1883. Palm Sunday.—St Edward's Day. Preached in Chapel Royal, St James's. The "natural curiosity" is such, that it is said five times as many tickets are asked as there are places. My curiosity is as great as theirs to know how the new

Archbishop will be able ἀναστρέφεσθαι ἐν οἴκῳ Θεοῦ¹. My *only* confidence is that He will not fail to support His own Call—ἐαυτὸν ἀπαρνεῖσθαι οὐ δύναται².

He was enthroned at Canterbury on the 29th of March, in the presence of a vast congregation.

He arrived the day before the Enthronement by special train at 3.30 p.m. No one travelled with us except a few personal friends; I was struck at the time at the tranquillity and cheerfulness of my father. He talked about a number of interesting things and displayed neither agitation nor preoccupation. He was received by the Mayor and the Dean with a Guard of Honour of Kent Rifle Volunteers and Kent Yeomanry to whom he made a short speech; he then drove to the Guildhall where he was greeted with hoarse blasts upon the Wardmote horn, irreverently received by the audience with loud laughter; the Mayor presented an address from the Corporation, and the Archbishop spoke at some length; noticing that Cornish Choughs were included in the City Arms, and were represented in the jewel round the Mayor's neck, the Archbishop said:—

As a Cornishman I claim the same privilege as the three Cornish Choughs to come and live here, where they have lived, under the roof of your Guildhall and close to the heart of your Mayor. You have admitted three and I hope you will admit a fourth. I must not close this part of my address without saying of the Cornish Chough that he is a very home-loving bird—he clings to his home in the rocks and gives utterance to the most melodious screams (laughter), and it is there that his red legs and bill are to be seen flashing upon the rocks. When he has taken up his home on the rock it is difficult to detach him from it.

On the following day he was enthroned. There were present the Duke of Edinburgh, representing the Queen, many of the principal laity of Kent, and most of the Bishops of Great Britain.

¹ To walk in the House of God.

² Himself He cannot deny.

The *Times* wrote of the Archbishop's appearance at the West Door: "With neither affected humility nor any manifestation of unbecoming pride, but as one deeply impressed with the consciousness of the heavy responsibilities devolving on him, he moved with firm steps and a certain stateliness not unbecoming one called to his high office." The train was carried by his son Robert Hugh Benson, then a boy of ten, and by a King's Scholar of Canterbury, vested in surplices and purple cassocks.

At the luncheon held in the Chapter Library, in answer to the toast of his health proposed by the Dean, the Archbishop made an impressive speech: he dwelt much on the qualities of his predecessor and the essential concord of the Church of England. He said:—

In contending for spiritual freedom we do not seek what some of the greatest of those who have sat in the chair of Augustine have sought and obtained—temporal dominion in the world. Whenever there has been a grasping to gather into the bosom of the Church temporal dominion which she has no right to claim and no power to use, there has been, my dear friends, a heavy account to settle, even if it were two or three centuries after.....The Church of England has no fear. She need never be afraid of education, never afraid of research, or anything that science or philosophy may find out, because science and philosophy have their fountains in the Throne above.

On the 16th of May he visited Lincoln; he writes:—

Wednesday, May 16th. Evening service at Lincoln Minster. The dear Lincolners came in a crowd. The boys gave up their very half holiday to come to sing. No such people as Lincolners when their friendship is once made.

The Bishop still rises at six; still reads and writes as much as ever; still quotes fathers and classics aptly and abundantly, and still reasons as ill and is as beautifully courtly as ever. One of his excellent quotations was Caesar's character of the Britons as the weakness of the English Church, "*singuli pugnantes, universi vincuntur.*"

He found the strain of the new life very great; there are several entries such as the following in the Diary:—

May 29th. A terrible day of hurried and impatient work. Every morning, thanks to God, a perfectly unclouded conviction that this day is going to be serene and orderly and full of smooth strong work. Every evening, thanks to myself, utter and entire dissatisfaction with every hour. Bed at one or half-past one each morning, almost untired, yet the shoulders galled, not by the weight but the friction. The psalms to-night a great comfort, and I think they were Laud's last in the chapel.

June 24th. Preached to a terrific congregation crowding the transept and down almost to the west end and standing in the gangways at St Paul's. These scenes must come to an end, but I wonder that their curiosity lasts so long. When they find what few barley loaves and what very small fishes this poor soul, hungry itself, possesses, this five thousand must melt away. Or will Christ have compassion? Meanwhile let us make what running we can. The Church of England has to be built up again from the very bottom. It is the lower and lower-middle classes who must be won. All else would be comparatively easy. And it must be humility, intense devotion, and talking of *English* tongue which must be laid at the disposal of the poor. There is little to be done yet with the rich. And there is *nothing* to be done by *force majeure*, by exhibiting our claims on allegiance. Our claims must be our work. If our Faith is to be shown by our Works, our "Succession" may (with all its rights) put up with the same claim to a hearing and a trial.

In August he went down to Addington, where he at once began to busy himself about the house and park, but little guessing how he would come to love it. He writes :—

September 2nd, Sunday. Such a bounteous harvest, gathered in such golden weather, and after it such deliberate soft rain that you can scarcely see it falling outside the windows, but only the whole land grey with it at a short distance. Beech trees and cedars standing as still as possible in it with such gentle slow wavings as to make the most of it—like great creatures liking to be stroked and pressing up under your hand—and a bloom coming over the grand flat boughs even while one watches their lowering blackness.

A severe illness took up many weeks of this autumn, and after visiting Lord Cranbrook, with my mother and

sister, he went in November to the North to recruit, and visited his Sidgwick relations in Yorkshire. He writes :—

Monday, Nov. 26th. Auckland to Keighley. Found the dearest old cousin commonly called Aunt, at 81 ruling her little Riddlesden Hall, with its sweet gables and low large rooms and unnumbered mullions, as picturesquely and briskly as ever, and the parish with a thorough and perfect happiness. Walked straight up on to Ilkley Moor, the best walk in the best air and with the least fatigue I have had yet.

They rang the bells all afternoon. How odd to look back on oneself a little helpless chap on the top of the coach going to and from Leeds and Skipton, and chatting on the box seat to the coachman about eight and thirty years ago. And now, here is another box seat and more helplessness than then. But the Auriga ! In Him is my trust.

In December he was a good deal depressed both at the amount, the continuousness and the gravity of his work : he writes on Dec. 2nd :—

Sunday. Why has He put me in this place ? Thou hast done great things through great souls becoming filled with humility as the grace of their childlikeness. But my humility, Lord, is not as theirs. My feeling is due to the mere knowledge of my mere emptiness. This is clear to me from the transitions to conceit which is another form of emptiness. I am so tremulous : so afraid of the face of men : so irritated by just carpings which are despicable only because they are carpings, not because they are untrue. I cannot conceive why Thou hast put me here. But then I know nothing is so unlikely as that I should be able to conceive it, or so wrong as that being unable I should murmur. I will only trust Thee to do something with me that shall be to Thine honour and not to my lasting shame. I will, I will confide in Thy lovingness, and I shall not be confounded in aeternum. "Confisus non ero confusus."

Towards the end of 1883 he had been much pulled down in health, and in January, 1884, he went for a short tour in Dovedale with his old friends Bishop Lightfoot and Professor Westcott. He seriously needed rest.

The Diary says :—

...We both held much talk with Durham, endeavouring to con-

vince him that he is a Bishop of the Church of England as well as of the Church of Durham, and is bound to bring his powers to bear on the House of Lords and to give annually some weeks to London.

Feb. 3. Westcott's great theme at present is the unity of the race, and the astonishment with which they who little think it, rich and intellectual and independent, will awake to find themselves so closely united in life and future lot with those whom they never saw nor heard of, and would only have condemned if they had.

On March 29th he writes :—

I do not agree that the Church's work is to be done by my sketching grand programmes for her in public. There are better and stronger ways than that.

Anniversary of Enthronement. *Deus misereatur.*

He was present at the funeral of the Duke of Albany and writes :—

April 5th. I think the most beautiful ceremonial I have ever seen. The sense of the change for *him* from so much ἀσθένεια¹ which he felt so grievously. A thoughtful princely self-denial about him where many would have found nothing but self-excuse.

On the 23rd he paid a visit to Oxford, where he received the degree of D.C.L.

One who was present on the occasion of the degree being conferred says "I never saw the Archbishop look more vigorous or stately than when he came in, very upright, in the scarlet Doctor's gown. Another recipient of the degree walked by him, old and bent. The Archbishop smiled goodhumouredly at the remarks which greeted him, and turned with great courtesy and deference to help the older Doctor up the steps."

On the 27th of April he writes :—

Happy working hard early at St Peter, I. Chapter.

Holy Communion. But much self-inflicted gloom. How difficult to realise what is moral and what is physical. A talk with the children about God and loving Him could not bring me back.

¹ Weakness.

On May 3rd he attended the Academy banquet, and in returning thanks for the guests made a speech, for him very impassioned, on the functions of Art. He said in the course of his speech,

Every picture of nature and life upon which the eye rests with pleasure shows us nature and life either as having lost something or as losing something, and in that lies the pathos of Art; or else it shows us life and nature gaining and stirring towards some great end, however blindly, and in that lies the great joyfulness of Art. . . I would not venture to tread on ground where angels might fear to criticise: but I can assure the President that whether we see upon these walls clouded skies or the clear shining after rain, animal life appealing to our sympathy or commanding our admiration, man in the wonders and mystery of suffering or in the still more wonderful mystery of rejoicing and mirth—in these and in other subjects we recognise that artists are subtle and mighty interpreters to us.

It is curious to me to note one thing in this speech; on the eve of an important address my father often used to ask us, while bewailing humorously his lack of time to prepare the speech, for some ideas or quotations,—“sense” as he called it,—from the old Eton phrase. “What am I to speak to them about?” he would say, looking round, or later, with vexation, “You haven’t given me any ideas. I *must* have some!” On this particular occasion, someone quoted the line of R. Browning, “We love things first, first when we see them painted.” It was interesting to see how such fragmentary suggestions often came into his speech afterwards transmuted and embedded in appropriate eloquence. This line he quoted with great effect, coupled with a majestic compliment to Mr Browning.

I may mention here another instance; he had to give some educational address, and consulted us at tea-time on the very evening it was to be delivered. Someone hazarded, from a book of nonsense verses;

“But what a tongue, and oh what brains
Were in that Parrot’s head;

It took two men to understand
One half the things it said,"

which he introduced into his address, pointing with it an interesting passage on the futility and pedantry of unintelligent accomplishments.

On June 16th he writes in his Diary :—

Maurice's life a ceaseless reproach to the unthoughtfulness of this busy existence. It is very clear how our life like the life of the busy old Jewish priests may become *ἄχρον*¹ in no time—and be ready *εἰς κατάκλισιν*¹. The first year of my Archiepiscopate, when everything within and without, crowded business, details, talk, grind, meetings, interviews, letters, without stop or stay, from early till past midnight; I thought I would acquiesce in it as God's will, and trust Him to feed me spiritually in the midst of this current. But He did not, and will not, and I thank Him. Little as I have lately got of separate moments, it is a great blessing, and it is clear that to get it is one's true work—and to refuse false work.

On the 8th of July the Archbishop spoke strongly in the House of Lords on the Franchise Bill. It is commonly said that on this occasion he implored the House in dealing with this measure to "trust the people." This is however more a summary of what he said than an actual quotation. He said that he trusted the good sense of the country, and that the good sense of the country had brought them onward to where they stood at that moment. He said later in his speech, "The Church trusted the people. How could they refrain from desiring to elevate the people by giving to them that principle of independence upon which so much of progress depended?²"

On the 11th of July he dined with the Queen. He writes:—

July 11th. At dinner the Queen asked me about the Bishops voting for the Franchise Bill. I told her that the Bishops of

¹ Chaff, for the burning. Luke iii. 17.

² The two Archbishops and ten Bishops supported the Bill; one Bishop opposed it.

to-day were not like the Bishops of fifty years ago or fifty-five. Then they did such governing as they did through the superior clergy or by missives. Now meetings, lectures, temperance gatherings, constant openings of mission rooms and churches, above all schools, familiarise them with the people as well as the people with them. They have all this time been teaching them, going in and out among them, addressing them, educating and elevating them in every way. It is not likely that now when all sides agree that the people can use the Franchise properly, the bishops should be found against their own flocks and unwilling to trust them,—and this accounts for the almost perfect unanimity of the bishops on this subject.

On the 24th he had a reception, originated by Archbishop Tait, of some of the poor and invalid from Lambeth Parish. This as has been said was an annual engagement and he had always a peculiar pleasure in it. The “garden-party” and tea were followed by a short service and nothing hindered him from taking this service himself; he chose the lessons, commenting on them as he read; carefully chose the hymns and gave always a brief and simple address.

July 24th. Had a party of ninety-nine poor and halt and blind. Their manners and tone as they approach the grave become so sweet and considerate, whatever their rank. If blindness and lameness and deafness are “*limitations*” truly considered, under which God makes many souls do their work—and it is well done—how strange it seems that when we approach our goal every single soul is subject to so many and so irksome “*limitations*”! We cannot be perfected except by suffering.

At the end of the season he went to Addington; he thus records a Sunday afternoon there:—

August 10th. Maggie, Fred, Hugh and I went out in the shade and wandered and sat while Nellie and Mother had their classes. Hugh read the “Life of Paul the Hermit” aloud from Kingsley, and we concluded that if it was *right*, and necessary for the weal of Christianity, that such an awful enterprise as the desert life should be entered on, in such an age of Sin and Delight as the Alexandrian life exhibited, then we had every

right to expect birds to fetch us bread and lions to dig our grave. That being settled we discussed what was meant by "getting one's own living" if one was rich in estates already, and concluded that ἀρχαιοπλουτεία¹ meant nothing but that God paid us our wages direct, and began by anticipation, so that our station and duty had to be much more rigorously consulted and lived up to than in any other case. We terrified ourselves also by the memoirs of the Hermit Crab and the Sacculina, as exhibiting how frightfully we get punished, if we dare to live without working, in body and spirit, and that Degeneracy is an almost intolerable vengeance on Degeneration². Then Fred read Stanley's account of Jerusalem as it was and is, but alas by this time I fell asleep under a tree and did not hear all.

Tea under the Cedar, and a strain or two of George Herbert. The London fatigue seems passing off in this sweet holiday.

As was always the case, the quiet and repose of Addington soon brought depression and melancholy reflections. He writes:—

October 10th. Our dearest dutifullest Nellie's twenty-first birthday.

How can one help perplexing oneself in such a place as this? I find in myself no fitness for it. I could not resist, I had no right to resist. If calls exist, called I was; against my will. An unfit man, not unfit in his humility subjective, but clearly seeing himself by God's help as he is—yet called. Follows from that, that there is something unknown in God's counsels for the Church and for His poor servant, whom He will not let fall to the ground for simply *nothing*, for His own love to the least—something He means to have done by one unfit for the great place. Well then, he will be fit for the thing He wants to have done. Then *make* him fit—and let, O God, whatever it be, be good for Thy Church. It is in Thy Hand.

On the 6th of November he notes:—

Addington. Lord Cranbrook and Evelyn Hardy, Dean and Mrs Church and Miss Church, Bishop of Peterborough, J. Fowler³ and Mrs Fowler, William and Isabel Sidgwick, all left after most pleasant days and rides and walks and much talk, to me most

¹ Ancestral wealth.

² With reference to Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*.

³ The late Sir John Fowler, Bart., engineer-in-chief of the Forth Bridge.

valuable. The Bishop of Peterborough older and weaker but as brilliant and swift as ever. He told us a story of going down to a party of men whom he saw on the sands at a wild sea-place in Wales, carrying a strange-looking black burden. It was, he found, an old man alive, wrapped in an ox-skin. The men were Mormons going to sail next day. The old man could not bear the voyage, and the Mormons had told them that if they put him, thus wrapped up, into the sea, he would come up in the Salt Lake at Utah! When we had all been sufficiently horrified, I said the ancients thought there were magic powers of resuscitation in an oxhide,—*δέρμα ταύρειον*. He said, "Now, that sounds so like Dermot O'Ryan that I'm sure you mean to be personal—so I'll say good-night."

On the last day of 1884 he writes :—

December 31st, Addington.—There never was a night which brooded over the earth with such affection. "I am your last one," it said. It was warm and just before midnight one could have seen to read by the moonlight. And all the sky was filled high with the softest fleecy motionless clouds. The light lay like a rich substance on everything and broke through the cedars here and there, while they also climbed up like blackest cloud masses.

The Church was nearly full of people. There was a beautiful short Service of good simple words from Mylne. A brief silence at midnight and then bells full of hope. It was a natural ending to a year more full of sunlight than any year I remember, a summer in which one day was more beautiful than another, without stop or stay for months, and it was a tender spiritual farewell, with all one's dear ones about one, to a year in which one has had to live much in crowds, and much alone, and much without *them* in both cases; a year in which spiritual blessings have been many, but have not, on account of the hurry, and my difficulty in combining hurry with peace, yielded their harvest well.

One cannot leave the record of this year without mentioning a scheme which then took shape and which demanded later from the Archbishop much time and thought—time and thought willingly given to what was a deep and important interest to him, even an enjoyment. In all the years that followed, at first weekly, later less frequently, his engagement book while he was in London

had the entry *εὐσχημόνες* ("honourable women"). The following account of the movement has been sent me by Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, who was closely identified with it from the very first. She writes:—

.....For some reason, not perhaps very definable, many thoughtful women were stirred in the years 1884–5 with the desire to purify and elevate the moral tone of Society in London. A West-end Mission had been announced for Lent, 1885, and it seemed an occasion for a real effort to bring religious influences to bear on those who were perhaps least aware that they needed them. The Archbishop was approached through Dr Wilkinson (then Bishop of Truro and formerly Vicar of St Peter's, Eaton Square), and the result was that at the end of the first year of his Archiepiscopate he found himself confronted with a problem of singular difficulty, from which many a man, equally conscientious, but less intrepid, might have turned away in despair. It was not in his nature to shrink from difficulty; the demand for allies, moreover, was a call of honour. "They have appealed to the Bishops," he would say, "we must not fail them." The Spring of 1884 found him accordingly ready to hear, to advise, and to act. A meeting took place in Lambeth Palace, which was attended by about thirty ladies, most of whom took part in a discussion on the probable causes of the decline in morals and religion in the social world of London. This gathering was followed by several others, and eventually a scheme was drawn out which took shape in the following year. It included a series of discourses on social subjects which were delivered in Westminster Abbey to large audiences by the Bishop of Truro, and the present Archbishops of Canterbury and York. But the most interesting proved the most permanent feature, viz. :—a course of addresses given by himself in Lambeth Palace Chapel, which, begun in the Spring of 1885, continued till the year of his death. By a strange coincidence of events the first meeting took place under circumstances of peculiar solemnity: the Soudan Campaign was in progress, and from almost every home a soldier son, brother or husband had gone forth. The Chapel was thronged, and many and fervent intercessions were offered for the safe return of the absent, and for comfort in bereavement and anxiety to sorrowing hearts at home. As time went on, and the shadows dispersed, the character of the audience was to a considerable extent modified. The Archbishop's teaching was at no time of a *popular* order, and this (together with other

reasons of a more practical and mundane character) sifted his hearers. For the last ten years, however, few changes occurred, and many will recall the sense of quickened expectation with which they took their accustomed places year by year.

The Address was preceded by a Hymn rendered with great sweetness and intelligence by a choir of ladies. A Collect or two followed. Then the kneeling forms rose, amid a silence broken only by the twitter of birds in the garden without, as the light of the Spring evening lingered. Bibles were opened and the hour of initiation had come for many a hearer. The Archbishop was a master in the art of the exposition of Scripture. Character and scene lived and glowed under his hand; the past mingled with the present; Divine activities were at work; there were "signs" now as then. He loved to touch with a word the ideal of condition, state or duty: the matrons who in demeanour were as Priestesses¹—or the contemplative souls withdrawn by sorrow from life's energies and peacefully seated² at the feet of Christ.

On the other hand, he never ignored the subtle attractions of evil to the lower nature. He would track impulse to its source and find it lodged in unsuspected habits; self-seeking was unmasked, and no disguise covered insincerity. Strenuous himself to the point of sternness, he could not tolerate an easy or sentimental pietism. Pitiless excision of the unworthy elements in character, and untiring cultivation of its higher qualities seemed to him to leave less space for emotion than is often allotted to it in the spiritual life, and perhaps for this reason he quoted with approval the saying of another that "few women are truly religious." A combination of piety with frivolity was necessarily distasteful to him, but, apprehensive of unreality in its subtler forms, he would sometimes say, when sure of his hearer, "take care not to fall into *religiousness*." His own Mysticism was of a very pure and elevated type. Three lines of thought seemed to recur to him with special frequency and vigour. (I doubt not that others have noted them, but in recalling the Lambeth Chapel Addresses, I cannot forbear to do so as well.) First, he dwelt much on the Church,—*"the one living spiritual reality besides God."* Secondly, on the restoration of Humanity to its true place in the Universe³, and thirdly, he had (what I may call) a doctrine of Sorrows, of which more hereafter. In these and kindred subjects, he rose to great heights; but who

¹ Titus ii. 3 Gr.

² 1 Cor. vii. 36 Gr.

³ Deus qui humane etc. Collect for Matins and Vespers of the Nativity. Gelasian Sacramentary (see *Cyprian*, p. 293, note, where the Collect is quoted).

can forget the peculiar glow of pleasure with which he produced a neat bit of evidence in favour of the Scripture narrative, supplied by archaeology, history or language? He was never content, however, without a grasp of the special circumstances of his hearers, and sought to acquaint himself in the most minute manner with the whole problem of social life.

What gave my father a peculiar fitness for this work was not only his high ideal of the uses of "position" but his comprehension of women, and one would pass over much, in portraying his character, if one did not touch upon the view he took of women and their part in Church and State. It was different from the view usually taken either by the ecclesiastic or the average educated man. He did not regard women, on the one hand, as more easily victors in the strife for holiness, nor on the other, as more heavily handicapped in the race for knowledge, neither as necessarily superior in character, nor essentially inferior in intellect. But again he did not, as do most advocates for what are vulgarly called "women's rights," underestimate the difference between the mind of women and that of men. If he had not this difference prominently before him, it was because he did not care to dwell on unfruitful contrasts, because he estimated people primarily as individuals and not in classes. He did not contend that a woman's education must be the same, or must be different from a man's, but he would exclude no subject, classical, scientific, philosophical or religious, from a woman's study merely on the ground that she was not a man. If the character and if the mind were suitable the subject was suitable. He was quite clear from his experience as to the subjects which were generally suitable for the education of boys—he would allow instinct and taste to mark out new paths if it seemed well for girls. "Not one step taken thus far in woman's education and advance," he wrote in 1889, "can be said to have led to one evil or

done one mischief. Her dignity has risen steadily with her power for good¹."

As the distinctions between schools of thought in religious matters were seldom prominently in his mind, since he saw something more important than schools—namely religion—so the distinction between women and men was not brought forward, for he cared for something more fundamental—namely the individual.

But he was not therefore careless of special qualities that women may have and may use for the Nation and the Church, but like a "wise master builder" brought these forward where they were needed; seeing not only those, which, like tact, are commonly ascribed, but qualities which, like a fine perception and judgment, are not often conceded.

It would be too much to say that he was never disappointed in the working of these, but his ideal was in all things pitched so high, his expectations were so sanguine, that perhaps nothing short of a committee of angels could wholly have come up to them.

With such a view of the capacities of those with whom he had to deal, with an ideal so great of the way in which their capacities and position might be used, this work cannot be reckoned among the least of his life.

On the 17th the Archbishop attended a meeting of the Trustees of the British Museum: he says:—

Saturday, Jan. 17th. We had a long discussion among the Trustees as to whether to recommend that it should be open from 2 to 6 on Sunday afternoons. Something was said about the "English Sunday," and the Prince of Wales who supported the opening said strongly that he wished the English Sunday to be observed.

I said I had no objection, but satisfaction, at the thought of poor people walking through galleries on Sunday who could see

¹ *Christ and His Times*, p. 105.

them no other day, if that be so. But I was sure that Sunday traffic would make a great advance, and put infinitely more omnibus work, tram work, railway work, and cab work in requisition, besides opening practically many more victualling rooms. Absolutism and despotism were dying indeed, but the most miserable class in the world, in their own estimation, was the serving class whom those a little above them kept at work 17 hours of every day without scruple. There were no such tyrants as the democracy-strata, which could just force work for themselves by payments which they could just afford. No pity ever touched the people who could just get other people to do them service, by keeping their souls and bodies together as the price of it.

On the 22nd he has an interview with Mr Gladstone about the vacant See of London : he writes :—

Thursday, Jan. 22nd. A long talk with Mr Gladstone to wind up our conversation. He refused to appoint the Bishop of London except on my recommendation. We thought on the whole, though I never in my life had such subtle difficulties and differences to weigh, that it was best that the Bishop of Durham should work out further the great things which he had begun in his northern region with such great power—that he had better be reserved for the Archbishopric of York, and that neither his present work nor the Archbishopric would in so grave a way hinder his Theological work, “so essential for the Church,” as London would undoubtedly end it. We therefore determined on the Bishop of Exeter, who (without mentioning my name) is to be recommended at once to the Queen. No other name was even discussed.

On the 3rd February he held a meeting of Bishops, at Lambeth, to discuss the Report of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, of which when Bishop of Truro he had been a member, and to decide upon possible legislation. He writes :—

Tuesday, Feb. 3rd. Held a Committee at Lambeth of the Bishops who had sate on the Commission. They went through the Bill drafted by Sir H. Thring¹ on the lines of the Report, and read his memorandum. Considering the intensity of the feeling

¹ Created Lord Thring in 1886.

when Green was imprisoned¹, and the imminent certainty that a new crop of trials might be originated at any moment by the Church Association, it is marvellous that such an apathy as to the necessity for legislation should have come on. It is all very well if there were to be no more proceedings. Naturally in that case we should not want Courts.

But I fear this alternate heat and cold has become characteristic of us in all things. The intense excitement when Gordon went out—the coolness when he was gone—the total indifference about Transvaal affairs—are like flushes and chills on ecclesiastical legislation—and if excitement returns and our courts are what they were we shall be poorly armed.

On Feb. 8th he preached at Westminster; the intensest anxiety was then prevailing as to the fate of General Gordon at Khartoum, and a singular incident occurred: he writes:—

Preached in Westminster Abbey—enormous crowds of men—as we started in procession from nave to choir, the precentor and Dr Troutbeck hurried from their places to the Dean, and said, “The Government have sent you special message that Gordon is alive.” “The Government.” The Dean told me instantly, and as he spoke Mr Gladstone passed by the procession and went on to the choir. The Dean seeing this concluded that Gladstone had given the message—and as there was not a moment to ask more, gave me his permission to mention it in the sermon. No one was so astonished as Mr Gladstone.

On the 11th February the actual news of Gordon's death arrived.

He says:—

I met Mr Gladstone this afternoon walking in the park, and looking perfectly lost—he made a bow which seemed to say he was hundreds of miles distant in spirit. There has never been so universal a sense of loss and danger in England.

¹ The Rev. Sydney Faithorne Green, Rector of St John's, Miles Platting, was charged under the Public Worship Regulation Act with introducing unauthorised ornaments into the Church, and using unauthorised ceremonies and vestments in the Communion Service. Lord Penzance in 1879 issued successively a monition and inhibition, which were both disregarded. In 1881 Mr Green was imprisoned at Lancaster. Proceedings for a *habeas corpus* failed in every court. At length in Nov. 1882, the benefice having become void under the Act, Lord Penzance liberated him on the application of Dr Fraser, Bishop of Manchester.

On the 21st of March my father entertained fifty of the Church of England Working Men's Society at Lambeth. This kind of gathering was one of the Archbishop's greatest pleasures; he delighted in the talk of working men. He showed them all over the palace himself, gave them a lecture and an extempore service in the Chapel; shaking hands with the men he said, "I can assure you this is a day I shall never forget. I shall never forget the way you sang our hymn just now. I can only say in the words of the old Saint, 'May the Lord bless you and increase you a thousandfold, and may you raise seed to Him through the generations.' God bless you all."

On the 25th of March he attended the funeral of his dear friend and master, Bishop Wordsworth. He writes:—

March 25th. I went on to Lincoln and arrived at two for the funeral of the Bishop. The completely filled building, the sound of Great Tom in the air, the perfect stillness of such a throng, the quiet approach of two or three of the Chapter to meet me, the dearth of every stone of beauty, the vestry filled with well-known robed figures and faces, the Dean with suffering stamped on all his features, made a strange and trying dream seem to come over me. It was but the other day I followed him in a thin procession out of St Hugh's Chapel for his enthronement, and now this great procession went to receive him out of the Morning Chapel. He was followed by the family and then by almost all the clergy of the diocese. They and the Corporation and a few country gentlemen filled the whole of the glorious choir, while the coffin with his pastoral staff on it and wreaths of flowers lay just above the grander choir, four chaplains standing beside it. The singing was of the quiet meditative and most sweet character which has been long peculiar to Lincoln alone. I read the Lesson. They gave me my dear old Chancellor's stall, with my old Prayer-book and its monogram, and two chaplains had Aylesbury and Heydour. The throne was hung with black where he used to kneel with that piercing force of devotion and his ejaculations of Amen, Amen, half through the next Collects. The mass of students of the *Scholae*, the clergy in the Lincoln hood, and the others in gowns, told how one of our dreams had been realised. It was impossible to be afflicted. All has come and gone so naturally, and this is so

natural itself, and the hope so perfect as to be not hope, and the thankfulness so intense that he is delivered from the terrible cloud and suffering of the months since Mrs Wordsworth's death¹. It was so strange that the great scholar and incessant reader ceased to feel the least interest in any book but one, and he whose nerves were equal to anything could not bear to be alone, yet could not bear the very sound of a pen in the room, and yet did not ever in a single instance lose the gentleness and sweet deference and courtesy of gratitude to every single person about him. The end has been very sad. I must write it for my own edification and remembrance and preparation.

On the 22nd of April his award in the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral was given. Lord Grimthorpe (then Sir Edmund Beckett), Professor Freeman and the Cathedral Chapter had chosen him as arbitrator. It was not only his official position, but his fine taste combined with his knowledge of architecture and ecclesiastical history which fitted him especially to arbitrate in so complicated a matter. The questions were, (1) the precise authority of the wishes of the Chapter over the wishes of the General Committee, (2) whether the ancient Norman Tower should be replaced, or the later Decorated Tower retained. The Archbishop decided (1) that a small Executive Committee should be elected from the Chapter and the General Committee, whose decisions should be paramount, (2) that the Decorated Tower should, as more consistent with the continuity of historical tradition, be restored.

On the 24th he writes:—

"Non est creatura tam parva et vilis quae Dei bonitatem non repraesentet."

Yesterday I saw a girl of 12 or 13 turn out of a door and walk on before me—dirty, torn—her face was as if it had been pressed flat, and recovered itself a little. Her knee was weak so that she seemed to throw out her left foot as far as it would go, and pull it in again by way of walking—lilting out with half her body each

¹ Mrs Wordsworth died on her husband's birthday, Oct. 11, 1884. The Bishop died the day after the election of his successor in the Cathedral. He was buried on the Festival of the Annunciation, the great day of the Cathedral.

step, to gain the requisite ponderance. She has to live a life out under these limitations—and there was not in her look any apparent effect of an ideal, or of a reliance, yet there is in her remaining organization, and I doubt not in her spirit, quite enough to show, quite enough to take in and give out the “Goodness of God.” It wants redemption—deliverance and clearance. And I doubt not that there is abundant *parvitas et vilitas* in me, who am unfettered bodily, and *have*, or think I have, an ideal, to make a still less fettered being wonder how in the world *my* limitations can possibly be got over. It can be only by λύσις and λύτρωσις¹; O to *see* and to be *free*!

On the 29th the Archbishop was presented with a magnificent Primatial Cross for the See of Canterbury, of silver gilt, set with splendid sapphires, designed by Messrs Bodley and Garner. The movement to present it originated from Truro. He said that he accepted it as a remembrance that this was to be “a standard of the King of kings, the great sign of the Word of God which rode on conquering and to conquer.”

On the 30th of April the Revised Version of the Scriptures was presented to the House of Convocation, in the College Hall of Westminster School. “That,” said the Archbishop, receiving it, “is a far greater and more important gift than the Archiepiscopal Cross with which the Metropolitan See has just been endowed.”

The Queen to the Archbishop.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

May 18, 1885.

The Queen has to thank the Archbishop for his kind letter and at the same time to ask him and the Convocation to accept her best thanks for the beautiful Copy of the New Revised Version of the Bible.

She must congratulate those who have laboured so anxiously and earnestly, on having executed this most important and difficult work so successfully, and can assure the Archbishop and Convocation of the deep interest with which she will read these Sacred Volumes.

¹ Remission and Redemption.

On June 12th he writes:—

June 12th. The idea of calling or vocation is so much out of date (as a Romish notion I suppose) that if one-tenth of the people who ask me for livings were gratified, there would be no living left for those who would never ask. The thought seems dead. I think we ought to get the Ordination Service altered, instead of the old-fashioned "Dost thou think thou art truly called," I ought to ask the question, "And do you think you shall like this calling you have chosen?" or, "Dost thou think thou shalt like this line of life which thou hast selected?"

On the 23rd he says:—

Tuesday.—An excellent example of the kind of day now permitted to an Archbishop, whose work is supposed to depend somewhat on thinking and studying.

Up at 6.15, wrote until 8.30, chapel 9.15. 10, Adeney, Sir Ed. Hay Currie to explain Beaumont Trust. Grey, Hardwicke. Letters until 12.45, when Canon Hoare on Tunbridge Wells Cemetery. 1, luncheon, Hoare, Hutchinson; 1.30, drove to Charterhouse where we discussed the scheme for its alteration (Abp York, J. Talbot, Lords Devon, Clinton, Brownlow and Coleridge), and elected Elwyn Master of the Charterhouse. 3.30, Meeting for Beaumont Trust at Mansion House, Prince of Wales spoke, I seconded. 4.20, House of Lords, very full. Lord Granville sold all, in lieu of a "statement," moving to adjourn to Thursday. 4.40, Assyrian Committee: decided on starting *new* move—not out till 6. 7.45, dined with the Cubitts at Prince's Gate—evening party after. Large Conservative gathering—no one in good spirits, but all bent to do their best. Now 12 midnight.

On the 30th of June the Archbishop made a memorable speech at his Diocesan Conference. He said, "It will not be by her own act, her spontaneity, that the Church will be formed into a political party.... The Church does not desire to enter into the political arena; but circumstances might arise which would compel her to do so, and then suddenly she would find herself a vast political power. The flake of gold becomes a current coin with image and superscription at one blow, and though the Church might desire to avoid the contingency yet it might be forced

upon her." He went on to say that it would not, as in other countries, become a mere "clerical" party, but that the union of the laity with the clergy of the English Church was deep-seated. This utterance was received with considerable respect, and the courage of the Archbishop—"a courage to which in ecclesiastical circles we had grown unaccustomed"—was loudly praised.

In August he went to Switzerland for a much needed holiday. He writes in his Diary:—

Saturday, Aug. 15th.—At Sion, with its wreck of grandeur, the Archbishop was on the platform, a venerable big old man with a green cord round his hat and a purple cincture round his waist. A priest and a peasant farmer who were with him kissed his hand and knelt to him.

This perhaps is the fruit of the great times when the Abp hired out his Valais farmers' sons for soldiers to whatever cause wished to have them. And since then the teaching of his church has grown more earthly, even whilst lives have become more pure.

Where do they stand? Is it a penance? Is it a captivity? Is it a slope to still further decline and loss? A nothing? Is there to be a revival? Is there to be a better system of Christianity? And where do we stand in England? Are the efforts and toils and prayers of half a century to avail to leaven us from the century before that? Is Unchristianity and Antichristianity to invade us yet more—or can we with the Cross and with the Truth of the Cross yet overcome? Not *we*. Will God use us and our sons?

In November he had written in his Diary a long survey of the political condition of the country with reference to the pending elections, touching on reforms which had already long been in prospect, and indicating the possibility of a defensive movement of the Church, which was to bear fruit later in a large organisation for the diffusion of knowledge about the position and history of the Church.

It may be noted that it was about this time that my father's Parliamentary activity began. For the next ten years which remained to him of life, he never ceased to press forward in Parliament bills for the reform of patronage

and for the provision of means by which the Church might rid herself of the scandal of evil-living ministers.

November—Election. When the field is so large it is very difficult to be sure that what one sees is a correct sample of the whole—or that what one conceives to be the whole is really so. But I think that this is true: there was little or no anxiety about the Church's position until Mr Gladstone made mention of disestablishment in his address, merely stating that it was far off, the question not ripe, and that when the people after abundant consideration should come, if ever they did come, to think the establishment should be ended it would have to be done. There were no expressions of reluctance. Rather an implication that he should execute the people's will himself if it had happened to come (which it would not) in his time. This caused among all who revered him hitherto as a churchman the greatest surprise and shame. If he had boldly negatived the idea, it would have reassured every one. While those who wished for it could not have complained if it was true that under any circumstances it was very distant. Then Chamberlain without any circumlocution spoke of it as his desire and as very near, though not perhaps within the next Session. Then came out "The Radical Programme" preface by Chamberlain with a truculent wolfish imagining the whole thing down to details, and claiming it. In the meantime the counter-feeling swept far and wide and reached something of intensity. Chamberlain went to stay at Hawarden, and thence set forth on his political travels declaring that he had not meant and had scarcely said anything of the kind. Mr Gladstone also felt great sorrow at the way in which he had been misunderstood on purpose about a thing so distant and visionary. Lord Salisbury adroitly pointed out that Mr G. had once described the disestablishment of the Irish Church as "in the dim and distant future" and that within two years and a half he had passed the measure for it. It will be always a stain on the Liberals that, the order of events being what it was, they everywhere proclaimed that the "Tories" had got up the alarm about "the Church in danger."

The result of the election, when the boroughs had been taken, with its conservative majority, appeared to everyone a settling of the question as to what the feeling in the country was about the Church. But the astonishment all round was great when it turned out that the agricultural vote was so preponderantly liberal. There can be no doubt that the efforts of the Liberationists, the belief instilled into the peasant mind that if the Church were

disestablished they should gain "something," and also the unpopularity, not undeserved I fear, of the country clergy in some regions, have acted to this end. The accounts of many parishes give a sad picture of unspiritual, selfish clerical life. But it is most to be observed that the educated intelligence of the towns has gone the other way, and if this is real, then every day's education is educating the "people" into a more civilised view of things. In my visitation charges I uttered because I felt no alarm. Whatever comes, the Church of Christ will not suffer—and I do not think that, whatever may be in store, there are any sufficient signs to make one think Mr Gladstone wrong in his view. What *is* wrong, irredeemably wrong, in his case is that he did not tell his half-informed followers that disestablishment would be a backward and a dangerous step for the State, unjustifiable and unjust.

But one thing is visible gain already. The attention excited to the subject will make the Conservatives feel that they dare no longer oppose the reforms which the Bishops and the best of the clergy and the largest part of the laity of the Church have long desired and pressed for. The very hesitation to confess all that is amiss in our ways and works, lest it should arouse people still more against us, will surely now come to an end. The Conservatives threw out the last Patronage reform bill—but they will now feel that they injure what they want to preserve. And that subject, and the starvation of some laborious livings, and the exercise of some control by the laity must meet with more attention—we shall be able, I trust, with this wave to do something. It is rather of bad augury that Lord Salisbury has made political Church Defence a watchword (for the present) with his party—and the effect will be that the Liberals will be afraid of meddling with the support of the Church lest it should cause any doubt of their Liberalism.

I do not propose to give more than a summary of the Archbishop's Parliamentary work. It was not congenial to him; he was convinced of the importance of securing prompt and practical Church legislation, but the Parliamentary methods of securing it were distasteful to him. He cared deeply and anxiously for the results of measures, but he was not a good Parliamentary speaker, and he had none of the arts of the Lobbyist. Moreover he had had no apprenticeship. He entered Parliament for the first time

when he became Archbishop, at the age of fifty-three: for two hundred years there had been no Archbishop who had not previously sat as Bishop. In the House of Lords, I think it may be said, his historical sensitiveness, his love of antiquity and tradition, were a misfortune to him. The atmosphere seemed to overawe him, and make him ill at ease. I have often heard him speak of his first days in the House, how the imperturbable indifference, the genial consciousness of position, the amiable toleration of religion, the well-bred contempt for enthusiasm weighed his spirits down. He seldom spoke there with any pleasure either of anticipation, performance or recollection. Yet there were few more constant attendants at the sittings of the House, and the increasing familiarity with the course of affairs gradually gave him influence and won him respect among those whom he used to designate as *Terrarum Dominos*.

He wrote to Bishop Westcott after his speech on the Sunday opening of Museums (1884):—

I had to speak in the House of Lords last night. It is a really terrible place for the unaccustomed. Frigid impatience and absolute good will, combined with a thorough conviction of the infallibility of laymen (if not too religious) on all sacred subjects, are the tone, morale and reason of the House as a living being. My whole self-possession departs, and ejection from the House seems the best thing which could happen to one.

The first piece of Parliamentary drafting that he did was in connection with Ecclesiastical Courts. It will be remembered that Archbishop Tait, after the acknowledged failure of the Public Worship Regulation Act—a measure which, as Chancellor Dibdin says, was neither framed nor used as Archbishop Tait desired it—proposed in March, 1881, the appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into the constitution and working of the Ecclesiastical Courts. Of that Commission Bishop Benson, then at Truro, was a member, and attended the meetings with great regu-

larity. On Archbishop Tait's death he became Chairman, and took great pains with the drafting of the Report. In this document the continuity of the Anglican tradition is strongly insisted upon, and stress is laid upon the fact that the Reformation did not entirely suspend that tradition, but that the English Church dated, not from the Reformation, but by inheritance, from the Day of Pentecost. But the Bishops were not unanimous in their approval; and the Archbishop was so averse to their acting "disunitedly," that no legislation was attempted.

Writing to Sir Arthur Gordon on June 2nd, 1884, the Archbishop said:—

Nothing that I have seen alters my views. It was not very likely, after two years' hard work at it. We shall then probably proceed with the heads of a Bill, and then draft it during the autumn, and next session bring it on;—if (1) I can prevail on Mr G. to give it really fair play, (2) and this Government is more disposed to do so. We had better remain as we are, all alike being sick and tired of litigation, than rush to legislation and have the weapon wrested from us and turned on the Church, as the last measure was.

The following extract from a letter to the present Bishop of Winchester (Dec. 11th, 1886) gives the Archbishop's view as to the prospects of Church progress, and the necessity of regarding legislation in Church matters as only a very small side of Church development.

(Govt. Bills.) Acts of Parliament on Tithe¹ and Glebe are apparently preparing without any consultation whatever with any Church authorities; not even the Commissioners. One is not quite sure whether those who are passionately, and not politically, enamoured of Christ's Church, may not think it better for her

¹ This probably refers not to the Extraordinary Tithe Bill of 1886 but to one of the general Tithe Bills of the Government, possibly that of 1888. There is scarcely any connection between Extraordinary Tithe, which was an arbitrary impost placed on the produce of hop and other gardens, and ordinary Tithe. Extraordinary Tithe became payable as a fresh and extra tax whenever land was turned into (say) a hop-garden. The object of the Act was to give a rent-charge of fixed amount instead of the existing Extraordinary Tithe, and to prevent the creation of any new Extraordinary Tithe.

to leap into many waters, than be in the next few years bound and crippled if she clings to land. And the Conservatives must not think that they are so essential to the Church that they may behave to her far worse than any others do. The proposal to sell Glebe Lands when they are at the lowest value for allotments is an attempt at pleasing Socialists a little too far, and as I have said before to you, I know what will be the politics of five-sixths of the clergy if they are delivered from all sympathy with land.

I cannot conceive how next "term" is to get over without a deadlock in my work. The multitude and magnitude of businesses which are beginning to crowd about the Home Church already require a small strong Council for the preparation and proposal of lines to be followed. It is getting beyond *any* power (not only mine, *quam suo quam etc.*) because it is getting beyond any time which any one can have.

But altogether with the tiny clouds like *many* men's hands which are rising from the sea, it is interesting to observe how while the Church is losing ground with Crown and Cabinets and Parliament, she is conciliating and gaining ground with the people, —slowly and *οὐ μετὰ παρατηρήσεως*¹ we may almost say, but I think really. And this too just at the moment when the relations of the Colonies to the Church, and of Colonial Churches to home, are moving forward and not backward; one is just able to say that if not more. But all this only makes *πρόβουλοι*² more essential. They cannot be Bishops *only*. There are not the Bishops, and if there were they wouldn't tie themselves.

I don't quite know why I have written you all this. I have written on. It scarcely any of it wants the *least* answer. And at any rate do not write a *soothing* answer.

Chancellor Dibdin writes, summarising the Archbishop's attempted Reforms in Ecclesiastical matters:—

On December 12th, 1885, a memorial, promoted by the Archbishop's intimate friend the present Bishop of Durham and signed by most of the leading resident members of the Senate of Cambridge University, was presented to the Archbishops and Bishops, expressing belief that "the Church of England has long suffered serious injury from the postponement of necessary reforms," and urging immediate action as to Patronage, Redistri-

¹ "Not with observation," St Luke xvii. 20.

² At Athens and in other Greek States, the *πρόβουλοι* were a Provisional Committee to examine legislative measures before they were proposed to the people.

bution of Clerical Revenues, and Clergy Discipline, while the "most urgently needed" reform of any was stated to be "the admission of laymen of all classes who are *bonâ fide* Churchmen to a substantial share in the control of Church affairs."...In February, 1886, he formally opened the House of Laymen, which after much consideration and at the request of Convocation he called into existence, as an attempt to supplement the clerical Convocations and to form a consultative body of lay Churchmen drawn by a system of election from each diocese of the province....

He announced that he proposed forthwith to submit to Convocation and to the House of Laymen a Bill for the reform of Church Patronage with a view to its early introduction into Parliament. This was the Archbishop's Patronage Bill of 1886, on which he spent a very large amount of time and labour, seeking and obtaining assistance in many different quarters, especially from the great lawyers in both Houses....The Bill, introduced into the Lords by the Archbishop himself, was well received. It passed successfully through a Select Committee of which the Archbishop was Chairman, but was never considered in the Commons, owing partly to the Dissolution which followed Mr Gladstone's defeat on the second reading of his first Home Rule Bill. In 1887 the Archbishop introduced another Patronage Bill, which differed materially (especially as altered in the House of Lords on the suggestion of Lord Salisbury) from the earlier Bill.

On April 12th, 1887, the Archbishop writes :—

My Patronage Bill has passed the House of Lords. And Salisbury has promised me to make it a Government measure in the House of Commons. If it passes it will certainly have done much to extirpate the worst evils connected with our advowson system and to leave the great undeniable benefits intact which flow from so much patronage being in the hands of the laity. The Bill as I introduced it this year had a council of assistants to the Bishops whose functions were threefold, to examine and approve every transfer of an advowson, to examine genuineness of each presentation, and to receive patronage of advowsons given them. This council was to be elected in a way tedious to describe, as rules of cricket or lawn tennis are, but perfectly easy and simple in the working—simpler than the ordinary election to a diocesan conference. This election Lord Salisbury cut away by amendments, and also left the council only the function of examining and certifying honesty of transfer of advowsons. For

election he substitutes nomination of two lay members by the Chancellor of the Diocese. All else remains. . .

The House of Lords expressed the utmost confidence in Bishops, and has certainly largely increased their powers—leaving it for them to exercise their discretion as to accepting presentees, which they were quite willing to share with the Council. The gains of the Bill are great, though how long the confidence in Prelates will last or why it suddenly arose, I am not sure. Lord Salisbury thinks that the “Clerical agent” will be extinct. But resources of cheating are *intarissable*¹.

Mr Dibdin continues :—

Again the Patronage Bill fell to the ground between Lords and Commons, and for a few years, until 1893, was not again introduced. Its place was taken by the Clergy Discipline Bill, to which the Archbishop applied himself with equal zeal, and was rewarded with better success in 1891 and 1892². The Archbishop himself piloted the Bill through the Lords, and it was made a Government measure in the Commons, and, with the powerful personal assistance of Mr Gladstone then in opposition, was passed in the teeth of much factious opposition from a few Welsh Liberationist members. The Act, which has now been in operation five years, has fully answered the expectations of its promoters.

In writing my father's Life, I was amazed to find what an immense correspondence existed with reference to the various Bills that he introduced. He seems to have made personal appeals to most of the prominent political

¹ On this Bill Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) Magee wrote :—

“*March 5th*, 1887. The great question is about the passing of the Church Patronage Bill. The Abp has overloaded it with a number of complicated and rather fantastic provisions for a great Diocesan Council of Presentations, none of which I ever saw or heard of until now, and has poorly stated his reasons for so doing.

“These damaged the Bill and him and us in the eyes of the Lords. I did not like to throw him over publicly and totally, but I did disparage the Council and intimated that I cared little about it. This was all omitted in the *Times* report. So I am held responsible for his *niaiseries*. So history is made.” (*Life of Abp Magee*.)

² It is interesting to note that Archbishop Magee, writing on Feb. 25th, 1891, says :—“I had a pleasant little dinner at Lambeth yesterday and most pleasant talk with Cantuar on matters archiepiscopal. He still evidently leans on me to do his fighting in the House of Lords. I will *help* him, but he must fight for his own hand too.” (*Life of Abp Magee*, p. 305.)

leaders to help him to obtain satisfactory and effective Church legislation. I printed a number of these in the original edition of the book; but they are too technical, and deal too closely with Parliamentary details to be reproduced here.

On the 10th June, 1892, he was still working at the Clergy Discipline Bill; he writes:—

June 10.—Examining the Amendments in the Bill carefully with Sir R. Webster and Sir H. Jenkyns¹. The former has managed the Bill splendidly. We have the appointment of assessors exactly as we wished; we have punishment of disobedience to sentence, and we have power of deposition from Holy Orders by the Bishop—a rather startling fact considering (I suppose) that we have scarcely, if ever, exercised it since the Reformation. We have various minor improvements, but amid all misgivings and fears, God's providence seems to have watched over the storm of this Bill and given the Church immensely increased powers for her purification from unworthy priests. Fiat.

On the 16th of June he wrote:—

Moved in the Lords that amendments of Commons in Clergy Discipline Bill be adopted. As I ended the simple moving they cheered. The Bill was carried in the House of Commons with *loud cheers*, and we have been everlastingly saying and hearing that no Church Bill could ever pass Parliament again. Now we'll have a try at Patronage.

During the two next years he worked unceasingly to get a Patronage Bill carried through. In 1896 it was combined with another Bill, under the name of the Benefices Bill, and of this Mr Dibdin writes:—

The Bill passed second reading by an immense majority. Its consideration by the Committee on Law led to a variety of alterations, and there were points which caused the Archbishop a good deal of anxiety, but they were on the whole successfully surmounted, and the Bill came back to the House improved rather than otherwise. Its enemies were, however, vigorous, and after two days spent on the first few clauses dealing with Patronage, it was plain that the

¹ Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury.

obstructive tactics of the so-called defenders of property could only be defeated by the Government taking up the Bill, and either devoting a great deal of time to it or sacrificing a large portion of it. The Archbishop strained every nerve, and brought every influence he could think of to bear, but it was in vain. The Government found themselves unable to add to their responsibilities, and so what turned out to be the Archbishop's last session ended, and the most hopeful opportunity that had occurred during the Archbishop's long struggle to obtain this reform passed away without anything having been accomplished. He was greatly disappointed, but not the least daunted, and had already begun to consider how the fight should be renewed, when he was taken away.

I subjoin a few words from an important letter written to Chancellor Dibdin with reference to the Benefices Bill of 1896.

The Archbishop wrote :—

The pivots of the Bill were these two things—Freedom for the pastoral office of the Bishop in refusing unworthy clergy, and an Appeal from him to a separate and superior authority which would still have the same interests of the people before its eyes. I know nothing more likely to disestablish the Church from within than the inversion of these two just demands—and the thing is taken lightly!

About this letter Mr Dibdin wrote to me :—

The Benefices Bill of 1896 did not pass but it is noteworthy that in the Act just passed¹ your father's views on both points were given effect to.

¹ The Benefices Act, 1898.

CHAPTER XII.

LETTERS AND DIARIES. EASTERN CHURCHES.

*"A sad wise valour is the brave complexion
That leads the van, and swallows up the cities."*

GEO. HERBERT.

*"Qui sunt isti qui ut nubes volant, et quasi columbae ad
fenestras suas?"* ISAIAH LX. 8.

THE year 1886 began with a bad feverish attack: the Archbishop writes on January 9th:—

To-day for the first time was allowed to drag out of bed into another room. The year has begun strangely with almost a fortnight passed in an uneasy rest—no sense that one needed it, yet an inability absolute and an almost equal unwillingness to break through it—faces and groups interminable on the walls, which I wished to draw, and felt sure I should always be able to see and recognise and draw. And now I am well I cannot see one of them.

What curious things these sick picturesque fancies are—no account given of them really satisfies one after one has been once through a week of them—so novel yet so permanent. The punishment of a disembodied spirit must be a very easy thing to inflict, when it is so helpless under a slight malady.

Monday, Jan. 11th. My New Year's Day. I have begun this year *triste per augurium*, allowed to walk out for half an hour for the first time since they sent me to bed with an unaccountable fever on Dec. 29th. All has gone dreamily since then. The long nights, and the wonderful snow landscapes of the short days through the windows, or by the help of the mirrors¹, and a terrible

¹ He had a long mirror placed each day near his bed at such an angle that he could see, by reflection, a beautiful beech-tree on the lawn, which was covered with snow.

half sense of how impossible it would be to give God a heart, or care about heart or God, if it had to be done in illness. Life seems to end at the beginning not the end of a sickness like this.

Wife and children perfect in sweetness, and the prayers very dear and soothing. But it is a thought little short of panic to think where one would be without the Prayer-book, where one would be if one had only an extempore prayer-man, and had to walk in *his* shallows instead of *its* depths.

On the 11th of February his beloved friend, Henry Bradshaw, Cambridge University Librarian, died. He had dined out with some old friends the night before, and was found dead in his chair next morning just as he had sat down on returning home.

On the 15th the Archbishop attended the funeral. He writes :—

Found I could just reach Cambridge for Henry Bradshaw's funeral in King's and return. It was a most touching and most impressive sight. Numbers of our contemporaries still by face known to me, and then generation after generation to the youngest undergraduates. The windows, of which he knew every pane and displaced fragment, never glowed so brightly, so that the roof was not gloomy but grey like the outside sky. He lies close to Charles Simeon in a vault. The flowers and the music all so dear to him seemed to receive him to themselves for another world, in which if his "knowledge and his tongues" vanish away,—it can only be as his faith is swallowed up into sight. So Christianly acquired, so Christianly used, they have some Christian fulfilment. The old Provost with his bright eyes was able to sit in his stall though not to move from it.

On the same day met for the first time the new House of Laymen, the Archbishop's own creation. It was elected by the Diocesan Conferences, but neither possessed nor possesses any legislative or originative power : it was in fact "for counsel." Lord Selborne was the first chairman.

The position of the laity in the Church of England—in works, in consultation, in individual influence, were points on which my father was constantly laying stress. "The Production of Good is the work of the whole Church ;

St Peter calls this work the Sacrificial offering of the 'Spiritual House' or 'Pure Priesthood' which is his name for the entire Church of Laity and Clergy¹. "It is the Laity to whom he (St Peter) says that knowledge and power of reasoning are a duty, but that the effectiveness of their meaning must finally rest on their personal character. This has ever been the thought of the Church of England²."

Of that "grand person" the "old-fashioned Church Layman," he says, undoubtedly with a thought of the old Yorkshire days, "How he excelled in every greatness of spirit that belongs to common life. Let them (the Laity) set that shining, yet sober, pattern in the household and in the world³."

In his opening address to the House of Laymen he said: "The consultative bodies of Laymen which are now to be found in all branches of the Anglican Communion carry us back long ages to the times when, before the Italian Church over-rode all such promises, St Cyprian promised the faithful laity that he would without their assent do nothing....A Church which refers all to primitive standards is well able in the conduct of affairs to pursue primitive principles in forms which our own century can understand and use."

At the end of February he writes:—

Went for a few minutes to hear an address to Working Men this afternoon at a Mission just begun. It is to be a very laborious mission. The Missioner very agreeable in his manner of speaking, and very facile. He represented to the Working Men our Lord as looking down through ages and seeing each soul, and saying to the Father, "This poor sinner's hands, feet, heart, etc. are very full of sin and self and evil; take my hands, Father, and pierce them through with nails, instead of his hands—my feet for his feet—take my heart and pierce it through and

¹ *Christ and His Times*, p. 152.

² *Ibid.* p. 36.

³ *Fishers of Men*, p. 122.

through with a spear, that his heart may be delivered." There is no warrant of Scripture for this tenor of doctrine, and it seemed to me that at every word the working man would bristle with rough and ready replies. This evening we had a mission service with a full Church. I fear the plans of conducting them are wearing very thin. There was too much of mechanical up and down movement for silent prayer, closing eyes, singing fragments of hymns, etc., and too much teaching for an address. And the language which it is thought proper to adopt in the mission hymns, the want of dignity, the familiarity with "our great God," and the incessant entreaties of the preachers "just" to do this, "just to believe," "just to accept," "just to kneel down a moment," and the way in which, when arguments are a little difficult, a modern missionary shirks them, and keeps exclaiming "*I want you* to cultivate habits of prayer," "*I want you*" to this and that, "*I want you* to give your heart now to God," are quite ruining the decent language of piety.

Meantime in Hyde Park a great democratic demonstration again—they were allowed their say. But in the final dispersal of the crowd the police are charged with much ferocity.

On the 2nd of March he notes in his Diary with regard to the new House of Laymen:—

Tuesday, March 2nd.—On one of these days Mr Picton¹ asked in the House of Commons whether the Archbishop of Canterbury had formed a Third House of Convocation—whether he had taken legal opinion on subject of legality—whether he had not in fact violated a statute of Henry VIII. and was not, in common with all Convocation apparently, liable to imprisonment and fine at Her Majesty's pleasure. I put together a few things of course and ordered my barge in proper form to be ready when I should be committed to the Tower, and gave Mr Childers² a Memorandum of what to say in answer to Picton. This was unluckily so satisfactory that I had to countermand the barge.

We went for August to Bamborough Castle in Northumberland, a romantic place belonging to Lord Crew's³

¹ M.P. for Leicester.

² Then Home Secretary.

³ Nathaniel, third and last Baron Crew of Stene, 1633—1722, Bishop of Durham, a vain and subservient prelate. He readily accepted the Deanery of the Chapel Royal on the deprivation of the upright Compton, and, unlike Sancroft, served on the revived Ecclesiastical Commission. He petitioned

Trustees, which was let for the summer months, and which the Archbishop took for August and September. He was much delighted by the ancient cool thick-walled keep, which was the dwelling-house, its convenient library, the armoury, in which we dined, and the wild rocky coast, and his expeditions were a source of intense pleasure to him.

On September 17th he paid a visit with my mother to the Farne Islands; he says:—

Friday.—In the Chapel, fitted up with spoils of Durham, stalls, screens, gates—we had a short service and I preached to our few people—coastguards—and our own party. I told them how the wold of Northumbria was once so wide and wild that the men who tried to convert and civilize them could not get on at all without sometimes going away altogether for a year or two and shutting themselves up—to commune with their own hearts and in their chambers and to be still. And bid them use their own loneliness to some such good end while it lasted. The solitary woman of the Farne Islands told us she ought not to grumble, rather tearfully, but that it *was* very monotonous and Satan gave her constant trial by making her discontented. I told her Cuthbert had felt the same in the same place; “Satan,” he said, “often threw stones at him there,” and she was comforted a little when she reflected how much more good he was able to do for knowing how Satan treated God’s servants.

Early in October Dr W. H. Thompson, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, died. The Archbishop writes:—

Wednesday, Oct. 6th.—To the Master’s funeral at Trinity... Seventy-six, “the last of the heroes,” as Westcott says. When I went up on his “side” just 38 years ago, he awed me indeed as my tutor while he attracted me. His splendid translation of the *Bacchae*, and his caustic remarks and his grand kindness, full of reserve and of interest, were worthy of his large tranquil eye, large handsome olive face, thick eyebrows and obliquely curling lips.... He was the ideal of a Don and a Scholar, with knowledge far

William for forgiveness, though excepted from the general pardon. His posthumous munificence was great. He gave largely to his Diocese and to Lincoln College, Oxford, and the Crewian Oration perpetuates his benefactions. Within the walls of Bamborough Castle, restored and repaired by his Trustees, was a school for the orphan daughters of fishermen. See his life, *Dict. Nat. Biogr.* vol. XIII. 79, by the present Bishop of London.

beyond what he ever displayed....His Plato was a dim mystic power which never came truly to the birth. But in those days we little knew what a Christian he was. He never revealed it to us. His quips and flouts were so keen against forms of practice which he disliked both in Evangelicals and in the new high church school that we none of us knew what faith was behind it. We never knew for years. This was the pity of those glorious old Trinity days. While we loved him there was a gap. The first thing that startled us was seeing a little volume of family prayers which he had written. Then one day while I was breakfasting with him at the Lodge just after he was made Master, he asked me about someone of whom I said "He is eaten up and slain with criticism." He rose from the table and moved towards the door, saying, "Ah!—Criticism is a great thing—but it is *not everything*, is it, Benson?" and his eyes were full of tears I saw.

The Archbishop was still tired and overworked, and went for a short tour in Holland and Belgium with his daughter Nellie. His notes are very full. I select a passage written at Ghent:—

Ghent.—The genuine portions of the Van Eyck are finer far than I had realised, though the Arundel copy is certainly most beautiful. Ah! the "*Juventus sine Senectute in fronte*"—with what a splendid audacity the blanket-wrapt ugly Apostles are instantly followed by the gloriously robed pontiffs—not as if this were to be apologised for, but just as rendering the course of History quite simply and as if History and Faith knew best—and they wear their splendours as unconsciously as the Apostles their blankets....

Here too the monumental inscriptions well worth the reading, which tell of righteous vexed souls amid the iniquity. The most interesting and magnificently executed face and statue of Bishop Trieste who bought those four mighty candelabra of Edward the Sixth and Charles the First, and whose inscription asks the Priest after celebrating Mass daily to sprinkle the tomb with holy water and pray—which he still does: a most unprotestant and loving and natural proceeding which I should think ought certainly to be put down. So unbusiness-like, so useless! And the other kneeling Bishop "*qui cause tranquillement avec la Mort*," and desires in marble that other folks will do so daily. I should think he was

glad, when he met him by poison in Spain, that he had known him so long.

Here alas no vespers—"can't be sans frais—and the lands are all gone and no one wishes to pay now for anything—autrefois il y avait des richesses sans luxe—aujourd'hui c'est luxe sans richesses," said the tiny withered gentle old sacristan verger. I don't understand quite the extraordinary plainness of these vast churches as they were built—*all* this decoration is of late date. They must have had their views of church extension, and when the streets at meal-times were so crowded that all conflicting business stopped to let the workmen pass, then they must have said, "We will bate no jot of height, and dignity, and strength and adaptiveness to service and song and preachment, but simplicity shall reign over all and for adornment we will have mighty space—save nothing on grandeur, but save all on luxury."

And now, midnight. Goodnight all the world. The Great Bear hangs in deep blue between the Beffroi and the Tower of S. Bavon, and the carillons chime sweet farewell to the day. Goodnight to all but God.

At Tournai a striking incident happened; he writes, Oct. 8th:—

In the Sacristy we saw several striking fragments of Art and of History. Among them Thomas à Becket's chasuble—red silk, gloss gone but in good condition, several times lined. The orphreys of a beautiful gold and white lace, most delicately figured with plant shapes, dragons, birds, the long central stripe also delicately inwoven with soft black patterns. It is not like their ugly stiff modern ones, but falls at the sides nearly as low as in front and at back, and had to be lifted in great folds by the arms as a great round surplice would. An odd thing happened. The sacristan was pleased evidently by all our interest, and while expounding it (vestment) and the "martyrdom while saying the office" together, he gathered it up saying, "Vous mettez la tête par là," and suddenly put it over my head, and there I stood dressed from head to foot (it is very long and fell quite to my feet) in the first chasuble I ever had on, and being the first Archbishop of Canterbury, I suppose, who ever had it on since Thomas himself. As he did it he said, "Il était archevêque, vous savez, de Cantorbéry." We were and are absolutely *incogniti*, and it sounded (if ever omen was) like a bidding to do something or leave something undone.

On Oct. 14th he visited the scene of Waterloo. He writes :—

Thursday.—One of the grandest days of my life...The vividness of the whole was almost painful as hour by hour went on, and the realisation of every tide of the battle grew more perfect. Dreadful as it all is, the devotion of Christians to their religion has scarcely equalled the devotion of those soldiers—death and suffering embraced with ardour for the cause as if its invitations had been to ease and delight—and that by the lowest of the people as well as by the heroes.

At the beginning of the New Year (1887) he thus writes to Dean Davidson :—

I am very sensible of and grateful for the affectionate and cheering letter which you have written me on the New Year. And above all the assurances of your prayers, and of the prayers of many others, ought to gladden me. It does at any rate make me feel sure that one is not left to one's own weakness either in Heaven or earth. The singleness of the burden and solitariness of responsibility are strangely characteristic of this work—and with all thinkings I do not see on what friendly shoulders the burden is to be partly laid, or how the responsibility can really be shared. One after all would be held responsible, and the persons who could give the time do not now, since the suppression of canonries, exist in this country. To be good counsellors people must be thoroughly familiar with all the subjects and have time to regularly meet.

As to the great kindness of your assurances that things are going well, I can only accept them in one sense. God's will will be wrought out one way or another—but the absence of reading, of meditation on first principles, of seeing daily something below the surface, of comparing past with present and inferring the chart for the future, the "aridità," the hand-to-mouth, are full of a dark cavernous sort of dread of what may at any moment be at hand. I am certain in my own heart that I do not desire influence at all except for its *uses*; in itself it has ceased to be impressive or attractive.

At the end of February the Archbishop went to Canterbury: he inaugurated the Lenten Mission held there by an address to Church workers. He spoke somewhat sadly of the outlook, social and political, and went on, "The

doctrine of Christ without *warmth* is ineffective. We may teach the doctrine of Christ as we will—but if we give it no warmth it will not mould character. Then, on the other hand, warmth without doctrine is ineffective. It is a flame which is easily blown out by the world. Do resolve that your work, whether for others or yourselves, shall be deep work—not excited or dissipated work. Pray, expect, turn faith into life, and you will find this a new world.”

On May 14th the Queen opened the People’s Palace. The Archbishop wrote:—

The sight of those vibrating mighty ribbons of human faces and forms haunts the eye still, and I shall never forget it. It gave one the strangest thoughts about cities, and races, and the numberlessness of man, and the riddle of his future. It grew oppressive to have humanity so crushing into one’s eyeballs. But the thought of communism, or socialism, or unbelief having hold on these people *seems* ridiculous in sight of this enthusiasm. It made one shudder at the thought of what would be, if ever those were against us. That the Church too was not valued and even loved could never have entered the mind. The contrary was apparent. But the responsibility for these masses, where does it rest? They are not a church-going race—but less a chapel-going one. But there is a solemn quiet sense of religion for all that in their sayings and doings.

On June 19th he writes:—

Sunday. I think to-day may be a memorable day. The Bishop of Durham and Canon Westcott lunched here, spent the whole afternoon in the garden, had Evensong with me, we three only, and talked on till late. 1. The Bishops, and particularly the Archbishop, are slack in speaking out on the great moral questions. They leave it to the Pope, Mr John Bright, or any lay meeting to utter truth. The Liquor Traffic (on which I preached in Westminster) among native races is being their rapid destruction, and the Bps ought to say so. I am to talk to Abp of York and see if we can jointly appeal. 2. There are other great subjects—Peace—on which they ought to speak. 3. We discussed the unfortunate result in one most important matter of the happy change in Episcopal activity. The diocesan energies now interfere with every Bishops’ meeting, or meeting of Convo-

cation, and leave the Church almost destitute of the opportunity of counsel. The meetings are so short, so full of matters to discuss (ludicrously full), the speechification so lengthy, the unwillingness to commit ourselves so great, and the finalities so hurried, that though some things are carried through not amiss, yet really grave great questions have no hearing, or if they are supposed to come "within the sphere of practical politics," an inadequate one. Durham is one of the worst absentees. Westcott endeavoured to impress him. We came to the conclusion that a "Cardinalate" in some form was becoming absolutely necessary. What we thought might be done was the appointment of four or five Bishops, to give at least an annual fortnight of conference, with nothing else to do, on matters proposed by the Archbishop—or otherwise found necessary. These to be named by the Archbishop.

This is essential. At the present moment if there were an election, there would be elected *uno animo* the Bps of London and Durham—doubtless—but after them?

On June 21st the Jubilee Service on the completion of the fiftieth year of the Queen's reign took place.

I came up from Eton the day before the Service to act as my father's *apparitor*. A special Police pass had been issued to him to allow his carriage to pass through the streets when all other traffic was stopped. About an hour before the Service began he left Lambeth. The carriage was stopped at the south end of Westminster Bridge, and not even the production of the Pass convinced the Inspector that we had any right to proceed, as he said he had received no orders. My father got very angry, and at last said in a loud voice, "Well, all I can say is that unless you allow me to proceed, there will be no Service to-day." This made the Inspector reflect, and he rode off to make enquiries, returning almost immediately with the profoundest apologies. The passage of the carriage was the signal for about a hundred of the crowd to break through the cordon of police, seize the carriage behind, and run with it, but one by one they were torn away, so that we arrived at the Abbey alone. My father was greeted by the

crowd with great cordiality and respect, all hats being raised, and a good deal of cheering being heard along the route.

The Archbishop writes in his Diary:—

Tuesday, June 21. Jubilee. The ecclesiastical part of this noble celebration seems to be regarded, thank God, by all as deeply devout and Church-like. The manner of the Queen was most reverent. Those who saw her close, both as she entered and left, spoke of her face as anxious, and her movement as slight in bowing, but of her whole look and gestures as radiant after the Service....

The memorable sights I think were these:—1. The enormous unending myriads of myriads of people and their perfect good behaviour throughout the streets. The number of little children, and of babes in their mothers' arms in the multitudes, impressed greatly the Bishop of Iowa¹ and Americans in general, as well as the foreigners. The public houses were open until 2 a.m. that night of the illuminations, and the cases of disorder before the magistrates were fewer than the average the next day. 2. The next point (which I did not see) was the Riding of the Princes before the Queen's carriage—32 sons, sons-in-law, grandsons and a great-grandson. This was the Queen's own idea. 3. The third point, which was truly touching, was the Salutation after the Service in the Abbey, first all the Princes kissing her hand, and she stooping a little to kiss them on the cheek or forehead, then the Princesses. They had all sate close round the throne within a brass railing (which was too high) and she stood up to salute them. I noticed the reverence with which the Crown Prince of Germany kissed her.

Days afterwards everyone feels that the socialist movement has had a check. It is impossible they can persuade themselves that the multitudes are on their side. The quiet respectful attitude of the people all the days, and their enthusiasm whenever the Queen appeared, are absolutely universal, and not a dog has moved his tongue.

On the 25th he writes:—

Last evening a Hussar, clattering into the Court, brought a letter from the Queen, commanding us to dine to-night at Windsor and to leave Paddington by special train at 7. We had

¹ Dr W. S. Perry.

a garden party for two thousand people, and the Queen of Hawaii to be received at it....

The Queen looked anything but tired, was pleased, and talked to me very pleasantly. I wore her medal which she sent me just before dinner with a command that I should do so. I rather suspect that it is the first time that an Abp has worn a decoration, and I am not sure that I ought—but obedience is the want of our time.

July 13. Drove with wife to Dollis Hill to have tea with the Gladstones, and strawberries under the trees. He was most delightful. His old strong face and brilliant eyes, though the *arcus senilis* is round the pupils, positively flashed as he discussed "Dignity" first, and then the Americans....

He promised to support as far as he possibly could the Tithe Rent Charge and the Church Patronage Bills. I gave him a sketch of each.

On July 14th he says:—

My birthday. Angelus qui eruit me a cunctis malis, Deus qui pavit me a juventute mea usque ad hanc horam.

I think the thing I marvel at most is the thinness of the partition by which He and He only keeps me from falling under so many ghostly temptations, and propensities so terrible. The falls are sad enough and bad enough, and the character they reveal to me painful indeed. But the grace which keeps me from falling one inch further, irrecoverably, and is not worn out by my *παροξυσμοί*¹ in this wilderness, is simply more visibly alive and active in my most certain experiences, more prompt, more steady, than I have any experience of among material things and persons. Everything material is simply feeble; and everything personal is shadowy as compared with this personality under whose shadow I am allowed to dwell.

And all this is the more extraordinary because of the hurry, hotness, dryness, aridity of the life I am obliged to live in London, if correspondence, interviews, letters are to be kept down and dealt with at all. The want of time to read and think, the shortness and distractions of prayer, seem to threaten one's very existence as a conscious child of a living God. And yet He is on my right hand, and I know it.

May I have more light of His countenance as years go on. Yet this is not what the threatening signs and every surging business promise me.

¹ Provocations, Ps. xcv. 8.

On the 30th of July an admirable caricature of the Archbishop appeared in *Vanity Fair*, which amused him very much. "Jehu Junior" wrote:—"The Archbishop is a strong man, yet safe: an excellent administrator, discreet, bold, and original, and so little afraid of responsibility that, if necessary, he would undertake to manage all the other great affairs of state as well as those of his Archbishopric. Yet he is humble and reserved as becomes his office, a great worker, though not rapid, a man of simple life, and the most amiable of great dignitaries of state."

Commenting on this my father wrote on the following day:—

Sunday, July 31. V. F. takes on itself to publish that I am "a great worker though not rapid." I wonder if that is becoming true. It seems to me that the very number of things done in the hours and the immense quantity of letters and papers to be dealt with, could scarcely be with less than the old rapidity.

To-day Dante, Greek Testament, Holy Communion in the Chapel here at 8.30, Westminster Abbey Morning Service, talk with Hugh, explained outline of Lake country to him with map. Whitehall Chapel Afternoon Service, corrected proofs of Cyprian, read with Maggie, Westcott on "the Race" (social questions¹) and discussed it and kindred things with her at some length. Between Westminster Abbey and luncheon translated and wrote out for publication the Epistle of the Patriarch of Alexandria, delighting in Jerusalem Bishop and expressing the warmest desire for unity. What practical reality is there, I wonder, covered under these Christian compliments and the romantic idea? "The two Churches," "The sister Church," "The Exarch," "The newly Consecrated Brother," all this is most admirable, but they decline our Baptism because it is not always by immersion, and what are we to make of that? Read African stories to children between supper and Compline—strangely wild, uncouth, and in their nature relying on art magic, as the key to power—or else some weird alliance with lions or locusts or monkeys, as much the same as ourselves only with disadvantageous forms. At 10.15 I thought I would try whether speed of work had really deserted me, and I gave its complete form to a sonnet to Saint Paul, the thought of

¹ *Social Aspects of Christianity.*

which had been with me for a day or two. It is truly ridiculous to think this any test of power, or poetry, or devotion—these are as God wills, and as I can apprehend Him or be apprehended of Him. But He also “apprehends us” in the article of rapidity too as much as in other things—and this cunning is not gone yet, for at 11.45 I had finished it. In such cases it is really a *snare*—nevertheless, snare or not, it is not gone.

I do not find myself less rapid than in the old days when it stood me in stead so often. But I do find a very increasing unwillingness to come to the point—a decided preference for doing any other duty than the one which it would be prudent to take in hand at any given moment. But this has been my failing from a child, and it has this advantage sometimes, that the thing gets done, which would otherwise not have been done at all, first of all—and after that comes in the other absolutely necessary thing at high pressure and with all the enjoyment of rapid and accurate work with all one's senses and volitions tremendously alert.

I doubt whether a sonnet was ever composed under such singular circumstances: late at night, by an Archbishop fearing the decay of his literary faculty. I subjoin the result:

“All things are yours—whether Paul,” &c.

Canst thou be mine? Thou, whose one conscience
Shamed the wise world till in its place it shined
The wisdom and the conscience of mankind;
No human day it recked, void of offence
'Fore man or God, yet in a measureless sense
Of righteousness hid self the Cross behind:
Raised realms to churches, heard the ceaseless wind
Of Nature's sobbing die for joy intense,
And yearned alive with the dear dead to rise.
Thy vast sweet soul which wooed not poverty
More than the world's wealth if God willed it thee,
Nor long'd for unvoic'd words of Paradise
More than Christ's prison—it were agony
In my strait house for thee to dwell with me.

ED. C.

11.45 p.m. 31 July, 1887.

This summer my father and mother took a house in the Lakes, a country of which we were very fond. It was

Easedale House, in Easedale above Grasmere, belonging to Mr Fletcher, the Vicar of Grasmere, who accompanied my father on several expeditions and told him many interesting stories. The house is almost the last in the valley, and was very quiet and beautiful.

On his way home he and my mother went to stay with the late Bishop of Carlisle, Dr Harvey Goodwin, and then with the late Earl of Harewood¹. The Archbishop writes:—

Sep. 15. We came by the “new” line over the noble valley of Dent and past Skipton. Dear Skipton with its sweet and holy memories of five years old, and fifteen, and eighteen! Could now just see the castle where I spent such magic hours with my old aunt, over the abominable mills and railway sheds, and Christ Church, the very image of devotion, to which Christopher Sidgwick dedicated his all, grimy. But red Rumblesmoor was unchanged. Tiffy² and I *cried* at the turning of the first sod for a railway in the fields by the hill, and the fields are now extinct under railway buildings. Rylstone Fell and Embsay Crag and Eastby Fell, that sweet and graceful outlined trio still embrace the valley side towards Bolton. We again just glimpsed Riddlesden which used to stand out so old-world-like against the hillside, and where one used to drive, even when I was a big stripling, 40 miles to Leeds through the sweet villages of Keighley and Bingley. The whole valley from end to end is spoiled, enslaved, dejected. It was the very home and spring of fresh air and water, and now it is a sewer of smoke, with a mantling ditch. What is this strange law by which nature’s gifts in the process of their conversion to man’s uses defile and degrade the places of their transition? Is it a kind of death through which things have to pass to their resurrection, or is it finally a death—and are the products for luxury only ghosts? I declare I do not know.

On the 3rd of October he went to Wolverhampton for the Church Congress.

He had a magnificent reception; he writes in his Diary:—

October 3. Wolverhampton. To the Church Congress at Wolverhampton (Mayor met at station). The streets were filled

¹ Died 1892.

² Matilda Sidgwick, now Mrs Drury, his cousin.

with an enormous crowd, mostly working people. They were sympathetic and more than respectfully still. There were the characteristic little children and babes in arms which marked the crowds at the Jubilee. The Chief Constable pointed out to me how the police had nothing to do—so great a growth he said in self-respect—even to keep the lines for the procession. In *these* ways England is gaining, and in 50 years more *either* the crowd will be all with us, or we shall have ceased to be able to move thus in public at all. The procession with the banners, the municipal dignities, staff, crozier, etc., and the great body of Clergy with singers and instruments were really symbolic. Most impressive Church—Bishop of Durham's sermon not short of grand, but there was something of prescribing to us, in our foreign relation as a Church, things which have been already begun and waked. But both in language and tone, in courage and hope, it was truly fine and inspiring....

There was an extraordinary body of people in the Drill Hall—near 3000. Wife writes that the *Times* contracts what I expanded and expands what I contracted—had to say a few words again to-day. The Congress rose to its feet when I came forward—may future Archbishops be worthy of an office still so regarded, and may the present one not lose them the regard meantime.

On October 7th he writes:—

Henson at the Congress held it a mark of saintliness in Aidan that he would not ride, because he was the Apostle of Christ, apparently in some sort of contrast with us—and perhaps it may have been. But what would St Aidan have done if he had had to attend four Committees in a morning in London? It would not have been very saintly, but very agreeable, to cut them because he would not ride to them.

On the 3rd of November the Cathedral Church of St Mary's, Truro, was consecrated. It was the material fulfilment of the Archbishop's most poetical dream. His own translation of "*Urbs beata*" was sung—singularly appropriate when his own "peaceful vision, dim-described" had been thus fulfilled. My father preached on "In due season we shall reap if we faint not" (Gal. vi. 9). He writes in his Diary:—

Nov. 3rd. Truro Cathedral consecrated; hopeless to describe after the manner of describers. The building far finer and purer



THE CHOIR, TRURO CATHEDRAL.

From a photograph by Argall, Truro.

than we ever dared to hope, and finished to two first bays of nave up to triforium. The Southern Rose, built by Wellington boys, gave me intense pleasure. When I was a boy, and through my undergraduateship and onward, whenever I was at Service in any Cathedral, I used to pray vehemently that God "would bring back the holy and great spirit to England which had in its time raised this Cathedral." I felt that the Cathedral represented a power which had been suffered to fade away. "Restore that spirit" was a prayer for many things. Few things have I to be more thankful for than to see it "restored to us.".....

The Cathedral has sprung to its perfect power and beauty, its magnificence of fittings and splendour of vessels out of a soil dry, cold, and unwilling to bear it.

Every day that week the Cathedral was crammed with the ordinary parishioners of every deanery—each (or each two) had its Services appointed—on the Friday I saw it *crowded* with the people from the two extreme deaneries, Penarth and Stratton. Powder¹ alone had 2000 tickets. Labourers, fishermen and wives, farmers who work with their own hands, *many* of them dissenters—all now talk of "our Cathedral," and are emulous in giving to it—and *such* a Catholic and religious and English Church!

There was a nice incident in the Consecration. Just as the Bishop was signing the sentence of consecration, Bishop of Salisbury whispered to me, "Shouldn't the Prince of Wales be asked to witness it?" I sent him to Bishop of Truro to suggest it, who sent him on to the Prince's dais. The Prince assented, but instead of waiting for the parchment to be brought up, instantly came down from his place and went up the Altar steps and signed it there on the little table set in front of the Altar—a real little bit of reverence.

The Bishop is perfect. His very spare frame and face, his deep olive complexion and tight drawn skin, close jet black hair, compressed lips, and deep, restrained, tender, devout eyes, are a very portrait of a believer and a Bishop.

He spent the winter at Addington. He writes:—

Dec. 22. A fine cold ride with three children—and an excellent discussion with them on the technical skill of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. And much fast riding beside. The weather and soil exactly to the horses' tastes, and the stubble fields all open. If it were not for this free riding in this perfectly

¹ The name of a Rural Deanery in the Truro Diocese.

restful country, away from all villas and roads, I do not believe I could healthily carry on this work which lasts from 7 a.m. to 12.30 every night. And yet the amount of it is not so consuming of the brain as is the extraordinary variety of it. In one way or other every class and every country have to be touched and kept distinct in this office of the Church. It so happens that God gives me almost the liking for turning over the Church's pages in this way. It will be very easy for my Lord to give me the signal when my work is done, for not a day could I get through but for Him, and I feel that a slight touch of His Hand would render it impossible. Only when it *is* done I pray that He may not have found me too absorbed in *it* and too little in Him—even though it is His. The only part that I really do not like is the legislative. It is well enough to draw out rules and laws, which could be well worked, and which are not “lunar” but have a due regard to human nature, but it is another thing in these delicate barks to shoot the roaring, mocking, querulous, fantastic, wilful rapids of the two Houses of Parliament. Nothing can live through them that is much more complete than a branchless log. Yet—yet—yet *Deus providit—providet—providebit*.

Dec. 25. The day when the Great King entered such a life of service—reproves one tenderly yet bitterly for making so much of one's work. How do I know but that the resenting of its galling by fretting, chafing, murmuring, is not the real secret why my Hugh dislikes and shrinks from work, and seems absolutely set on life's yielding him as much innocent (thank God!) “fun” as can be extracted from its hours. How do I know but that the grumbling at the pressure of sermons, of speeches, on God's Holy work of different kinds, of correspondence on Church matters and clerical details (and I do express myself too freely on such matters, and on the faults of the clerical character as they *deploy* before me), may not be the cause of my not having the greatest of all joys? Have I myself to thank that *we* do less for God's service than many, many placed in positions where such service would be almost impossible to procure? I must do my work without all this speech of its cold and windy side. Do I ever speak of the side which is true delight to me? I promised, as a Deacon, I would do “*all* this, gladly and willingly.” Have I done *very far* from “all this,” and as *flatly*, as *sighingly*, as it could be done? “O help me against the enemy”—mine own self.

He rose to a somewhat more hopeful strain before the

end of the year ; in a letter to Professor Westcott the next day he wrote :—

If there were not an Old Year with its troubles and regrets and disappointments, there would be no new birth of new time from the Birth of Christ. The dying down of one's own spirit as well as of one's life seems essential. But you whose books are helping us so can hardly have patience with these smaller troubles. It is a help even to know that great troubles follow great thoughts as well as give promise of greater.

The year 1886 had seen the actual beginning of a new development which the Archbishop had long pondered and desired. Mr Athelstan Riley, who sends me notes on the relations with the Eastern Churches, writes :—

I was introduced to your father in 1883 by Dr Magee, then Bishop of Peterborough, just before my journey to the Monasteries of Mount Athos. The Archbishop asked me to collect information for him and on my return took much interest in all the details of my visit to the great monastic settlement of the Greek Church. The following year he asked me to go to Persia and Kurdistan on a mission of enquiry into the condition and needs of the East-Syrian or Nestorian Church, an enquiry which resulted in the foundation of the present Assyrian Mission in 1886....He was very much attracted by the Eastern Churches and took extraordinary pains and trouble over his communications with their Patriarchs and Bishops....The antagonistic position of the Eastern Churches towards the Papacy undoubtedly weighed much with him.

Thus in the letter of congratulation he sent to the Metropolitan of Kieff in 1888 on the nine-hundredth anniversary of the conversion of Russia, he explains that his desire to send a Bishop to represent the Church of England at the Festival could not be carried out on account of the meeting of the Lambeth Conference, and continues :—

The Russian and the Anglican Church have common foes. Alike we have to guard our independence against the Papal aggressiveness which claims to subordinate all the Churches of Christ to the See of Rome. Alike we have to protect our flocks

from teachers of new and strange doctrines adverse to that Holy Faith which was handed down to us by the Holy Apostles and Ancient Fathers of the Catholic Church. But the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, and by mutual sympathy and prayer that we may be one *ἐν τοῖς δεσμοῖς τοῦ Εὐαγγελίου*¹ we shall encourage each other, and promote the salvation of all men.

But undoubtedly the most important points otherwise in which the Archbishop was brought into connection with Eastern Christendom were with regard to the revival of the Bishopric of Jerusalem and the mission to the oppressed Church of the Assyrian Christians.

The foundation of the Bishopric of Jerusalem in 1841 was due in part, it will be remembered, to a somewhat visionary scheme entertained by the Chevalier Bunsen, who thought the joint action of England and Germany in founding such a Bishopric might weld Protestants together as well as furnish a centre of enlightened Christianity in the East. By this scheme Germany was to provide half the income, the grant being made by the Crown from official sources, and England the other half—the English contributors being the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and private subscribers. In accordance with this agreement three Bishops had been successively appointed by alternate nomination of Germany and England. Bishop Barclay, the last of the three, died in 1881. By this time the combination with Germany was felt on all sides to be impracticable, and the complete lapse of the whole scheme was threatened.

But the relations with Germany were not definitely brought to a close until some time after Bishop Barclay's death.

Since Newman's time High Churchmen had viewed the Anglican Bishopric of Jerusalem with the greatest dislike, as, on the one hand, an intrusion into the Orthodox

¹ "In the bonds of the Gospel," Philem. 13.

Patriarchates, and, on the other, a compromising alliance with German Protestantism. Accordingly when, on Bishop Barclay's death, it became clear that the German authorities were disinclined to continue the original plan, High Churchmen generally were of opinion that it would be a good thing to allow the Bishopric to come to an end.

On Feb. 16th, 1887, an article appeared in the *Guardian* under the heading of "The Dead See." Two days later the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London, announced that the Bishopric was to be reconstituted, the Church Missionary Society, and the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, having contributed £300 a year each to make up for the deficit caused by the withdrawal of the Prussian fund. On March 2nd the appointment of the Venerable G. F. Popham Blyth, late Archdeacon of Rangoon, was announced. Mr Riley adds:—

The High Church party was thrown into consternation on finding the reconstitution of the Bishopric thus an established fact, and Liddon, who felt the matter very keenly, took an active part in the preparation of a formal address to the Primate on the subject. That Liddon thoroughly mistrusted the Archbishop I am certain, and the Archbishop reciprocated the want of confidence. Both had the same object in view, the removal of the scandals in Palestine, and the promotion of good relations with the Patriarchs, tempered, in the Primate's case, by the conviction, always present with him, that it was his mission to keep the peace at home; but their methods were essentially different.

It must be remembered that the two men were by nature essentially dissimilar. To the eager practical temperament of the Archbishop the subtle metaphysical element in Canon Liddon's mind was wholly antagonistic; while to Liddon, who had welcomed the appointment of a decided High Churchman to the Primacy, it was no doubt a peculiar disappointment to find the new Archbishop instinctively opposed to the principles of the extreme High Church section, and preserving a scrupulous fairness and

openness towards the representatives of all shades of opinion in the Church. In this case, on the one side Liddon was persuaded that the Archbishop had yielded the position to "the Puritans." On the other side, though the Archbishop showed great anxiety to quiet conscientious scruples, he could not stand at the bar of a party in the Church.

Mr Riley conveyed to the Archbishop the intention and the scruples of the party which Canon Liddon represented; the Archbishop, in the course of his reply, said:—

A Memorial would not strengthen my hands. It would make things very difficult. Things will now go forward, and while the "policy" is thought and known to be my own I can carry it on—no one would expect me to do anything else.

But a Memorial would set people all watching to see whether I was being "managed" and things really mine would be at once declared to be dictated. But all this would go, and hostility awake, and efforts be made in all directions, if I am supposed to be influenced. The true Memorial which they can make for me is before God. I trust they do. He will guide.

A Memorial was however drawn up, and signed by many prominent Churchmen, such as Lord Selborne, Dean Church, and the present Bishop of Rochester, expressing grave anxiety as to the situation.

The publication of this address, or protest, based, as the Archbishop considered, on utterly insufficient knowledge of the facts, and signed by some of his own best friends, who might easily have obtained better and more direct information, gave rise in his mind, as his private letters show, to feelings of great vexation. He wrote however, on March 19th, a perfectly temperate reply, addressed to the Warden of Keble (Talbot), who was one of his own Examining Chaplains. In the course of it he said:—

I do not share the fears of the memorialists with regard to the work of the great Society which they mention. Perhaps acquaintance with details impossible to set out at length gives me this confidence. But I venture to believe it to be well grounded.

The policy of such a society may fairly claim to be measured by what is really its own action and utterance, and not by scattered sentences drawn from the correspondence of one or two local agents, English or native. It must be considered, too, that the agents themselves have been compelled for some years past to work without central Episcopal guidance, and their position has been one of the strongest motives which lead the Society to desire that the Church shall provide such superintendence and to contribute so generously to the fund which, by its primary constitution, is in the absolute management of the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London. Anxiety that the work in Palestine shall be conducted in co-operation with the Patriarchs and Clergy of the Orthodox Churches of the East dates, however, from the beginning of that work.

Bishop Blyth was consecrated on Lady Day in the Chapel at Lambeth, and went out commended to the Patriarchs of Constantinople, Jerusalem and Antioch.

He was warmly received both by the Church and by the Turkish authorities on his arrival.

But a new difficulty had arisen. Mr Riley writes :—

By this time the Low Churchmen had discovered that the new Bishop was likely to be opposed to their methods in Palestine and it was their turn to protest. Grave objections to contributing towards the Bishop's salary were raised in the C. M. S. and the *Record* suggested that Dr Blyth should resign.

Again the difficulties were for the time cleared away, and the Archbishop writing about this to Mr Riley (June 14th, 1887) says :—

In all gravity and affection pray for God's present guidance in His Church—He is leading us on and "the way of the Kings of the East is being prepared."

There were many complicated and delicate problems to face ; in later years again the clouds rolled up, and in 1891, at the request of the Lower House of Convocation, the Archbishop, with the Bishops of London, Winchester and Durham, whom he asked to assist him, made an enquiry into difficulties that had arisen between the English Bishop

in Jerusalem and the Church Missionary Society. But to discuss further the history of the revived Bishopric would be to touch too closely on controversies not yet closed.

If the above episode shows the Archbishop's line of policy in a question affecting an Oriental Church, and his handling of a scheme which he did not originate, and which was attended by bitter opposition and circumstances of unexampled difficulty, it is as well to put side by side with it a movement which, though he did not originate it, he practically reorganised, and carried through without opposition, entirely on lines suggested and laid down by himself.

The Assyrian, or East Syrian Christians represent the Church of the old Persian Empire, whose Bishops were originally dependent on Antioch, and whose headquarters were at Seleucia (Ctesiphon) on the Tigris.

They became from the sixth to the fourteenth century not only a great Missionary Church, but a learned Church.

But in the fourteenth century they moved northwards, under the pressure of persecution and the fury of Tamerlane, until they took refuge in the mountains of Kurdistan and the plains of North-Western Persia, where they now live.

Thus the Assyrian Christians are subjects of both Turkey and Persia. In both countries they are surrounded by Mahomedans; but in Persia, in spite of oppressive laws, in spite of the difficulty a Christian has in obtaining justice, their lot is not intolerable.

It is in the open mountainous districts of Turkey that the Christians are said "to exist rather than live." Those who, though under Turkish rule, inhabit the narrow valleys of the Kurdistan mountains, preserve a certain measure of tribal independence, and being rough and savage can to some extent protect themselves against the savagery of the Kurds. But the non-tribal Assyrians are, as it were, between the upper and nether mill-stone, ground

down under Turkish rule; exposed to the raids of the Kurds against whom even their rulers cannot protect them.

As to their doctrinal position, though loosely called "Nestorians" it is a moot point how far they are "Nestorians" in the European sense of the word. My father more than once expressed his opinion that the heresy of Nestorius was to a great extent a question of language, and it is very uncertain whether the Assyrian Christians, or even Nestorius himself, ever professed what is now meant by "Nestorianism."

Obscure and down-trodden as the Church now seems, Mar Shimun the hereditary Patriarch, in the little village of Qudshanis, "on the banks of the Pison, the river of Eden," ranked in virtue of his office as "Catholicos of the East" next to the five great Patriarchs of the Catholic Church.

Thus under diverse and alien rule, exposed to attack from fellow-subjects, benumbed by sordid poverty and ignorance, its learning dead, its activities shrunken, the Assyrian Church is yet alive.

Much will have been said in vain if it is not clear that the condition of such a Church, helplessly faithful, would appeal to my father. His strong historical sense, all his aesthetic admiration for Eastern ecclesiasticism and symbolism, his strong admiration for the estate from which it had fallen, would serve to strengthen his compassion for the human weakness, his reverence for the divine life in the fallen Church. The Assyrians appealed to him for help to preserve their existence as a national Church—he was eager to meet them, and, in the words he chose himself as a motto for the office, to "Build the old wastes and raise up the foundations of many generations."

It was not the first time the Assyrian Church had appealed, but it was the first time they had met with so full a response.

The first appeal under pressure of persecution had come in 1837. A certain Dr Badger was sent out—his presence for the time served to protect, but in 1843 he was withdrawn.

In 1868 another appeal was made to Archbishop Tait in a letter written by three Assyrian Bishops, thirty-two priests and eleven deacons:—

We implore the Lord Jesus Christ and cast ourselves at your feet who are His disciples, beseeching you to compassionate the condition of our people who are wandering over our mountains like sheep without a shepherd, and send us some of your missionaries and preachers to guide us in the way of life; for verily we have all gone astray, each one following his own devices through our utter lack of pastors, instructors and counsellors... We are persecuted and have cried aloud for help, but no one has come to comfort us.

Archbishop Tait, in response to these applications from the East Syrians, sent out first the Rev. E. L. Cutts in 1876 to report to him, and then in 1881 the Rev. R. Wahl, who established himself for a time in Kurdistan and later at Urmi. In consequence of his not being a British subject, and for other reasons, difficulties arose, and Archbishop Benson asked Mr Athelstan Riley to undertake a journey of investigation in the autumn of 1884.

Mr Riley's experience confirmed all that has been said—that in the midst of poverty and ignorance, with temptation to apostasy, with inducements to become proselytes of other Churches, the Assyrian Christians showed a desperate faithfulness to the ancient Church of their nation.

Such an appeal coming from a Church humbled, oppressed, almost despairing, "a broken Church, a temple in the dust," as he said, affected my father profoundly.

Mr Wahl was recalled in 1885, and the Archbishop determined to re-found the Mission on a permanent basis; accordingly he sent out the Rev. W. H. Browne and the Rev. A. J. Maclean (Canon of Cumbrae, and on his return

from the Mission field, Dean of Argyll and the Isles) to organise a regular system of schools.

In June, 1886, the two clergy started. A farewell service was held in Lambeth Chapel, at which my father gave an address reminding the Missioners that those to whom they were going looked "on Augustine himself as a very young brother." He charged them to remember the greatness of the Mission with which they were entrusted:—

By all that is tender and faithful and true, a great function of Church towards Church is begun in us, and tenderness and faithfulness and truth must be the outcome of that grace to which you are not in vain commended, whatever the dispiritedness to which nature will tempt you at the constant association with untaught priests and Bishops, broken Churches, symbols and rites not understood, with Christian families deprived of many common privileges of mankind.... There is no Mission like yours. It is emphatically *under the protection of the Comforter*, in the sweetest, homeliest way in which that Divine Name is understood. ... We place you under the protection of the Comforter to comfort them. We place you under the protection of the Comforter to strengthen them, and at the least you cannot but be a great sign of God's Love—God's Love to the old Eastern Church, God's Love to the Church of England.

At the reading of the lesson for the day, during the breakfast which followed this service, it was found—by one of those coincidences in which my father delighted—to be the story of the Assyrian emigrants in the cities of Samaria, who being devoured by lions, "because they knew not the manner of the God of the land," sent to entreat that a priest of God might dwell among them and teach them.

The Archbishop's instructions to the Missioners were (1) not in any way to draw the members of the old East Syrian Church away from their allegiance to their own ecclesiastical authority, and not in any way to Anglicanize them. (2) But on the other hand not to propagate or

teach anything contrary to orthodox doctrines as defined by the General Councils.

In a Commendatory Letter to the Patriarch of Antioch, he wrote :—

Our object in sending out these two priests, of whose piety, learning and aptitude for the work entrusted to them we are well assured, is not to bring over these Christians to the Communion of the Church of England, nor to alter their ecclesiastical customs and traditions, nor to change any doctrines held by them which are not contrary to that Faith, which the Holy Spirit, speaking through the Oecumenical Councils of the Undivided Church of Christ, has taught as necessary to be believed by all Christians ; but to encourage them in bettering their religious condition, and to strengthen an ancient Church, which, through ignorance from within and persecution from without, cannot any longer stand alone, but without some assistance must eventually succumb, though unwillingly, to the external organisations at work in its midst.

Following our instructions, these two priests will open schools and a college for persons designated for the Ministry, and, if possible, print and distribute amongst them such ancient service-books and theological works of their Church as are in accordance with the Faith delivered to the Saints.

When the Missionaries arrived at Urmi they met the Bishop and about two hundred of his people who had come out to receive them. From here they crossed into Turkey, and when they were within a six hours' journey of Qudshanis they were met by the Patriarch Mar Shimun, and warmly welcomed.

As soon as the Missioners had reached the scene of action the Archbishop wrote them a long letter advising extreme caution ; he earnestly begged that they would avoid any course of action which could possibly be misinterpreted as having a political bearing ; the danger in view was that the Russians might be jealous of any supposed attempts to give England a predominating influence in a Turkish province. To this policy the Archbishop adhered throughout.

The outlines of the scheme and its practical working we can touch upon but briefly.

The first object was to establish schools among the Assyrians, particularly for the instruction of those who were to become priests and deacons. In Urmi, an upper school for priests and deacons and a lower school for students under 17 were first established. Other schools were added later, and village schools opened; and in 1890 the Sisterhood of Bethany sent out two of their Sisters who established a girls' school at Urmi and held classes for women in the villages.

The other great point of the work as it was first established was the printing of the Service-books. Before, as has been said, they were multiplied by manuscript copying, and there were few to be had. A convenient power, probably created by the scantiness of books, was observed in the children,—that they could read or look at pictures equally well right way up, sideways, or upside down. Thus a small congregation grouping itself round a Service-book could to some extent respond. Nevertheless the lack of books was a serious bar in the way of instruction.

The Mission printing press was set at work not without many difficulties, but these surmounted, the publications have been interesting and valuable, not only in printing the Daily Offices, catechisms, grammars and books for the schools, but the very ancient Liturgies of the Assyrian Church¹.

But actual educational work and the direction of the printing press do not sum up the result of the Mission. The "Apostles," as they are called, travel about preaching; respected, as Europeans are, for honesty and uprightness

¹ Before the latter books were printed Canon Blight examined them in a translation, and discussed several passages which the Missionaries referred to him for his opinion, but found no heretical doctrines in them, though the names of certain heresiarchs commemorated in them had to be omitted.

in the midst of a quarrelsome Eastern Nation, they not unfrequently have disputes, both temporal and ecclesiastical, referred to them for informal arbitration. Moreover the very presence of a European has, as the Archbishop had good reason to hope, been to some extent a protection to the native Christians.

I have not space to quote *in extenso* from the large number of letters written by the Archbishop to the Missioners, but the following is an interesting letter about the paramount duty of preaching and teaching Truth among Orientals.

LAMBETH PALACE, 1888.

DEAR CANON MACLEAN,

I want to add to what Mr Baynes has expressed for me that it seems to me that in educating the Assyrian the first point of all to be made with him is *Truth*, Veracity. Until this is successfully grafted into the soul of the nation, nothing will bear true fruit—that is a long way off. But if we could only make it a characteristic of *our* Christians! There is no reason to suppose that there is any nation (which now possesses it) which has not *learned* this virtue and one remembers that it *was* once characteristic of the Persians. The Greeks admired but did not imitate.

Their *word*, their honour ought to be encouraged in every way—their word often taken when it is doubtful (which you remember was Arnold's successful discipline when the tone of boys to masters in all public schools was at the lowest ebb in this respect. It was then quite lawful to tell a lie to a master in the school by Code—and that is now quite gone).

In the Bible the slow or swift following judgments on untruth, the noble words about Truth, the classification of the maker and lover of a lie in the Revelation, and all manner of such things should be pointed out among the lessons of the Faith. I hope the mission will quite agonize about this. They never can rise without it to anything we wish.

May God bless most the faith, patience, wisdom, with which He makes you to work—a great benediction on you all and each.

Yours ever sincerely,

EDW. CANTUAR.

With reference to the Archbishop's whole attitude to the Mission, Canon Maclean says:—

It was not generally realised, except by ourselves and those in England who had most to do with this Mission, how unsparingly the Archbishop gave himself up even to the details of the work, which he had truly at heart. His frequent letters were a great encouragement to the missionaries, who felt that they could always refer any difficulty direct to his Grace and be sure of patient and sympathetic attention.

From time to time there had been much cause for anxiety about the finances; the work constantly outgrowing the income. Here too the Archbishop's labours were untiring.

One great point the Archbishop made was to leave us missionaries as free a hand as possible. He laid down the general principles and left us to carry out the details. Yet if we referred any detail to him, he was always ready to attend to it, however small it might be.

As the Mission grew the Archbishop laid great stress on the *united* action of the Missionaries; for this reason he desired us to have frequent meetings for consultation, and laid down the principle that in all departments of the work the opinion of the majority should prevail. The Archbishop's personal kindness to each of us is a thing we can never forget.

One may add to this what can hardly be known except to near friends and to those of his own family—the intense interest which he took even in all minor matters of the Mission—the eagerness with which he read the letters when they came—the pleasure with which he read them to his children or to friends—his memory and quotation of a phrase which had touched him—as when the Patriarch, writing of his thankfulness for the Mission, pathetically said of the Church, “Once they were as a fortress, now they are like a field covered with great stones.”

It was his characteristic, vivid interest in the detail of everything in which he was concerned that one cannot help connecting with that peculiar impulse of vitality which made all organisations flourish under his hand.

Since his death, new circumstances have arisen which

have affected the scope of the work. In 1897 the Orthodox Russian Church sent out a Mission which succeeded in enrolling a large number of the Assyrian Christians in the plain of Persia. By the desire of Archbishop Temple the English Mission has acted throughout in harmony with the Russian, and far from contesting ground has put organisation, books, and experience at the service of the Russians in villages where they would carry on the work of instruction, so that the Missioners write¹ "there has been no appreciable break in the tradition of teaching built up by this Mission." At the same time the English Missioners are strengthening the work in the Turkish mountains, the field first marked out where Mr Browne has remained from the beginning, carrying on a wonderful work in wild and half-barbarous places.

Thus the Mission has been doing steadily, soberly and slowly the work for which the Nestorians so pitifully petitioned, and which my father had in contemplation when the organisation was formed and grew under his hand. It is building again the old wastes, repairing the breach, restoring paths to dwell in. He looked afar towards a great future for the Church, a future of greatness commensurate with its past, when the learning which they so eagerly imbibe, the theological and metaphysical interest which even the boys exhibit, should have done their work, and the Missionary zeal of the past should have revived the Church that for long centuries has dragged out a life which is only just alive. For one of the chief considerations which moved him to take such an interest in the Assyrian Mission was that the so-called Nestorian Church had once been a famous Missionary Church, and that it might hereafter, when instructed and purified, become so again—for more than once he expressed his conviction that only Orientals could evangelise Orientals.

¹ *Annual Report*, 1900, p. 27.

CHAPTER XIII.

LETTERS AND DIARIES.

"Fili hominis, speculatorem dedi te domui Israel; et audies de ore meo verbum, et annuntiabis eis ex me." EZECH. III. 17.

THE year 1888 was full both of interests and anxieties. The chief difficulties of the Jerusalem Bishopric question had barely been surmounted. The prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln was already beginning. The Lambeth Conference, the gathering of Bishops of the English, American and Colonial Churches, was to take place in the summer.

The following are extracts from some characteristic letters to the Dean of Windsor about this time:—

I despair of Prelacy—it reckes nothing of the Nation or Mankind. Diocesan Episcopacy will be reduced to the level of Diocesan Inspectorship.

S. Wilberforce will be the Execration of the Church of the Future for two things, (1) The shortened service, (2) The "New Type" of Bishop. But he had far too much sense to be himself the "new type." His crime was the misleading of his weak little brothers.

The Bishop of X—— wants to know whether he is to carry his pastoral staff in the Conference Procession! He says it is a very nice one! Some sort of rules will have to be made about such things!

I should have thought the non-baculate Bps who at present must be the majority, would be very indignant at any who appeared

ἐπὶ σκήπτροισιν ἐρειδόμενοι¹. Also, though in these days it is an argument which I feel ashamed to advance, I thought ancient Church usage forbade people to carry staves in others' dioceses—I may be mistaken, and at any rate no one would listen to anything so feeble. But the former point would win.

I think a rule which forbade staves to be carried would be a recognition of their existence—and I should probably be prosecuted in my own Court for it by the *Rock* and Colonel². I should think it better to say to each aspirant "the Church is not quite ripe." This would please them too.

To the Rev. A. H. Baynes³, who was hesitating about accepting the offer of a Domestic Chaplaincy from the Archbishop, he writes:—

It is a very serious undertaking of a *unique* piece of church-work—a unique kind of service—and we need deliberateness, and real prayer, and trust in the Guidance to be received.....

"Drudgery" so called formed much of my life as Headmaster of Wellington—more at Lincoln in some respects, less in others—*much* more at Truro—and incomparably more now.

I think that Wordsworth's two lines about Milton contain the spirit perfectly in which working churchmen must live—all their peace, almost their salvation, depends on it. I have realised it most badly, but I can say that those two lines have been full of strength to me these thirty years.

"Thy soul was as a star and dwelt apart
.....and yet thy soul
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

I have put down I think the whole case at its worst. May Easter thoughts help us.

On Easter Day he wrote in the Diary:—

The thought of the heroic suffering Emperor⁴ ought to be with everyone who has a duty or function to discharge.

Let me remember after all that it was the tomb that was empty of Christ, and not the world. He is somewhere about in this garden if I could find Him.

¹ Leaning on their staves.

² Possibly Captain Cobham, of the Church Association, is intended.

³ Afterwards Bishop of Natal.

⁴ The Emperor Frederick.

On April 4th he writes:—

Law's *Serious Call* helping me to realise how much my work is spoiled *as* Service and Sacrifice by my feeling its burden too much by far.

On the 13th of April he writes about the Sweating Commission which was occupying his mind very greatly:—

April 13th. Sweating Committee H. of Lords. Human beings cannot subsist under much worse conditions than we have seen as well as heard of to-day.

Then after an analysis of certain cases, he adds:—

This is a seething abyss of human wretchedness. It makes one more amazed than ever at the world's very existence. The members of the Committee seem to me half aghast at the very thought of finding a remedy.

On May 20th he says:—

Whitsun Day. The great festivals seem always to come round with special trial and disappointment. I have spoiled my peace of mind and that of others, for many days to come, by a just displeasure pushed too far.

The day has been most lovely. The night lovelier. A beautiful moon hanging, and most brilliant stars seeming instinct with life, in a sky of blue blackness, the trees (which an hour ago showed every feather against a liquid clearness) are a deep black bank against it. The nightingale is hurrying and lingering alternately in his passion of delight, and the night-jar fills up his intervals with the softest purring. Who would think the world, or any heart, would be as unquiet as it is?

On June 3rd he writes:—

Did a good piece towards my Conference Sermon lying on grass under lilacs and irises. Perhaps such contact with earth will evolve something natural. Delicious Summer day. Perfectly clear even here. Great heat in shade.

The most gorgeous sunset with crimson and scarlet of a most unusual *lustre*. Sky line of Houses of Parliament and Abbey themselves quite dark.

On June 8th he visited Cambridge; he writes:—

Dined in the Hall at Trinity with the eminences who are to have honorary degrees to-morrow. Salisbury's speech most able,

and Rosebery's very clever. Balfour's that of a tired man. Westcott said that there was only one word in all the speeches which gave him any comfort: that was "spiritual" in my speech. (I spoke of the *Novus Homo* adopted into a House with such a *Jus Imaginum*—"intellectual and spiritual ancestry.") But that there was only *one* I stand reprov'd more than they in whose there was none. The Master was most happy and exquisite in all his tones and touches. He alluded to my George Herbert Declamation in the Hall in 1851, which of course touched *me*, and he touched all others in the same ways.

June 9th. Old bedmakers and porters, quite charming old friendships. Slept on the old familiar staircase in Harcourt's rooms, next door to my dearest "Old Martin's"—so strange to think what a friend the unfriended boy found, and what it has all led to in God's ever-near providences: *qui pavit me a juventute mea usque ad hanc horam*. Breakfasted sitting by the Chancellor. The venerable old Duke¹, with his abundant white hair and bushy eyebrows and keen aged face, was very bright and full of memories—afterwards sitting in the Arts Schools, with his Chancellor's Robes, on a low chair, slightly bent, he was the most magnificent and picturesque old form imaginable. The scarlet of the Doctors round him threw him into beautiful relief, with his Garter, and his black gown *auro lita*. Westcott said he saw "Generations" in his face.

*The Queen to the Archbishop.
(Death of the Emperor Frederick.)*

WINDSOR CASTLE.

June 22, 1888.

The Queen wishes to express her most sincere thanks to the Archbishop of Canterbury for his very kind letter.

The contrast between this year and the last Jubilee one, is most painful and remarkable. Who could have thought that that splendid, noble, knightly prince—as good as he was brave and noble—who was the admiration of all, would *on the very day* year—(yesterday) be no longer in *this* world! His loss is indeed a very mysterious dispensation, for it is such a very dreadful public as well as private misfortune.

The Queen mourns a very dear Son and her poor dear Child's life is blighted and crushed, and she has lost the best and kindest and most devoted of Husbands! She is not ill, but her grief—the Queen hears and sees from her heartbroken letters—is intense.

¹ Duke of Devonshire.

On June 30th the Third Lambeth Conference, attended by 145 Bishops, was received at Canterbury.

The Archbishop writes in his Diary:—

We had a magnificent reception at Canterbury. A very interesting gathering first at St Augustine's for luncheon in the crypt under the library. The walls and pillars stand in the very spots and lines of some old ambulatory. The Americans liked to be told of the ancient power of the Abbots.

The arrangements in the Cathedral were beautiful—and Lord Northbourne, a very sharp and experienced old critic of such things, said, "It is simply the most impressive thing I have ever beheld." First I was taken by Dean and Chapter to West Doors inside Nave. Doors were opened, and 100 Bishops entered in double file, dividing to right and left as we greeted each other, and passing up the Nave and the great steps of the Screen, and so into the Choir, the Minor Canons and singing-men and choir-boys standing in three lines—two wings and one central line on the steps, and singing all the time the procession was going up—we turned and followed and went up the lower flight of the sanctuary steps, and there was placed the great grey "Chair of Augustine"; when I reached it we knelt in silence and then stood and sang *Te Deum* gloriously, the whole Choir and Aisles full of people, as well as the Aisles of the Nave, and the Bishops standing Choir-wise on the steps—the Chapter about the Altar—and my ten chaplains round and behind the Chair with the beautiful primatial Cross. Then I sate and gave them a short address exhorting all to obey the Church and not themselves, if they wished any loyalty to be left in the Church. Then to Vespers, I going down to the Throne—and we prayed and praised God if men ever did. Then a great gathering of all in the Deanery Garden, and then back to Lambeth. The Dean and Canons *most* brotherly.

After giving the Benediction in the Choir I gave it again to the vast crowds in the Nave from the steps of the Screen. It was wonderful to see them kneel all at once on the floor. God grant their sweet prayers and trust.

On July 2nd and 5th he writes with reference to the same subject:—

July 2nd. Lambeth Conference. In Westminster Abbey a service in some ways more impressive than at Canterbury itself. The Chapter and the Bishops occupied every part of the Choir and the Chaplains the square beneath the Tower. Metropolitans

the Sanctuary. I preached for three quarters of an hour—but such was the interest of the event that it kept people awake and *still* in the most marvellous way and gave me an opportunity—which I wish I had been worthy worthily to take.—I continued to press the Church to keep its Diocesan centres very strong, not comminuting their resources, not reducing the size of the Dioceses so that the strong influence of each ceases to radiate through all. Then I pressed extension of organisation,—new religious orders free from the snares of the past, in intimate connexion with dioceses—and thirdly to hold no work true which is not absolutely *spiritual* work. If God give us grace to work these three things out, His Church will not lose strength the next few years.

The next day, before the Conference opened, the assembled Bishops received the Communion in Lambeth Chapel. The Chapel was filled,—it was barely possible to find seats for all—and the repetition of the Nicene Creed, said, not sung as elsewhere, with intense earnestness by Bishops of the Reformed Church drawn from all parts of the world, was a witness to the reality of the Anglican Communion which could not easily be forgotten.

The Lambeth Conference spent some days in debates by selected speakers on the appointed subjects, which were then referred to Committees; during the next fortnight these Committees sat, and reports were drawn up; they assembled again towards the end of July to receive and discuss the reports, and to frame resolutions on such as were approved by the Conference. A stately concluding service was held at St Paul's at the end of July.

On the 23rd he went with my mother to pay a visit to the late Lord and Lady Abinger, at Inverlochy; he writes:—

August 23rd. Left London 8.50 p.m. with my wife, having driven from Addington to Euston, and travelled in half-comfortable sleeplessness with bedroom, sitting-room, dressing-room, servants and luggage to Stirling, thence without changing to Oban. The definitions of Luxury occupying me much and becoming more puzzling. If this is an instance of it, it cannot be defined as "what one likes" exactly. To some extent it is "what people

who know nothing about it think they would like exceedingly"—that is written on many faces and lives. Read through the last three quarters of *L'Abbé Tigrane*¹, a most disgusting picture, evidently by an ecclesiastic in the background of ecclesiastical life in France. The ambition and the discord and the intrigue, the want of independence and the want of reverence; and finally the irreligious worldly autocracy of the Roman Court. There is not happily in the whole of my own ecclesiastical life the slightest resemblance in England either to the ambitions or the enmities which are taken for the groundwork of thought about clerical affairs,—and such secularity of spirit, under spiritual forms, is a phenomenon rare indeed. The secular spirit where it exists among us has its own way of contemning the spiritual forms.

On August 25th he writes:—

I met a shepherd with 100 lambs and walked back with him talking of many things. The people speak mostly Gaelic, but it is taught no longer in the schools and the children won't talk it.

Collies are not what they were—the Collie instincts are dying out. Formerly eight or ten days would make a Collie all they wanted, now it takes a month or two. They are sometimes very difficult. There has been so much over-breeding, and they don't take to it "natural." In eight or ten years Collies "break up—after being hard-wrought over coorse ground." It's "very hard work." He had two dogs, one to "drive them out" over the ground and make them spread, and the other to "hunt them in,"—each its own work. One lamb got through a fence and seemed as if it would kill itself dashing against the wires in vain. At last dog and man together got it through. I told him "I was a shepherd and should remember—and my Collie would be some good layman whom I should send after one of my sheep to talk to him and frighten him before I came up to get him right." He said, "I see, sir, I see it. And one thing ye may be sure of—if we can gae wrang, we sall."

He went on to stay with Sir John Fowler at Braemore; he writes:—

August 30th. None of the sportsmen had any sport, except that Sir J. had wounded a stag. It is strange that my boys should take so to sport, when I and my father and his mother who reared him have all been very Buddhists as to taking of life—and

¹ By the late M. Ferdinand Fabre.

held "*sport*" to be impossible to be got out of it. But there is a class in society who seem kept strong and even pure through it, preserved from gambling and from worse, and from petty intriguing lives and from foppery—all devouring powers in other countries. But, I don't see why *they* should be so eagerly swept into this sort of salvation who would be strong and pure without it.

He went on to Braemar, where we had taken a house ; Bishop Lightfoot and Professor Westcott were both staying at Braemar: he writes :—

Tuesday, Sept. 11. Balmoral and Braemar. With dear wife and Nellie drove over to lunch at Balmoral. Forty years since, this September, I went over the little old castle where the new one now stands. The Queen looked exceedingly well and was very gracious—and her little quick naïvetés and her *nods* were very bright. The Dean of Windsor was not well—"he works too much—I think this Abp Tait's life tries him—and *your*—" she said smiling: I said, "Conference, Madam?" "Exactly." I said that "the Bishop of Gloucester said that in all his experience of editing he had never known such a feat as Davidson's in having the account of the Conference all ready and printed and published in five days." She asked "whether I noticed that the Highlands were more thinly inhabited than they were forty years ago? We have lost numbers from this neighbourhood—there were very many scattered cottages in the glens, and byres, and sometimes stills—now all are gone." I said, "It is very bad for the nation—these regions ought to rear a very hardy race." "It is very bad," she said. I told her we had been at Inverloch and there too the crofters were disappearing. They were all very poor. "Very poor," she said. The drive home most beautiful and afterwards we three walked with Westcott in the dusky but beautiful evening and harmless drizzle to Prince's cairn.

On the following day he went to see Abergeldie, where he had been as tutor forty years before ; he says :—

Forty years—forty years—what a time of poor service and of secular things put so strangely into my hands and of spiritual things expected of me and so poorly, meanly, waveringly attempted. *Then* I had but two ambitions—to be a Fellow of Trinity and to be a Canon of a Cathedral—and the two words over the Rectory garden door at Linton appeared to me to be

otherwise *the* Ideal ΛΑΘΕ ΒΙΩCΑC¹. And to-day in the garden at Abergeldie was a nice, gentle, blue-eyed gardener who, when I asked him about Andrew Wilson, the old gardener, and whether he knew him, said that he himself had been gardener's boy to Andrew 41 years ago,—“I came the year before the Queen came first to Scotland.” He had been here ever since the year before I was here. “Set by the Lord God to dress it and to keep it.”

On the 20th he wrote :—

Westcott dwelt on his favourite idea of creation being limitation of what *was* : that was the only possibility : formation out of nothing self-contradictory : there was no nothing.

He despairs of society unless it will take stringent measures with itself. It seems to him easy to say that no immoral person shall be invited to a house. But he cannot meet the difficulties of the individual cases—as, what are mothers to do with their sons? How can they have any hope for them but in society of virtuous people? What is to be done with the great leaders who have this one blot on them? Are they worse than the covetous, the speculators, the man utterly selfish in money? *Can* they be excluded from society? Did the early Christians exclude them?

It is indeed a fearful problem—for fashionable society does get worse, and there seems no way of speaking to those who will not hear, or give a moment's hearing. We cannot see into society deep enough, and it is of no use merely to lecture from the outside. Those who have real sympathy with the evil and spare it on that account through bad conscience can do no good. But neither will they reform it who can only say, “No one who is understood to be guilty in such ways ought to be received anywhere.” It is easy for *me* not to receive them. But there are those who are at the other pole of obligation, and B. F. W. only says “I am quite clear.”

On the 24th he says :—

Back by the woods under the lion's face and a talk with an old keeper, Thomson, who places the Farquharsons first, and the Queen, as only a stranger, next, and told me he had “heard of me as being the second person in the kingdom.” We had a merry talk and he afterwards described me as “a fine cracky man,” i.e. ready to have cracks and stories with him. His wife died this winter and they say “he greeted sair,”—and he has

¹ Live unknown.

never talked of her since—she is buried in his heart. She was a shrewd clever good soul. A visitor offered her £2 for one of her dogs, and she replied, "I'm thinking your twa pund would be varra still of a winter night." The old man says "it isn't at a' lanesome in winter"—he's rather angered then when people come to interrupt him in his reading.

He returned to Addington at the end of September, very much better in health, and greatly stimulated by the interchange of thought with his oldest and dearest friends, though he was very anxious about Bishop Lightfoot's health.

On October 25th he wrote:—

The wise Chinese! The citizens of Lan-ki, no mean city, are erecting three pagodas to avert the evil effects of the telegraph which is being led through their territory. I shall instantly build a pagoda by May's Lodge.

On Nov. 11th he wrote:—

Again could not go to Evensong—too misty for my obstinate cold. Had it alone in Chapel—and afterwards read through *Sulpicius Severus*, *Vita S. Martini*—which my own dear Martin thought, and rightly thought, an admirable piece of biography. St Martin's own turn of mind was distinctly critical, and this falls in with what is said of his excellent style of speaking and of solving difficult questions, though really an uneducated man. He too like so many great men was a little unimpressive personage. It is in biographies like these that we have the key to our missionary failures—asceticism is essential to the first stages of persuasion.

On the 21st he went to see Bishop Lightfoot; he writes:—

He can occupy himself for three-quarters of an hour at a time with light literary work—and frequently does. Most patient, kind and dry in his remarks. The mass of material ready to be finished for the Church's use must be immense. He says, "I have no wish to live if I am to be helpless." He is most tender and his eyes often grow liquid, and his affection for the poor, and his anxiety for his diocese and the Church is as full as ever, but he cannot be allowed to dwell long on things which vex him. He gives his chaplains leave to read him a Psalm "if they like." But he says, "the things which edify

others do not edify me. I feed on three or four great thoughts." He has however prayers read for his household and hymns sung by them so that he can hear through an open door—and his face is as of one lost in quiet devotion.

He spoke of the strangeness of finding five minutes in the night interminable, yet the time since we were at Braemar as scarcely perceptible....

I left him with a heavy but brightened feeling.

The Rev. G. R. Eden to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

SANDYKELD, BOURNEMOUTH.

Dec. 31, 1888.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP,

The Bishop still asks me every night to come to him, and seems increasingly to value the passages and hymns, and gives me occasionally a subject for special prayer. As I was praying for the Church of England, he exclaimed, "Pray for the Archbishop," in a voice full of emotion. This was after your last letter which refreshed him.....

On the last night of the year the Archbishop wrote:—

Dec. 31.—Ended the year—not very brightly alas!—in Addington Church—midnight service.

So full of fears, self-misgivings, anxieties, perplexities—such sorrows threatening, such sorrow present, such openings for great mistakes, such possibilities for hostility gathering in cumuli on the horizon—the clergy so depressed—I dare not write the utter emptiedness of confidence. I can only look mutely,—and grant that it may be stedfastly—to Thee Who hast led me a juventute mea usque ad hanc horam.

As the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln was now in its initial stages, it will be necessary to turn our attention to that subject; but I think it is as well first shortly to summarise, as simply as possible, my father's attitude with regard to the whole question of Ritualism.

The fact that my father's attitude towards Ritualism has been so often misunderstood is due perhaps more than anything to the breadth and to the elasticity of his view.

Symbolism was to him not a technicality of religion but a quality of the world. Nothing was more charac-

teristic of him than the eager question among natural beauties: "What does it all *mean*?"

Thus, again, acts had their language and he recognised a symbolism of form. His touching allusion to the beautiful "scene" of Archbishop Tait's funeral, "true nature and true love expressing itself nobly," with illustration of what he means by reference to "the grand scenes of the Revelation Worship," is as characteristic as the following entry in his Diary:—

Feb. 21, 1889. House of Lords was opened at 2 in the usual form: dignifiedly quaint in all its points and thoroughly ritualistic.

Again his description in 1880¹ of the Freemasons' ceremonies as "satisfactory and refreshing from the simple exposition of symbolism as an element in life, quite apart from ecclesiasticism," will be remembered.

To understand further his view of ritual—symbolism in religion, it must be remembered that he was an Ecclesiastic born; everything ecclesiastical,—stately buildings, historical traditions, dignified ceremonial, solemn music,—appealed to him from childhood: but his interest in these things was, as he himself stated, at first mainly aesthetic. He loved symbolism in everything, and symbolism consecrated by tradition most of all.

Indeed it may be said that ecclesiasticism,—the wonder and beauty of the Church, its life and growth, its origin and history, its traditions and associations—was with him a support, almost a source of religious feeling, not a mere outcome of it. Thus there was no danger of its overpowering the latter.

Yet the softening of experience made him see that there were natures to which such thoughts did not appeal, and, though he thought these persons mistaken, though he thought that they excluded a source of sacred pleasure

¹ At the laying of the Foundation Stone of Truro Cathedral, see p. 182.

and divine uplifting from their lives, yet he in no way condemned them; rather he felt a kind of amazed compassion. At the same time the inner side of symbolic ceremonial and mystical observance grew upon him every year; he was so penetrated with the love of God and Christ that each act of devotion was, as it were, a fragrant offering presented to the Divine. But it was the thing signified and not the material sign or fashion of its presentment that he adored. His letters and diaries are full of such thoughts, strongly felt and strongly expressed.

At the same time he had a great warmth of feeling for the Evangelicals; his father had been a pronounced Evangelical, and it was from Mr George Lee, the clergyman of his Birmingham parish and a prominent Evangelical, that he received his first external impulse to holy living. Still, my father recognised that the Evangelical movement was, for some cause little understood, dying out in England: and he was not backward in showing that if the spirit died out of Evangelicalism, it also might become a "ritual system," though the superficial "aspect of the Ritual were different."

Professor Mason writes:—

The thing which he was most afraid of, at any rate about the middle of his Archiepiscopate, was lest the Evangelicals "should be made to feel uncomfortable in the Church of England." Nobody could doubt, of course, that his own patristic and mediaeval studies brought him into closer agreement with other parties than with that party; but he felt at one time that there was real danger of an Evangelical secession from the Church, and that if it took place, the position of the Church as an "Establishment" was lost. He thought that everything should be done, that in reason could be done, in order to retain them. "Except these abide in the ship," he said to me once, "ye cannot be saved."

Again, Professor Mason writes, with regard to his interest in liturgical matters:—

Any and every liturgical question was full of interest to him—

of scientific interest. He hardly liked people to know how much interested he was in such things. Once at Truro, when we were arranging that Henry Walpole and I should sing the Litany together at the Ordination, he said that the proper place for us to do it would be at the south end of the Altar; he had seen it done so at an Ordination at the Lateran; but, as he could not allege this reason, he thought it would be better to take another position. When he was beginning to prepare for the Lambeth Judgment, we were walking in the woods at Addington, and he talked a good while about the gesture of benediction,—how the presbyter, blessing in the name of the Holy Trinity, raises the three fingers; the bishop blesses with the open hand, symbolising the plenitude of power. “But,” he added, “I don’t wish to seem to know too much about these things.” After it was over, when I asked him how he could possibly have elaborated all that detail of antiquarian lore in the midst of his other labours, he said, “Oh, of course I could never have done it if I had not worked at these things very long ago.”

I had a most delightful talk with him one day riding at Addington. It began with Cranmer. He was anxious that I should get on with my work upon him. He spoke very severely of the kind of sarcastic flavour discernible in some of the remarks on Cranmer in the earlier part of Mr Dixon’s History,—which are exchanged for something much more generous in the later volumes. He delighted in Morice’s description of Cranmer’s horsemanship,—a point which brought him into very close sympathy with Archbishop Benson—and of his industrious learning—and then he went on to picture the meetings of the Committee for drawing up the English Prayer-book; how Cranmer would come in and say, “I think that I have found something in a Greek Liturgy that will exactly do for this point or that; I am sure you will like to hear it.” His fancy was very busy with the discussions. I told him that I was much afraid that the discussions were not quite so amiable as he made out, and that indeed it was to my mind doubtful whether such discussions were held at all; but his mind was burning with the imaginary discussions. He passed on to speaking of the result of it all, wondering why Cranmer should, as he thought, have so saddened and depressed the Eucharistic Service, and given it such a penitential tone, by putting the Gloria in Excelsis at the end, with the additional cry for mercy which is found only in our form of it, which he was persuaded was not merely a printer’s error. The position of the Lord’s Prayer in our service was another

thing of which he spoke strongly. He thought it was put after the Communion in order deliberately to minimize the reference to the Blessed Sacrament in the words, "Give us this day our daily Bread." I pleaded that the present position of the Prayer, while it brought out the fact that we can only rightly use such petitions by virtue of an established fellowship in Christ, did not at all deny that we had already received our "daily Bread," but only implied that the reception was not a thing of one moment only, but that having received the Bread we still needed to have its virtue imparted to us. But the Archbishop would not accept the view. He said it was "very spiritual," but that he did not think the reformers meant it. The whole of the Lord's Prayer, he thought, in the old offices, was concentrated upon that one petition, with direct reference to the Communion which was to follow immediately—and I remember how he sang out his *da nobis hodie* in imitation of the priests whom he had heard singing it abroad; and he felt sure that to our great loss the prayer had been transposed in order to get rid of the application of that clause to the Holy Communion.

But above all he felt strongly that the tastes and instincts of the laity should be sedulously consulted. He was once travelling with two old friends in a secluded part of the country not long after his appointment to the Archbishopric. He wrote in his Diary:—

Strange to find in these retired country places the same changes going on in ritual—chanted psalms, surpliced choirs, Eastward position, coloured stoles—everywhere. The gain in reverence doesn't keep pace with all this. Only three besides ourselves (women) at Holy Communion this morning—and our two selves the only men in church this afternoon. The Dean of Lincoln once said to me, "They destroy service by services." How are we going wrong? There is entering in something that is mechanical—*not* corporate, while the individual is dying out as an element of worship. The old evangelical service was more solemn, more reverent, tho' as free as could be from anything aesthetic. The clergy are sadly, pathetically in earnest; they revolted from the vanity of preachers. But we are finding out that without preaching, the *Word* will not be known (I mean of course earnestly studied and effective preaching) and that without the Word all their services go for nothing and will build up nothing.

Again a few days later he writes :—

Only five women and ourselves at Holy Communion. Church rather fuller—but these short surplices, no hoods, and coloured stoles don't seem fit for men.

Yet though his own delight in Ritualism was free from any touch of materialism, he was not without apprehension lest its elaboration and development should bring about a subordination of the thing symbolised to the symbol.

His diaries at Florence in later years are full, not only of his interest in the ritual, but his musing over how far in reality it either expressed or affected religion. He attended many of the great ceremonials in the Duomo, being often there in Easter week. On one occasion he was surprised and infinitely touched at his own reception by the Canons in full robes, who came down to one of the doors to meet him, stood in two rows and bowed low to him as he passed through.

At Florence, in 1893, he wrote :—

Easter Eve.—A strange day, thronged with thoughts about what we and all men are making of Christ's Gospel. The spectacle that moved for four hours before my eyes this morning as we stood in the high tribune above the Altar, seeing every detail and following it, has filled me with wonder as to whether He will find faith upon the earth.

But what he feared in England, as much perhaps as the growth of materialism, was the development of party spirit, which might leave not only the most essential matters, but even the more important elements of organic order, and make a battle cry of things which in themselves he considered interesting and beautiful but not weighty.

Thus he wrote in his Diary :—

Celebrated at St Paul's, using the Eastward position as the use of that Church is. It is most wretched, since these litigations renewed themselves, to feel that every position or attitude or act is watched with rigour and more the more trivial it is. It is eating away the soul of public worship.

And again :—

In the fine old Church at E—— attended a “High Church” Service. Ridiculous donnings and doffings of stoles and hoods—an eleven minutes’ sermon! These are the things which the old *gentry-clergy* would never have adopted, and they are more Roman in principle than what people foolishly fear.

And again :—

Consecrated St Y——’s; a good church in a poor district. There were six candles lighted on the Altar and two large ones besides—I consecrated it before Evensong. The party are becoming so bound to their little usages that they do not now want their Bishops to celebrate Holy Eucharist for them because they will not offer “Mass” on the Altar under a Cross, a construction which has all the *look* of a Tabernacle—so as to prepare the way of Reservation. All the music was Gregorian, gloomy, and its wheels “drave heavily.” So did my sermon—I preached from the Lord’s teaching to His disciples given before “the Myriads,” Luke xii., and mainly against party spirit and its woes, and *tried* to lead to higher tone. But there was a spirit against such counsel in the air of the congregation. Yet their zeal will surely be led in sweet ways. TENOITO!¹

After being present on one occasion at a keen discussion on ritualistic matters, in which he had himself warmly joined, he says, relating the whole incident in his Diary :—

Our ritualistic and anti-ritualistic troubles and truces are not the stuff by which to help the world. We are busy with things among ourselves of a low order, while we ought to be solving and leading to high issues greater problems of society.

In 1881 he wrote of the High Church party, with reference to the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission :—

There is much to sympathise with and much to be admired in their free view of the freedom of the Church. But without wishing to take any coloured view it does seem to me that the result of the E.C.U. determinations would be to *re-constitute* an appeal to an external See. There is no hope or help for it, if they will have *no* appeal to the Crown in any form. This will be our final crux.

¹ So be it.

The following letter was found in my father's handwriting among his papers, carefully preserved, but there is no clue to the identity of the friend to whom it is addressed.

Private.

TRURO.

Dec. 29, 1879.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

In the first place I feel very sure that you attach too much by very much to my relation to different sides in the question, and also to my knowledge and private help. But apart from all that, I really think you must not quarrel with the idea of Bishops not taking part in these things at this stage. Looking at it historically, they have universally been *judges* when a matter has reached a certain stage—not parties nor counsel; they always have “given their judgment” right or wrong, not *prepared* things for judgments.

Then again, they are the κυβερνήται or “steersmen” and it is impossible for them to be taking to pieces and re-examining the engines through which the πνεῦμα or steam is propelling the ship of God. While they are divines and students *that* is their work, but once put at the helm, their work is changed.

That seems to have been the view which sagacious Gamaliel took of the duty of Pontiffs in older days. Their work is fairly cut out for them by usage. As to the present question—the evil you speak of is gross and crying. I was obliged to be present a year ago at a service which the performer regarded as the *only* possible catholic worship, and his laborious attempts to impress this on the finest race of fishermen you ever beheld, ended in spiritual blankness of darkness—and entire Church emptiness. But such a performance! a Papal Mass at St Peter's, a French one at the Madeleine, some especially English usages, and *Methodism* intervening at every pause,—all these had streaks visible to any practised eye, or any reader of liturgiology—and then the farrago of music.

I am sure you do not exaggerate the *mess* things are in—and the rashness with which insufficient information is being acted on. However, I do not possess sufficient information to put these things right, nor sufficient time to study them. I've looked into them of course, a very little, but that little is enough to show the complication and difficulty of this branch of archaeology. One thing was patent, the untenableness of Roman usages in England. I could never consider it an open question whether Roman or

Sarum colours were better, supposing it demonstrated that the Edwardian vestments were the legal ones.

But I only wish all deference and disposition to be comprehensive, and a predisposition to what is authorized. I am not clear on *this* preliminary point, and do not see a hope of satisfying myself. That many are certain proves nothing, I fear, for it is one of the obscure points on which whoever thinks he sees light clings to it desperately.

That they are the *only* lawful dress is (I feel satisfied) quite unproved.

Moreover, to be perfectly candid, I do not think them sacerdotal in *origin*. Therefore I am not clear as to how they became endowed with the sacredness they claim. By usage? That cuts both ways.

By Rubrics? Then I am thrown back again on the difficulty of drawing distinct conclusions. And if they are *not proved*, then expediency comes in again. (Again I am not *sure* that ritual ought not to be a *varying* expression from age to age. Truth is single in essence, but multiform in presentment. Is not ritual a presentment?)

I have said enough to show that I should not be a serviceable member of a Committee, and to show that I doubt whether a Committee could do good.

Your ever affectionate,

EDW. TRURON.

In the latter paragraphs he touches on a point which, as will be seen, is of considerable importance. If Ritual is an expression of worship, valuable only as an expression, it must be though formulated not formalised; it must be vital not mechanical, elastic not stereotyped.

But the language of symbolism must have its growth, and thus its correspondence with the race and the age.

How he dealt with a ritual case cannot be better shown than by the instance of the Lincoln Judgment, which from the year 1888 had begun to occupy his mind, and which will be dealt with in a separate chapter; his general view can hardly be more beautifully given than by a letter that he wrote to me, when I was an undergraduate at King's College, Cambridge, on the whole

question of public worship; part of it I printed in *Archbishop Laud, a Study*, but I think it better to give the whole letter, as he was speaking very fully and unreservedly on a subject very dear to his heart; he was in bed at the time, having undergone a slight operation, and being freed from the pressure of business, had more time than usual on his hands. It is the longest letter I ever received from him.

After a reference to the daily morning service at King's, he continues:—

The side-chapel may be very well for the time of necessity in which we live, but I should mourn over the silence of King Henry's glorious choir—it looks like another ebb. But I have always felt in a very unpeopled church as if somehow (on a weekday at least, or at an inconvenient hour) the fact that the Church is really *spiritual* and that “we *are* come not to the Mount Sion, but to an innumerable company” comes out, and I feel among them in the Psalms and Prayers. When I was a boy I used to say the Morning and Evening Prayer as I went to and from school or else in my rough chapel in a great unused room—and I always used to say “The Lord be with you,” and be sure that there were plenty about to reply, “And with thy spirit.”

As to Public Worship I think that there is real depth in what Dr Westcott said in his enigmatic way¹—besides the Life and Self (which in themselves cannot be *offered* perhaps in a real sense except by union with that element, our Lord's humanity, which He has placed in union with our life and the life of our species for this among other purposes)—besides Life and Self we surely ought to present (not only what we *are*, but) what we *have* for a time—the things which in this world our Spirit or Self is allowed to possess *εἰς χοῦν*² and which it will have to lay down.

Of all these, the results and the instruments of Art are the *ἄνθος*³ and those results which exist and pass, exist and pass, are born and die, are the subtlest and most delicate and perfect—

¹ Bishop Westcott, when Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, being a Fellow of King's, used to hold a little meeting of undergraduates after chapel in his rooms at which a paper was read and discussed; it was open to all the College: the Theory of Worship was being discussed, and someone said, “But is not the Life the Sacrifice?” The Professor smiled, and said eagerly, “Yes, but what becomes of the Hymn and the Garland and the white Vestments of the Priest?”

² For the using.

³ Flower, ornament, grace.

and those also which have an *image* of eternity about them are at the other pole of perfectness.

Form—colour—order—movement—music—have somehow to be offered as well as *thought*—and that which is ours only instantaneously, *Time*, must have its dedication too.

Drop that for a minute.

The yearning (which is so undeniable in man for God) requires speech. The roughest and rudest come together to speak to God—in their plainest way He speaks with them and they know it. When they are delivered, or *being* delivered, from material terrors with regard to Him, only the best persevere (those in whom the yearning is, as I say, for *God* and not for comfort) in following out what they find, that the listening to the records of His revelation through ages and to the substance of it, and then speaking in common to Him, and exhorting one another about Him and about the hindrances in getting to Him, and the seeing His hand in difficulties, affect their lives more than anything else does. This simplest plainest worship in common strengthens, as well as reminds, them to re-dedicate themselves, their lives and spirits to Him. Nothing can eradicate the conviction, the experimental conviction, they all entertain, that it is not the exercise of the worship, but an undoubted answer made to their worship, which is the strength. They sought a Presence, and they have found it. Surely they are not wrong in gathering, that what obtained so gracious an answer is acceptable to the Answerer. *ὁσμὴ εὐδοκίας*¹.

Now as life becomes more beautiful in the sensuous region, the question comes, "Is this a new world we have found for ourselves?" "Is it a region into which we shall enter and do without God there?" or "is it capable of being sanctified like all else we have known in plainer ways?" There is a trembling about the question. But surely it has been rightly answered—and the dedication of all these perfectnesses is lawful and right—and the glory of Art goes up to Him from those who have it *εἰς χρῆσιν*, and the *εὐδοκία*².

¹ A variation, probably intentional, on the phrase in Eph. v. 2, *εἰς ὁσμὴν εὐωδίας*, a sweet-smelling savour,—possibly suggested by *ἄνθρωπος εὐδοκίας*, Luke ii. 14. It will be observed that the Archbishop uses the word *εὐδοκία* in the following paragraph.

² This is an obscure sentence. The present Warden of Keble (Dr W. Lock) suggests that it means, "The glory of Art goes up to God from those who have it for useful ends (*εἰς χρῆσιν*), and the delight (*εὐδοκία*) in Art goes up to God from those who enjoy it." *ἵπρος χρῆσιν* is used by Aristotle to point the antithesis between utilitarian and imitative arts. Cf. Arist. *Met.* i. 1. 981 b.

But now I own I have for years past looked on pleased but anxious to see our worship all over England getting ornamental—the white garments and the chanting and the windows trouble me with a singular trouble while I hope all is well. I can explain by an almost ridiculous thing, what I mean. I never can endure to use a Psalter with notes to every syllable, or even elaborately pointed for singing. I feel, in spite of all I do, that the spirit vanishes from the words, and that I become as if I were chanting Vedas. I cannot worship unless I can *catch* the pointing and sing it, or else be silent, and then I say, “How fares it with those singing men and boys?” and the sound of it often strikes me as sound only. Then I long to teach them the Psalms’ meaning, and of course at Lincoln I did—and wish the clergy would all do it. Else I fear I shall come to think “that we don’t *know* that what we do is acceptable,” except that we can’t find out what else to do than what seems to be actually in man to do.

For ourselves I think the only thing is to throw consciousness into it all—to fling up before each attempt at an elaborate piece of Service, before each change of chant, before each sitting down to even *practise* on the organ, the thought “This is Thine, O Lord, of Thee, in Thee;—O make it also *for* Thee in my heart—and unto Thee in the Heavenly places.”

If we make our worship into mere business, it may become *unelevated* business like any other—but it *is* an offering of time and effort and we can add to that offering all the best and most beautiful things we know—and this may then, must, influence Life in the most powerful way—and I can’t see how we can doubt the *εὐδοκία* in it.

Your most loving father,

EDW. CANTUAR.

CHAPTER XIV.

DIARIES AND LETTERS.

"Qui praeest, in solitudine." ST PAUL *ad Rom.*

EARLY in the year 1889 the proceedings on the Lincoln case began before the Archbishop. How constantly this matter, not only in itself, but its causes, its possible effects, and all cognate questions were in his mind, will be seen from the frequent entries which bear on the subject in the Diaries.

Jan. 1st. He would be a very blind man or a very hard man who would say that the masses of cloud which overhang the hills that stand round Jerusalem are not fraught with formidable material. And he would be a very unfaithful one who did not say that their showers might make glad the City of God and their lightnings themselves clear the air and restore the balance. The purpose of God must be good towards us. He has wrought much by us. However unworthy and however unlike the Saints and statesmen of old time, yet we cannot feel that He has sent us to our places each and all to destroy us, and through us to lower the Church of England. In hours of depression one may feel as if some kind of end were at hand. But it is far more likely to be *ōdōves* (birth-pangs)—pains fruitful with the future.

The sudden revival of a Spiritual tribunal, untouched for ages by the temporal powers, and bearing no trace of them—the direction of its powers against one of the saintliest of men and meekest—which may lead to a great toleration, "howbeit they think not so," and a greater freedom and greater charity of mind. Why not expect *that* rather than error, confusion, destruction?

On the 9th he notes:—

Is the laying down of the flesh a renewal of limitations? or is it an imposing of new limitations for the time—as being a cutting off of the means and channels which we had of communication with the creation of God—are we from thence *alone* with God? cut off from communication and thrown inward on self alone?

On the 9th of Feb. he went to Winchester with my mother and eldest sister, as usual; in the afternoon he went on to Bournemouth to see Bishop Lightfoot who was lying ill there; he writes:—

Dunelm strangely better, colour, expression, brightness, all trickling back to life. God give him again to all and to me!

Adding on the next day:—

At night Dunelm spoke of the trial after he was quiet in bed. He said, "I think it will after all come out right and be a great blessing to the Church; I can't help feeling somehow that it will." He said with tears, "I want to tell you how good God has been to me in this illness—I have had so many happinesses—seeds I had sown have been coming up in the diocese so fast, long before I looked for it." He had the reredos of the church which he is building at Sunderland, "St Ignatius," the drawing of it, in the course of the evening.

From here he wrote to his wife:—

This morning I celebrated the Holy Communion with him and his three loving chaplains—to his great happiness. It was clear he had regained the power of concentration,—I should think perfectly—nothing could be more beautiful than the intensity of his expression. Afterwards he patted my head several times—a thing which I never before knew him to do.

This morning at St A——'s church the clergyman, not a ritualist, gave a long sermon on the Lincoln case—justifying the six points with "scriptural" arguments just of the style which could equally well be used to prove that Noah's Ark was fitted up with stalls and an east window and that Noah was a High Church clergyman. I sat rather like a man listening to the condemned sermon, just opposite to him, but I felt sure that some very spicy passages were dropped as he happened to know me by sight.

Give my best love to the girls, and to the Chaplains—I expect them to “give notice” of withdrawal from the object of such eloquence from a thousand pulpits—but seriously, if a quiet man can be moved on to the ritualist side as this man was by the prosecution, what is the effect of it through all England I wonder?

Ever your loving husband,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On June 20th he writes of his youngest son Hugh, who had decided to go in for the India Civil Service:—

A new power of manliness seems to have come over him. I trust in answer to the many prayers “that he may know himself to be God’s servant and God’s child, and live as to the Lord and not as to men.”

“Our little sheltered boy!” his mother says—and breaks my heart. I always reckoned on this one to be my great friend as I grew old.

On July 2nd he wrote:—

In the evening Mansion House—many Bishops and Archbishop of Cyprus and leading Nonconformists, for whom spoke Dr Allon—and wisely observed that the Archbishop of Cyprus and I had no difficulty in speaking for our Church but that he found it difficult indeed to speak for all Nonconformists who so widely differed from each other. These mixtures are not amiss but they won’t stand stirring about.

On July 3rd he notes:—

Lunched at Guildhall to meet the Shah, and our Royal Family.

The Shah has a Barbarian flatness, nearness and wrinkledness of eyes—I suppose he has a conception of material advantages to be derived from civilisation and wishes for civilisation accordingly. I think our English civilisers had formerly the idea that one form, tone and air of society was better in itself than another and more after the mind of God. The Shah told me that he himself was the most tolerant of all monarchs; that all religions were safe in his protection. I thanked him for the tolerance extended to our Missionaries in their efforts for the better education of Christian children and Clergy. He said he knew all about them and knew that they did not proselytize. If a Mahomedan turned Christian I do not know how far tolerance would go. The ceremony was truly a brilliant one. The royal carriages have

emerged again in utmost splendour. Lord Salisbury spoke well and touched the *apices* of advantages, and the Shah spoke of "the mutual benefit to both nations" very emphatically. The visit is, I suppose, a purely political and Anti-Russian one. But the whole nation seems of one mind, though there was trifling dissent when Lord S. said so. We are ceasing to look westward and are turning eastward again.

When I was presented yesterday to the Shah an amusing incident occurred—the Prince of Wales had said to him, "I must present Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild to you"—(I did not know this till the Prince told me after). Some one went to fetch Rothschild. That moment the Prince said to me, "If you have not been presented, let me present you." So the Shah took my hand, and holding it, kept saying to me with a phlegmatic surprise, "Rothschild! Rothschild! Rothschild!" looking very enquiringly at me. The Prince did not catch it at first. But then, full of amusement, repeated the introduction, and then the Shah murmured more contentedly, "Ah! Archevêque! Archevêque! Cantorbéry."

My father added to this in telling the story to me:—

He did not take nearly so much interest when he found I was only a sort of muezzin.

On July 14th he writes a long autobiographical note:—

My sixtieth birthday. Such health and bodily strength and family peace and cheerful surroundings and such active employment have been always given me that I feel not so old as I did at forty, can work longer hours, mix in many more businesses, take harder exercise (though not walk so fast), and eat less and drink less and sleep rather less. Westcott often speaks to me of this strength as a special gift for my duties, and I habitually feel that in a moment it may be withdrawn like an arm from under a child. When the right moment comes it will be.

But meantime what self-reproach gathers for so much strenuous idleness—for doing little things for ever with energy rather than great ones; for shrinking from public business on the self-excuse of much serving; for not cultivating unselfishly the affections of the extraordinarily affectionate and unselfish friends with whom God has surrounded me from the cradle; for never finishing anything; for not knowing personally more of the poor; for not preaching God's word more freely and laboriously; for not restraining the heat of temper and speech which burn so and hurt so many and such good people, and which have never effected anything

which lovingness would not have done better; for not feeling others' troubles however great with anything like the movement with which I feel my own smallest; this is not a tenth of the indictment by which I shall be judged,—how soon!—nor a shadow of the inexcusableness of it all on account of the abundance of the Grace which I have resisted—I know it has been copious. For the worst of it all is that I had “naturally” a love of the revelation of God and of the devotions which answer to it, and if I had but curbed all that wanted curbing as I have starved those two divine gifts by prayerlessness and coldness and hurry, I am sure I might have been, if I had only given the Holy Spirit room, and no more, infinitely—yes infinitely—infininitely further from the self which enchains me, and rides me sometimes like an old man of the sea, but more often with a softness and flexibility like a perfect horseman's. Self rides when I fancy I am all absorbed in work and service. Deus, Tu nôsti. Quid facies, Deus?

Now, if I think—what would I do quite differently if it came again, the plainest point is, that I would speak to my boys much more religiously—and straight to the point of Love of God, in educating a great school. The chapel and the sermons not individual enough, though, so far as they went, right and not to be changed.

What is my chief sorrow? Certainly, though my father's death, and my mother's and sister's in one day, were, the first a stroke which threw life into another plane, and the other heart-breaking, still I can see the love and the effect—the overpoweringness of the call.

But Martin's death remains an inexplicable grief—every day—to see into that will be worth dying.

What are the chief blessings within? I think that one is that God gave me a certain simplicity of nature—which carried me without my knowing it through difficulties which grew clear only when they were over, and had become almost an amusement to contemplate. And if subtleties have attracted me I generally *blundered* them first thing, and they were gone. And the other is that I very early in life determined that I would never seek any position, never collect testimonials, never make any application for any place. At school they used to say I was ambitious and I knew that if it were so I should be always miserable, and I made and kept the resolution as soon as I took my degree. The sorest temptation was when I was told from Duke of Marlborough that if I would be a candidate for Headmastership of Rugby I should be elected. I also determined to refuse nothing which seemed

like a call, but I broke this in refusing Dorking, for I did not see how I could bring up the children—and the temptation to repent was when I had reduced my income by half by taking the Chancellorship of Lincoln. I was “sometimes afraid, yet put I my trust in Thee.”

These two gifts of God are the two which I think have given me all my life a peacefulness which has made me strong for working hard, an assurance that my life was made for me and not by me—a peacefulness, not alas! in relation to other people or to daily work—for in this I have been *fervens caloribus impatientiae* to others' troubles—but in the inner sense that God concerned Himself with my sparrow-like affairs better than I could.

I can't tell whether my children will see this—probably they may—or I may find it better to destroy all in the next ten years—but if they do they will understand that I need not here write my sense of what are the greatest things of all—the intense sense, would it were much more intense, of the awfulness of sin and sinfulness in the inner spirit. There is an inner, higher, deeper *spirit* in each man which rules the soul, the mind, brain and all—as we know them. It is this spirit which is the man—all beneath it is the mere rendering of that spirit in other media—but these are subject to endless cross phenomena which may or may not count for much. But the spirit is before God, unaltered by old age, or loss of reason, and not faithfully exhibited for either good or bad by its counterparts in the reasonable or material world. In that inner spirit I am conscious of an unsubdued, unbridled real sinfulness and sin whose extirpation I cannot conceive of. I truly believe that it is redeemable by the Blood of Jesus Christ, and its sinfulness capable of abolition as if it had never been through some high contact with God the Lord through God the Spirit. I cannot in the remotest degree realise how the wickedness of which I am conscious in that spirit can possibly be separated from it, how the indurated indifference to the God it knows can possibly be animated, how the desperate things in the conception of which it leaps out can cease from it when so much chastisement, so much spirit of truth fail to alter it much. I can only believe that the Blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin, and that He will not cast out those whom He draws. But I do believe, and I wait for the ages of its accomplishment.

And there is a second thing which I rank for my spirit as among the greatest things of all—the duties of this Office to the Church of God. How they are being done is matter of fearful doubt and of doubting fear every day. It is utterly impossible

for me to judge myself—and when I commit myself to Him that judges righteously I do not mean that I think He ought to approve or acquit me. But if He does it is only for His own sake—His own Love's sake in Christ Jesus. Hour after hour brings its hurried driving engagement—its *πολλὰ ἀντικείμενα*¹—a strange thing to come out in this solar system; such petty things in such grand frame—and they have to be fought through and scudded through somehow. I seem to have no choice of what I will do—my will has only to conform itself to facts—I am like the buried ones

Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks and stones and trees.

One's life (if one is bound to recognise that one is alive) is merely touching, tapping, spinning onward, the flying bodies of works which whirl past within reach.

Well—in all—through all—above all, sits throned the Author of all. We can only believe that they are not rushing into chaos again, if we believe on the Name of the Only Begotten Son of God. In Him alone is order.

Through Him one has an intelligible touch with God's chiefest part of His long rolling work so far, we live only by that which *πάντα νῦν ὑπερέχει*².

*Συγχώρησον τὴν ἀφεσιν τῶν ἁμαρτιῶν*³, and make me for Christ's sake to do the works which Thou hast prepared for me to walk in; and to build on Thee, the Foundation, a course of work—a fragment of a course—which may not be burnt up—for Thy mercy and Thy Love's sake.

On the 18th he says:—

One of those days when it is so really difficult to comprehend how "Moral Government of the World" is being carried on through Committees. It is tiring work and no one seems the better or the worse. Each however is a cog of a very big wheel. "*Πέραν τοῦ Ἰορδάνου*"⁴.

On August 2nd he says:—

That odd man X—— gave me an authenticated copy of one of

¹ Many oppositions. 1 Cor. xvi. 9.

² "Passeth all understanding," Phil. iv. 7.

³ Grant me the forgiveness of sins.

⁴ "Beyond Jordan"—this is one of those Greek mottoes with which he often ended an entry in a Diary. The Bishop of Winchester tells me that he constantly used the phrase in the sense of "Behind the veil."

the Holy Nails, sealed and authenticated as being "simillimus," and having been "admotus¹" to the Veritable Nail at Jerusalem. He made much of an oration. He perhaps is no sign of the times—but perhaps the thing might be a reminder to patience—which I have so little of.

On August 6th he visited the Church Army Headquarters. With all the main principles of this movement he was in thorough agreement; "If you want to do the Church's work among the working-classes," he had said, "you must get your working men and women to go to them and evangelise." And again, "The Church Army occupies no narrower basis in its teaching than the Church of England takes." On this occasion he notes:—

There is much Evangelic zeal.

He touches on certain weak points in their organisation, such as the literature issued, and the short time allowed for training, and then continues:—

It was also against the grain to see Religious experiences and emotionalism and the means of rousing this, made the subject of class work with school desks and blackboard. Their life seemed simple and strong. But the people over them anxious and apologetic. It may be developed, but if not, it will either fail or be a danger. I conversed with my friends who were mustered, men and women, on sincerity, and, as they all said, "they had given their hearts to the Lord," I dwelt encouragingly on the great difficulty I and others had in carrying this out. They seemed to feel it less; though I thought the words *bit*.

From there went on to St Augustine's Sisterhood, at Kilburn. Here all was dignity, gravity, silence, beauty—most eager work for 600 orphans—two great chapels building—went to the embroidery room where many hundreds of chasubles, etc., complete suits of vestments, Roman colours, are annually made and sent out to priests over the whole world. I told the Sister in Charge to communicate to the Mother Superior, who was at Broadstairs, my opinion that "they are a very *formidable* body"—which amused her. The idea of "putting down Ritualism" which a large number of these magnificent bodies are sedulously propagat-

¹ i.e. "applied" to it, to contract holiness by contact.

ing with every advantage worldly and spiritual—their own saintly lives first and foremost. “Agree with thine adversary quickly” is rather the course that seems now practicable.

Truly the Church of England is still a powerful bond indeed when two such institutions claim equally to belong to it, with equal loyalty, equal energy, equal persuasion that theirs is the only faithful view of the Church’s duty, the only faithful exposition of her tone. God grant neither side to part from her—the residue would soon corrupt itself—but their co-existence is full of practical problems.

On the 13th he writes:—

Mr Spurgeon came to tea and we had with us Canon Mason, and Tindall¹ of Ashford and Clowes² of Hayes who were here to consult on the Church Society and its chances; which, after much work, is now ready to appear. It is simple and strong, I hope, in manliness and womanliness and in the love of Christ our Head and His work and ours.

Mr Spurgeon is certainly uglier than I had believed. But no one could doubt his power who heard him talk for ten minutes, his great sense, his hearty readiness, his brisk and appropriate expression, and his good feeling. He would appeal to the best qualities of middle-class minds; and his speculations are such as they would follow and enjoy. It is impossible to imagine what place he could have taken in the Church of England—he illustrates absolutely the “*raison d’être*” of Nonconformist association. His memory is evidently most vivid: such numbers of good stories, pointed and pious, poured accurately out without pause, half pathetic, half humorous. Stories of himself, his early life, his grandfather a Congregational Minister at Topfield, Essex, the black silk stockings and buckles of him and of the squire and rector. The Monday Evening Tea and churchwarden pipes of the three—stories of how people came to him and implored him “not to tell,” believing that he had described them in his sermon—the million copies of one of his books circulating in Russia, the “Restitution” which he preached and the many instances in which he had moved consciences to make restitution for old frauds or wrongs, his own inability to remember any wrong done to him. He said he was beginning to think that every “Church” organisation had its classes of society or people to which it was adapted, that God’s Spirit was large and worked thro’ all—“God sends us Bishops

¹ Rev. P. F. Tindall.

² Rev. George Clowes.

whether we want them or not, and sends us Nonconformists whether we like them or not." The sects bear their testimony, and when their point is carried into the Church their use ceases—"The Quakers have no more place, no reason for existing—their witness is worked into all minds, like that of the Chartists into all politics." "Have you a Diocese as well as the Primacy? What is it?" "Reverence is gone, there is none. Lawlessness is everywhere. The High Church have this great merit; they make all their people reverent." "The Baptist form of Church government is the worst there is. It suits me. My deacons take all committees, all trouble off my hands—they manage all finance—they pass all resolutions 'with the sanction of the pastor.' If I don't approve I draw my pen through them. But that doesn't suit little men in little places, it becomes tyranny. Mine is a benevolent autocracy resting on absolute democracy. It had taken no little tact and trouble to keep a democracy straight 38 years. Americans always come to me. They go to three places, Westminster Abbey, St Paul's, and the Tabernacle." "There are some heathen that won't give in to anything but the Word—it takes ingenuity to find the Word that will convince them. It's not the real meaning of the passage that affects them. It's the applicability of the words themselves to their particular case." So he talked on, the Antiquus Ego was ever before his eyes. But he made us all like him very much, and respect the Ego which he respected, and feel that he had a very definite call by the help of it to win souls for Christ, or rather to help those souls to Christ who were sure to come one way or other. "I'm a very bad Calvinist, quite a Calvinist—I look on to the time when the Elect will be all the world." This I don't understand, I fear. He stayed nearly two hours, interesting us all much, and he drove away in a very nice brougham with two very nice *light* chestnuts, almost cream-coloured, and his coachman had a very shabby hat.

On the 22nd he started for Switzerland, and on the 24th he writes at Zermatt:—

If it please Him to give us [this time of rest] in brightness—may He have first thought. If He unexpectedly shadow it—may He have first thought still. I must think much and pray much for Wales, it must be a constant thought. I declare that I feel *less* the dread of Wales being hostile to the Church and all that might come of this, than I do of sorrow and shame that it remains *unwon* to the Church. *τί γένοιτο*¹;

¹ What will happen?

On the 25th he went up to the Riffel Alp Hotel.

On Aug. 27th and 28th he says in his Diary :—

Wonderfully soothing all the great sights are. They attempt nothing, they force nothing. There the peaks climb the sky and fence the world, and they fence you and bid you climb without a word to you, and their strong beauty puts all small thoughts to a quiet death—you feel as if you had passed something and were on the other side.....

I believe the "hard work" of the ritualists to be such as is brought out by any and every party enthusiasm for a time—and do not believe that the churches are filled by their ritual, but only as a consequence of that very good work—which other watchwords would equally evoke.

On Sept. 13th he writes :—

By 7.40 a.m. we were watching our two children¹ with their guides seated on the highest point of the Rothhorn, the sun shining full on them, and a brilliant white bank of snow behind them evidently shielding them perfectly from the wind which was blowing quietly from the north. Through the powerful telescope they were waving to us as they promised and shaking hands with their guides. It was delicious to see them at the end of their climb through the night so triumphant and happy as we knew they must be.

It was too close, too large a parable of others whom we cannot see. We only saw them begin their journey, and cannot see either their own seeming happiness or their interest in us.

In the afternoon C. B. H. and I walked down and met them by the Chapel at Winkelmatten, in which the old priest was praying alone.

On the 17th he notes :—

Cardinal Manning has done well in London. But why has my dear Bishop of London gone back and left it to him? Are the dockers on strike Roman Catholics all? must be I think. The Committee acknowledges the assistance they have received from the Bishop of London and others though the negotiations have fallen chiefly to the three, Manning, Lord Mayor, and Sydney Buxton. M. in his final little speech says he should have been guilty of dereliction of duty if he had not tried to do what his

¹ My sister Nelly and my brother Fred.

position demanded. Whatever that may be he has done it well and with deserved honour.

On the 30th of Sept. he went to Llandaff to attend the Church Congress at Cardiff. He writes:—

Preached in St John's Cardiff to an immense congregation. My point was to illustrate the undividedness of the Church of Wales and England in its history, and they ask leave now to translate the thing into Welsh—a self-afflictive kind of compliment. I don't at all like what my dear mother would have called "trapesing" such an immense distance with hundreds of parti-coloured clergy and with a Primatial cross and train-bearer through banner-hung open streets amid vast numbers of people—all silent and respectful, but not, as a rule, salutatory. The Congress men in general say the sight of the procession of the Church will "do the people good"; "do the people good"—what good? I yearn over the troops and troops of young men—in greasy pot-hats and work-marked coats and pocketed hands, who lined the streets, more conspicuous than any other class of starers—perfectly well-behaved and rather (very rather) impressed anxious countenances—I don't think the Kingdom of God comes nearer to *these*.

He was feeling the strain of his work very much at this time. In Oct. he wrote to Canon Westcott:—

Thank you for your word of cheer. I am going straight on, by His grace, without breaking down, though I never feel at night that it may not have come before morning.

On the 22nd of October he delivered his Charge to the Diocese of Canterbury, beginning his Visitation in Canterbury Cathedral. This was afterwards published under the title of "Christ and His Times."

The President of the Church Association wrote to the Archbishop to complain of the high ritual used in the church of St Mary's, Cardiff, when the Bishop of Derry preached at the opening of the Church Congress.

The Archbishop in the course of his reply said,

Since you deplore what you describe as the "destruction of all hopes of reunion at home," I take leave to say that it is hard to realise what sort of hopes of reunion are dear to associations, on

whichever side engaged, to whom their own uncompromising opinion is the only endurable law.

Men who seek the "peace of Jerusalem" will detach themselves from factions within.

Writing to the Bishop of Durham on Dec. 11th about the illness of his sister he says:—

What a strange short thing this life of ours is—strange that so much should tumble it. The Incarnation is the only thing which seems to draw music out of its fretting wires.

Bishop Lightfoot's last letter.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH.

Dec. 14th, 1889.

MY DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,

.....Though I may be said in many respects to be better, and though I seem to have a large reserve of strength to draw from, I *know* myself that the thread might snap at any moment. I do not tell people so, because I look so well that they would not believe me and because there is no object in distressing others. Moreover, they would try to cheer me up, and bid me not be desponding. This I am not; but I see no gain in ignoring facts. Meanwhile I am happy enough, if I am permitted day by day to do a little more work, and await the end—shall we say the beginning? be it far or near.....

Perhaps you had better say nothing about what I have said of myself—I dread the spread of alarmist news. But I did not think it right to conceal from *you* what is passing through my mind.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. B. DUNELM.

On Dec. 21st the Bishop died. The Archbishop wrote:—

A telegram from Eden at Bournemouth that my dearest and oldest friend passed away peacefully at 3.45 this afternoon. Forty-seven years of a friendship which never had one hour's interruption and of which every hour was uplifting. He was right then in that last beautiful letter: though I thought the doctors must be right.

There never was a life taken before the Throne more charged with perfect service—as unselfish as it was solid. And he laid it

daily and hourly before God as the ἀνωφελές¹ thing which he was privileged to present because it was his best—but his best was better than all our best.

To think that I have been allowed to have this man for my bosom friend since I was 14—I have had the thought of him always as part of myself in whatever I thought and whatever I had to do; even when there was no talking or writing about it. I think the thing which I care for almost most in life as a token of blessing is that he told the men at the great King Edward School dinner that I was “*praecordialissimus*” to himself always.

I recollect M. S. once told me that when her eldest son was born she thought how evil-hearted she was because she had no inclination to “joy because a man was born into the world”; her joy was that he was born to herself.

All the people keep writing to me to tell me that he is a loss to Christendom, to the Church, to the world, and so he is; but I cannot rise to be sorry for *them*. Τί ρέξω, γενοίμαν²;

On the 26th he went to attend the funeral at Durham:—

The rites at Durham and Auckland most beautiful. Late yestreen he was brought and laid eastward in the middle of the Chapel of the Nine Altars with tapers at head and foot, and the red Cross overlying him on the purple pall. Clergy watched through the night in relays. Next morning the choir perfectly filled with clergy and the nave with people. I was on North side of Sanctuary and his coffin now before the Altar. It was borne by Auckland students in relays. The great people of the County and all manner of “representatives” followed him—and poor miners are getting confirmed because “he told them and they didn’t mind, but now he is gone they must.”

There is no class of men which this scholar has not touched. The simple, sincere, unpretending heart of him was greater than his great criticism.

At Auckland the Chapel with its reredos and beautiful windows seemed reborn through him. He *loved* it, and the last time I was here he went round dwelling on the force and teaching and art of each window. Now they shine on the flowers which heap his grave. He lies between Cosin³ and the

¹ Unprofitable.

² Probably freely quoted from Aesch. *Eum.* 789, Τί ρέξω, γένωμαι; “What am I to do, what can become of me?”

³ Bishop of Durham from 1660 to 1672.

Altar. I read the last collect which we so often read together in our boyish "Commemoration."

Westcott threw the earth "upon the body." His faith is such that his face is quite bright.

Took luncheon at the Dean's, who is full of anxieties,..... and the vast church reprovngly calm and grand over the aching.

On the last day of the year he wrote :—

There is something wonderful in Robert Browning being buried the last day of the year—a very complete life in its way.

Life wears apace, when I think how I remember Browning beginning, and all the world finding him too new-fangled for anything and queer beyond endurance—and that I have seen him laid to rest in Poets' Corner. I wonder whether I have anywhere put down a walk with Bradley and Tennyson. Bradley had been reading me *The Grammarian's Funeral*—and he said, "We'll ask Tennyson whether Browning's writing at large is poetry or no." Tennyson's answer was "I'll think about it." In a walk a week later apropos of nothing he observed, "I have thought, and it is." We had no idea for a moment as to what he spoke of. In my last talk with Browning himself I said, "What all want is some more Men and Women, not so many riddles of language." He said, quite with surprise, "Men and Women! I've got *thousands* of such things in my portfolios." I hope we may now taste them. He has been a noble Doctor all in all.

It was interesting to see what I think we should scarce see out of England—the President of the Royal Academy, of the College of Music¹ and other such-like men, many in number, joining with most sympathetic looks to sing a Hymn and its Amen.

I could not help watching Sir F. Leighton's lips moving with

"Be Thou our Guide while troubles last,
And our Eternal Home. Amen."

A—— told me that he stood by Browning at a late funeral in the Abbey—and that Browning said, "When the Lord's Prayer began I looked at Huxley and grinned—I said to myself, 'That means something to me! and to you it's nothing.'" Browning's *work* will last on that elemental account more than on others of which he was more *conscious*.

My father and mother went to the funeral, my father not in robes, but as a private mourner. He had a tempered

¹ Sir George Grove.

admiration for Browning as a poet, but believed him to be a great teacher; I imagine that in this respect he rather took Browning's greatness for granted on the authority of Bishop Westcott, who was an ardent reader of Browning; my father read Browning, but always aloud and not to himself; the poems he read most often were those of a mediaeval character; Browning's dramatic realisation of Mediaevalism formed the chief attraction for my father, though *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, *Saul*, *Christmas Eve* and *Easter Day* were great favourites of his. For Browning as an artist he had the feeling half-admiring, half-hostile that two rhetoricians of very marked individuality, with rugged mannerisms that they justified to themselves, would be likely to have for each other. At the funeral the Archbishop sat in the stall next the Dean's, and shared a hymn-book with Sir F. Leighton at the grave: the day was cold, and I remember seeing my father in a very thick coat, pale with emotion, his hair very silvery on his shoulders, his eyes full of tears: but it was an impersonal emotion, "hysterica passio," for he had no depth of friendship with Browning, and with regard to his later writings, he considered that though the fountain still played, it was vital no longer.

*The Queen to the Archbishop, on the vacant
Bishopric of Durham.*

OSBORNE.

Jan. 3rd, 1890.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

The great amount of letters and telegrams which I have received and had to write during the last few days will, I hope, be understood as the cause of my not sooner answering your kind letter and thanking you for it and for the volume of your Charges.

I deeply regret the death of the Bishop of Durham, whom I knew well in former days—and who was a man of such knowledge and power and of such use in his position; and I entirely agree with you in the immense importance of the Selection for

Bishoprics. It is a great anxiety and the men to be chosen *must* not be taken with reference to satisfying one or the other *Party* in the *Church* or with reference to any political party—but for their *real worth*. We want people who can be firm and conciliating, else the Church cannot be maintained.

We want large broad views—or the difficulties will become insurmountable.

I have understood that you consider Canon Westcott as the fittest successor to Bishop Lightfoot?

A few days must elapse before much can be done, as Lord Salisbury, though much better, is still ordered to keep quiet.

In conclusion, pray accept my best wishes for a happy and bright New Year to yourself and your family and believe me always,

Yours truly,

V. R. I.

On the 21st there was a great meeting in Birmingham on behalf of the project to create a Bishopric of Birmingham. At this meeting the Archbishop was the principal speaker, and after some reminiscences of his dear friend Bishop Lightfoot, so lately dead, he went on to sketch the kind of man required for the position of Bishop of Birmingham, illustrating what he meant by mentioning the name of Bishop Fraser.

"You want," he said, "to place among yourselves a citizen, a ruler, a citizen with the interest of the city, the life of the city, and the passion of the city at heart. You want to place here a servant of God, to whom God is all in all. You want a prophet—I say advisedly—a *prophet*—a man who can speak plain things both to rich and poor.....and last of all.....he is to be a humble disciple of Jesus Christ....."

He was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and his speech was one of his most successful. It was a matter of constant regret to him that neither then, nor in his lifetime, was its object ever accomplished.

On the 22nd his sister Eleanor died. He writes of her:—

To Professor Westcott.

Private.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
March 5th, 1890.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I have this moment heard that the Bishopric of Durham will be offered to you. I THANK GOD.

It is of course of utmost importance that this should be quite secret until the fact comes to you in the usual way.

But I am constrained to write to you to say that you must not *upon any consideration whatever* decline the call.

The position in Church and State alike requires you there—and requires Sacrifice. The flock there no less.

But I know your loyalty and obedience, better than anyone, for have you not taught it me? I say that *no* consideration must interfere—deliberately and full of prayer. I do thank GOD for His mercy and lovingkindness.

Ever your affectionate,
EDW. CANTUAR.

To his daughter Margaret, then in the Riviera, he wrote on March 19th:—

I AM so sick of Hebbert v. Purchas¹, and Lights and Before the Table and Mackonochie² and Phillimore and all! But if extract of Peace can be distilled from such dry leaves it will be all well.

On the 30th March he writes:—

Preached at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, to 1400 or 1500 young men. They were very attentive, especially to certain parts. But it was hard to think they were not versed in either church or chapel or both. The habit of hymn-singing in chorus has weakened the sense of truth. If these people are what they are said to be, and not what they look like, they *ought not* to sing "Jesu, Lover of my soul" with full voice-power.

On the 4th April, Good Friday, he notes:—

Went with Hugh from Addington to St Paul's where, on the first three days of the week, I had heard the Bp of London preach. To-day he preached the "three hours" to a congregation

¹ The Ritual Lawsuit.

² Rev. A. H. Mackonochie of St Alban's, Holborn.

which entirely filled the space under the dome and much of the transepts. His treatment was nobler than I have ever heard. He touched the physical suffering of the Lord only as a great man could who was himself ready to bear the will of his Father. But the mental suffering and the spiritual power of Forgiveness—only first given to those who were nearest in causing the death we all cause—of embracing the soul which turns—the intensity of Mother Love, the power of loving at least someone, if love to God and man is cold—then the “thirsting” for the cup against which He had prayed in his submission—and much more were handled in a subtle heroic way—and with a breaking out of manly eloquence more than I have heard yet. It was letting people a little see *what* he is, in spite of his perpetual struggle *μη δόκειν*¹—carried too far sometimes to be good for others. The vast concourse were chiefly men. My Hugh was greatly impressed.

On the 27th he writes:—

Spoke at Oxford House to about 400 men, which was, they said, a large attendance. They were attentive—and afterwards they asked weakish questions. Ingram said they were mostly the same questions Sunday after Sunday—often by the same men. One of them afterwards said to Ingram, “he liked it, but he could not see why the Abp of C. should have £15,000 a year. Now, I’ll be bound, Sir” (he said to Ingram), “*you* don’t get above £2000.”.....

I am afraid the stronger heads of the men have ceased to come. If not, they aren’t strong in heads.

On May 1st the Archbishop wrote:—

Westcott was consecrated in Westminster to be yet a greater blessing than he has been to the Church of God. He stood before the consecrator in his rochet the very image of humility and gentleness, while his “I am so persuaded and determined” rolled like a quiet thunder of water. The Abbey was full lit of heavenly light....

In the evening we received all Westcott’s and my school-fellows who could come, at Lambeth—about 80, some had not seen each other for forty years and were friends still. C. B. H. has organised all for me beautifully. Westcott full of life. Proposes soon as possible to take his seat “to show that he is interested” in House of Lords.

¹ “Not to *seem* to be,” in contrast with *εἶναι*, “to be.”

May 4. B. F. W. here for long talk after Abbey. Full of heart, and his eyes as bright as lights.

On the 3rd May he writes:—

Royal Academy dinner. Salisbury a speech full of bitterness. The view of life on these occasions is as materialistic as can be: and it was John Morley, I think, who ended his speech by declaring that “man doth not live by bread alone”—I suppose he would have added—“but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of man.” Westcott was there and declared that to dine once at the Academy had been a dream from boyhood—but he would not dine twice.

May 19. Dined at Sir J. Pender's to meet Stanley¹ the Explorer. Determined face, not hard, burnt out of biscuit into a greyness like his hair, sagacious and with one eye a little cast outward and upward too, so that he looks as if he were watching himself from above. It was a distinguished company but he was rather silent and looked as if he had earned and appreciated a change. I told him how glad I was he had said a strong word or two for which Germans derided him as a believer. He told Sir J. P. he was quite clear on that point and “had *evidence* of God's help, if it were wanted.”

The subject of Sisterhoods and their Canonical obedience continued to occupy his thoughts; he writes on May 22nd:—

I have had a letter from A—— expressing gratitude on behalf of Sisterhoods for the kindness of the Bishops towards them. But saying that they do not consider themselves as Diocesan but as “Church-wide.” The Bishop of the Diocese has no relation to them, only that Bishop whom they elect Visitor and he only as Visitor. The Bishop of the Diocese may license their Clergy, but I think the old man really implies that if he does not, it does not matter.

The old monastic bodies would have lasted till now if they had not been exempt from Diocesan jurisdiction so that they had no friends when the covetousness arose. But as regards themselves they were at least under discipline to the Pope; these are under no one but their chaplains, so that a presbyterian system has started up in the heart of episcopacy, and if the Bishops pressed them hard there would be not much hesitation in adhering to the

¹ Who had returned from the Emin Pasha relief expedition.

Church of Rome. I believe this secret practice to savour much of Rome.

May 23.—Yesterday I presented to the Church House council their corporation seal which they had commissioned me to get engraved at a cost of £75, to my own design, by Wyon¹. Westcott had been very strong that the Church should somehow appear as Rock unmoveable. I have placed, standing on a great rock, out of which flow the four rivers of Paradise into a sea, our Lord, the figure taken from Fra Angelico's Transfiguration—below on his right is St Aidan in Celtic vestments (so far as we can discover them), his chasuble hooded and in Celtic tonsure—on his left Augustine taller, gaunter, and with his crozier. Both look to the Lord and He is despatching them to preach. This is to represent the Apostolicity by both descents and the extension of the English Church.

On June 1st he writes:—

Came yesterday to Canterbury for the ordination to-day. It was very solemn—the music really religious. ..After afternoon service I went alone into Trinity Chapel behind the High Altar and read, sitting sometimes in the corner and then against the Black Prince, and the Evening Service and Sermon beginning in the choir and sounding more unearthly because the singers were quite invisible. I had of course many strange and distressing thoughts of my smallness and insufficiency as against such great predecessors, such men of affairs, such pillars of the State, such friends of kings and counsellors, men of so great a scale, and really, take them one by one, men who had the Kingdom of God in their hearts, and a view more or less right of what it was to do for men. The world was so much smaller, the church so much stronger—Why did the church lose so much ground so fast? If it was her own fault, why? Why should she have so mistaken?

On July 14th, his birthday, he went to a Garden Party at Marlborough House:—

At Marlborough House Manning, who has been very ill, and looks so, congratulated me on my health. I said, "Well, and this is my birthday—wish me many happy returns of it." "I do," he said, "with my whole heart. But how old are you?" I told him, and he said, "But I'm afraid you don't realise how much farther

¹ Of Regent Street, firm of seal-engravers to the Queen.

on I am than you. To-morrow is *my* birthday." So I said, "What a happy touch. This evening the first Vespers of your day are the second Vespers of my birthday." He told me he was 82. So he was of age the day after I was born. He said he was a sad Radical and would pay all schools out of rates—and let voluntary schools have one manager elected by ratepayers.

On the 17th he dined with Lord Herschell and met Mr and Mrs Gladstone ; he writes :—

Mrs Gladstone is a miracle more than her husband of vivacity—a faithful woman. Her desire is that her husband should be in right relations with all men ; other women desire their husband's advancement that they may shine by it. Her view has been before her through her whole life and is as strong as ever in her wonderful old age.

In August we went to Switzerland, and stayed at a little hotel above the Aletsch Glacier, opposite the Bel Alp, called the Rieder Furca. My father was ill and depressed, and the weather was horrible. Professor J. R. Seeley of Cambridge was staying at the same hotel, and the Archbishop had much interesting talk with him : he also made the acquaintance of Professor Tyndall, whom he "took to" as he said from the first moment of seeing him, partly owing to the Professor's wonderful charm, and also to his remarkable likeness to his own father. He writes on August 21st :—

A most delightful afternoon on the glacier with the Bp of Gloucester and Bristol, Prof. and Mrs Tyndall, a kindly attractive lady, and Miss Hall and Miss Akers and others. Tyndall charming, assiduous anxiety for a supposed stranger to ice and endless interesting talk. He was really moved at seeing Hutchinson so frail and so disabled, with whom he had the fearful accident he has described so well....

He sleeps ill and says his days are ruined by it. He said he wished to make Science the handmaid of her elder sister Theology. This was perhaps his pleasant vein. But the other evening he closed a long discussion with G. and B. by saying "Well—on one thing we are quite agreed. It is that the Judge of all the earth will do right."

Why should a man be despaired of who honestly has reached

Abraham's position and honestly cannot get further yet? I fear such a man may easily have seen in Christendom things *more* disadvantageous to *faith* than Abraham in a heathen world. There is so much among us of *past* illumination which now ἀδύνατον ἀνακαινίζει¹.

He was full of observation of little things. On August 27th he says :—

Coming down from the slopes of the Bel Alp we met a great pig walking faithfully after a girl, like a dog, up the narrow stony path. He had socks tied on, to save his feet. He had come from the Rieder Alp up and down the Furca and the steep descent through the forest over the moraine and the glaciers and with a most human expression of eye was still following the girl close. It must have taken them hours. He was toiling up to his death at the Bel Alp. (Nellie had seen Piggie lower down and mourned for his faithfulness—we were much charmed afterwards to find it was not so tragic. They take the pig with them when they go from lower to higher pastures and back.)

He visited Professor Tyndall on Sept. 3rd :—

Tyndall has a charming affectionate manner and that scientific look of observation which always reminds me of my father. His interest in the people with their rather grasping and jealous ways is as great as the interest in the names and ways of the place, and of course his having thought out all the problems of the ways of the glaciers and hills and knowing the limitations of knowledge makes him excellent company with that most winning manner of his. They two came down with us and crossed the glacier to see us safe—and we parted with most affectionate thoughts of each other, I feel *sure*.

All through this year he had, not only the unceasing anxiety of the Lincoln case, but great sorrows. His oldest and dearest friend had died at the end of 1889, his sister had passed away after a lingering illness in the summer of this year, and in the autumn when he returned to Addington a yet heavier sorrow fell upon him.

There were some few cases of diphtheria in the neighbourhood, and in some way, which could never be traced,

¹ It is impossible to renew. Heb. vi. 4, 6.

my eldest sister caught it about the middle of October. During the whole time of the illness my father was overwhelmed with work on the Bishop of Lincoln's case, for the Judgment was to be delivered at the end of October.

After some days' illness, her condition became critical, and though there was an apparent rally, on the morning of the 27th, strongly and hopefully as she had lived, she passed away.

On the day after her death he wrote to Bishop Eden of Dover:—

You will know now why I have seemed so neglectful. The pressure was so absolute day and night because I was *obliged* to go on working with the Judgment, not knowing how the illness would turn, and hoping, hoping always—and yet the terrible anxiety upon one too—that I could not write.

I wish you and Mrs Eden had known her. I dare not say what, not now but always, I felt as to her life before God. Her passing was as sweet and serviceable as all her days. But, though she was the *bond* of love to her brothers and all, we are learning to say “O Quanta Qualia”—without shrinking.

To Canon C. B. Hutchinson.

28th Oct. 1890.

DEAREST FRIEND,

If you would take part in our Dedication of her to The Resurrection, at the Church, to-morrow (3 p.m.) we should all love it. She so loved you and was so grateful to you.

Your ever affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

He writes, Oct. 29th, the day of her funeral:—

My Nellie to the earth of Addington—Nay! The width of the love manifested to her—by every creature. Sacrament in the chapel—servants—men.

Deep as was my father's grief, constantly as he missed her, it was not the same dark and almost desperate grief that he felt at my brother's death: it was a “nearer hope,”



ADDINGTON PARK. 1896.

as he said to me once by her grave. He used to be able to talk easily and lovingly of her from the first days of her death.

To Canon Mason.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.

All Hallowe'en, 1890.

(May your Name Feast be
blessed to us all.)

AGAPIT,

Thank you dearly for your loving helpful letter. *This* time I have not even felt that initial rebellion which requires to be subdued. It becomes too plain that He must work His will, and that it is All good. I do marvel at Him a little for "leaving me to serve alone" in *those* things in which she could serve with me like no one else. But she would not have marvelled and I won't. "I *do* wonder what it will be like?" was the last wonder with her, and work is of course nothing when we have not chosen, but been called by Him "to sit at His feet and hear."

Your loving grateful,

EDW. CANTUAR.

My sister had been preparing a little book of studies suggested by her experiences among the Lambeth poor. This she had decided not to publish but my father had it privately printed and prefixed to it a brief memoir which he wrote.

In the early days of November my father's next brother died at Wiesbaden. My father went out to the funeral: he writes, Nov. 10th:—

Saw Chris—looks like a noble soldier. The affection of everybody as touching as it is deserved. The Church, his work, very beautiful. It has been a grand life—great knowledge, great energy, in a frame which at eight years old was not supposed to be good for five years—and has gone on till 54—and such a noble boy before his accident.

The Empress and the Princess Christian both sent touching telegrams.

• Except for this journey to Wiesbaden my father and mother stayed quietly at Addington until the delivery of the Lincoln Judgment which had been necessarily postponed until the end of November. Even after this he was loth to leave Addington with its associations of sorrow and peace, but the rest was needed and the change refreshed his spirit.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LINCOLN TRIAL.

“Admonitos autem nos scias ut Traditio servetur, neque aliquid fiat a nobis quam quod pro nobis Dominus prior fecit.”

S. CYPRIAN.

THE Lincoln Judgment was indubitably the most important contribution to Ecclesiastical History—of the History that can be written in chapters—in my father's life. The points at issue seem, it is true, to those who are outside ecclesiastical circles and not in connection with the electrical circuit of ecclesiastical sympathy, to be almost pitifully unimportant. But even the amateurish historian will recognise that the fiercest controversies often rage about the most apparently insignificant questions. It is not within the scope or congenial to the purpose of this biography to follow the subject into its ramifications, but a brief sketch of the events connected with it must be given. The strength, it may be said, of the Judgment lay in this; that while it frankly recognised that in religious matters toleration and unity were precious beyond any precise scheme of ritual observance, yet the Judge was in no way impatient of minute points, but rather entered into them with a microscopic eagerness, which betrayed that they possessed a remarkable attractiveness, antiquarian and aesthetic, for his mind. But while he thus manifested an acquaintance with

the theory and practice of ritual, which threw the laborious but temporarily acquired knowledge of acute special pleaders quite into the shade, he made it no less evident that far from regarding such points as of religious value, he found something deeply and painfully opposed to religion in the party spirit which made these things a battle cry; that although as Judge his concern must be the law of them, not their expediency, as overseer of the Church of God he declared that there was nothing in such matters which could justify either side in endangering the peace of the Church, and dissipating in party warfare the forces which should spread Christ's kingdom.

It may be briefly premised that Ritual Prosecutions practically came to an end at the close of the seventies. The Funds of the Church Association declined. After carrying on a somewhat desultory warfare for several years, they decided to institute a suit against a Diocesan Bishop for illegal practices. Several members, especially the late Mr Allcroft, expressed their willingness to subscribe, and the Association creditably and courageously chose Bishop King of Lincoln to proceed against as a test case. They were fully aware that the Bishop's character and influence would deprive them of the sympathy of all but their most thoroughgoing supporters. They went to work in a most business-like way, sending delegates to attend services at which the Bishop officiated, as ordinary worshippers, and, however inconsistent it may appear, to attend (not however as communicants) at the celebration of the Sacrament of Christian Unity.

The original acts complained of by the prosecution took place in 1887 in Lincoln Cathedral and in the Parish Church of St Peter-at-Gowts, Lincoln, on the 4th and 18th of Dec. 1887, being the Second and Fourth Sundays in Advent. On June 2nd, 1888, a petition was presented by the Church Association to the Archbishop, stating that the

Bishop had been guilty of certain ritual acts and practices that had been declared illegal, and requesting him in virtue of his office to cite and try his Suffragan.

The Archiepiscopal Court, to which the Church Association had appealed, was of a questionable authority. There had been but one case of its jurisdiction since the Reformation had done away with the Legatine authority of the Archbishop. This case (*Lucy v. Bishop Watson of St David's*¹) was utterly different in point of charges, for the Bishop was deprived for Simony, and as he was a zealous Jacobite, the case was not without suspicion of political bias. Even if the jurisdiction were established, the precedents about the mode of procedure were still thought by competent advisers to be doubtful.

Under these circumstances came pressure from all sides, advice asked or unasked, that the Archbishop should deny his jurisdiction, or should veto the case.

Between these two points the Archbishop himself, though not always his counsellors, distinguished clearly. If he declined jurisdiction he might, conceivably, be compelled by a mandamus from the Queen's Bench, to exercise it. If he exercised discretionary power and used it to veto the case, he was assuming that he possessed jurisdiction, and this might on appeal be denied.

It seemed to many impossible to escape from the dilemma. The Archbishop on his own part was anxious neither to deny jurisdiction (seeing it was a purely spiritual court) if he possessed it; nor to assume it if he did not

¹ In 1699; the arguments and decision as to the Jurisdiction are reported by Lord Raymond, vol. i. pp. 447, 539. A useful summary of the proceedings will be found in 14 Probate Division, 130. For a readable account of the whole case see 14 Howell's *State Trials*, 447. Tenison, then Archbishop, passed sentence of deprivation. Burnet (one of the assessors) wrote: "I went further, and thought that the Bishop ought to be excommunicated. He was one of the worst men, in all respects, that I ever knew in Holy Orders: passionate, covetous and false in the blackest instances; without any one virtue or good quality, to balance his many bad ones."

possess it ; nor, if it was affirmed that he had jurisdiction, did he wish to deny his possession of a discretionary power ; though he was far from assured that the best use of discretionary power would be its only apparent exercise, that is, in vetoing the case.

While he was anxious to preserve these prerogatives and liberties of the Church, many who were concerned to preserve a more apparent if smaller liberty,—a liberty of Church ceremonial—pressed from many points of view and for many reasons that he should in some way stop the case. Few were thoroughly in accord with the Archbishop throughout this time.

Lord Selborne urged that the Archbishop was hardly bound, on a contentious precedent which would give little light as to mode of procedure, and on the ground of frivolous charges, to assert his jurisdiction against one of his provincial Bishops. Mr Gladstone urged that merely as the inculpated party the Bishop had a right to every point that could be given in his favour,—that the discretionary power was one such point. Another high political authority declared that no court would compel the Archbishop to hear the case, and even if it did it was better to hear it under compulsion than spontaneously. A great authority in the Church argued that the whole precedent being doubtful, the issue was uncertain ; that the Archbishop might find himself, if not now, at a later stage, in collision with the secular Courts ; or might be compelled to put the Bishop into a position of which the only issue was resignation, and that the peace of the Church was to be considered above strict legality. Dean Church of St Paul's called the authority of the court "altogether nebulous." The Archbishop's own friendship and admiration for the Bishop cannot naturally be reckoned as part of the pressure, but must have greatly increased the painfulness of the difficulty ; and on the other hand, how

threatening was the attitude of certain parties in the Church was indicated by Canon Liddon writing to Bishop Lightfoot as follows:—

The mere apprehension of his [Bishop King's] being attacked is already creating widespread disquietude. Anything like a condemnation would be followed by consequences which I do not venture to anticipate.

The position was doubly serious from the fact that if the jurisdiction was affirmed and exercised, the dilemma already indicated would only expand into others. Did the Archbishop affirm the judgments of the Privy Council?—the attitude of the High Church party threatened disruption. Did he go against them?—appeal was inevitable. If his judgment were reversed, he himself would be in collision with the secular Courts; and disruption threatened from another side.

On June 8th, 1888, the Archbishop wrote in his Diary:—

Lord Selborne came kindly to Lambeth this busy day, that I might consult him privately about Bp of Lincoln's case. He says this will give him a good excuse for declining to sit on Judicial Committee if I am appealed against. Says the two Societies, English Church Union and Church Association, are "set on the destruction of the Church of England, and perhaps they will succeed." Well, we must stop them. Three of the articles against Bishop of Lincoln he thinks serious—the rest shameful and frivolous. The three are Lighted Candles when there is no need of them—such a posture as to hide the Manual Acts—and the ceremonial mixing of Water and Wine. The decisions of the Courts on these must stand, he thinks, but not so Penzance's decision against using mixed cup at all. He sees the advantage of a Court so purely spiritual as the Archbishop with five suffragans (as in Watson's case), thinking that the high churchmen could never appeal against such a Court. He advises me to go strictly by opinion of Sir James Deane, and if I *doubt* the jurisdiction of myself, then to let Queen's Bench know that I shall not exercise it without a mandamus.

[But (Sunday, June 10) the Bp of A—— declares that even though he might appeal *from* this Court *on the ground* that it was

relying on judgments of secular Courts, he should feel no difficulty in appealing to those identical secular Courts on the mere ground of his using every effort within his reach to avoid "an unjust sentence." This is strangely warped, yet I am sure the majority of good *high* churchmen would be with him, and this is worse than any prosecution. The old times were straighter.]

On the 16th of June, 1888, he wrote in his Diary:—

The Bishop of Lincoln's point apparently is that he extends liberty by breaking the law—very sad! I wish he would lay to heart, holy man that he is, what the Prayer Book says "of ceremonies."

The Archbishop then proceeds to note down a series of points which he thought that those who sympathised with the Bishop of Lincoln would do well to consider:—

1. That our Church of England was free to make her own orders as to rites and ceremonies, and that she had made them; that they commanded our obedience and were not to be altered into conformity with the usages of another Church; that her dignity and our loyalty were engaged; that we are free to use other means, argument, preaching and writing, to get the law altered; that this freedom was especially English, but liberty to break the law was not real liberty, nor an English habit.

2. That obedience did bring with it distinct spiritual blessings, which were forfeited by disobedience.

3. That (the idea of obtaining liberty by disobedience) was bad in point of policy; for that if an ecclesiastical tribunal (which this one is indeed) should decide that any of the points, not only those three, were illegal, they were estopped for ever, as I presumed the Bishop would not think of appealing to Privy Council. It was better from the Bishop's own point of view for one man to concede.

On the 22nd of June the Archbishop wrote in his Diary:—

Talbot¹ came to report a conversation with Mr Gladstone and one with Lord —, recorded elsewhere. Neither of the great men see this: if I exercise "discretion," as they recommend, and refuse to hear the case against the Bp of Lincoln, vetoing it, then follows an application to Queen's Bench for a mandamus to

¹ Now Bishop of Rochester.

make me hear it. It would probably be either granted, in which case I should have to hear it; or if refused would be refused on the ground that I have not the jurisdiction. In this case I should be put in the position of having claimed a jurisdiction I had no right to, and the position of the Church would be weakened by my having asserted it groundlessly. "Sacerdotal pretension etc." And a jurisdiction spiritual might be swept away, which may have a real though shadowy existence. I sent him back to tell them so.

Saturday, a letter to say he had done so and they both were aware they had made an oversight.

After much consultation, especially with the Dean of Windsor, the Archbishop took a line which neither denied nor assumed jurisdiction.

A letter was sent on June 26th to the petitioners' solicitors, stating that the Archbishop had "failed to satisfy himself that he had jurisdiction in the case, and was unable to proceed to exercise such jurisdiction without some instruction being produced from a competent Court that the jurisdiction referred to in the case of *Lucy v. The Bishop of St David's* was applicable."

The petitioners appealed to the Privy Council, and on August 3rd the case was heard before the Judicial Committee.

The Committee "were of opinion that the Archbishop had jurisdiction in the case. They were also of opinion that the abstaining by the Archbishop from entertaining the suit was a matter of appeal to Her Majesty. They desired to express no opinion whatever whether the Archbishop had or had not a discretion as to whether he would issue the citation. Accordingly, their lordships would humbly advise Her Majesty to remit the case to the Archbishop to be dealt with according to law."

The Archbishop wrote in his Diary an abstract of the proceedings before the Judicial Committee, adding:—

It is good that the Church should have such and so spiritual a jurisdiction—but it is a painful and terrible case to try it upon.

The next point of consideration was whether the dis-

cretionary power thus left open, could or should be used in vetoing the case.

On August 5th he wrote:—

Sunday, a long talk with Dean Church and Canon Westcott on the exercise of the jurisdiction which the Privy Council declared to belong to the Archbishop. Westcott maintained that the Church Association *has* a case: that the aggrieved feelings are unconsidered of persons conscientiously afraid of Rome—and that on the other hand this is the first and unique opportunity which the High Church party have had of explaining their case for Eucharistic vestments and the rest, as *they* conscientiously could not plead before the Queen's courts. He thinks they probably have fresh matter to produce, and that they would obey a "spiritual" decision. The Dean of St Paul's says the ritualists *would* obey, that Liddon has just told him that he and his friends, though sorry to think of decision going against themselves, would certainly obey.

The same day he wrote to the Dean of Windsor:—

It would be an ugly chapter of Church History if it should run thus in the heading—Abp declines to admit his own jurisdiction—Privy Council decides that Abp's jurisdiction is undoubted—Abp in exercise of his jurisdiction declines to hear the case—Privy Council again applied to, to compel Abp to hear case—Privy Council decides that Abp should hear the case—Abp hears accordingly and decides in two particulars against plaintiffs—Privy Council applied to, to reverse judgment of Abp—Privy Council reverses it.

Postscript by the Archbishop:—

Of course nothing can stop *this*—they *would* apply.

On Sept. 3rd he wrote from a friend's house in Scotland again to the Dean:—

Webster is here and I have had long talks with him about the King prosecution. He says that as a general rule it is most undesirable for courts of limited jurisdiction to decline cases brought before them. The cases ought to be heard on their merits, and not shirked by any technical exception, nor ought any point fairly included to be left undecided by them; the shirking promotes appeals, and when the cases come before the Court of Appeal (as this certainly would) it lays the Judge open to

animadversions of the Court which are always undesirable and in ecclesiastical cases must produce a very bad effect.

Post is going—but shortly he is very strong that this case should be heard on its merits. Thinks it a good thing for the Church that such a Court should have been discovered.

On the 7th Nov. he writes in his Diary:—

Two things to-day which may be of moment to the Church of England and its history. A long consultation with Sir James Deane and H. W. Lee ending in the confirmation of the judgment that it is best to hear the case of the Bishop of Lincoln. The High Church party have long refused to hear the secular Courts; now a spiritual Court of undeniable authority is invoked, it will not do for the spiritual Court to refuse to hear. At the same time it is remarkable that it should be invoked by Low Church party.

The Privy Council missive was now promulgated. On the 8th he adds:—

Chancellor points out that it (the Privy Council missive) does not “authorise and command” me to *hear the case*, but “to resume the cause into my own hands” and “freely to proceed therein.”.....“You doubted of your jurisdiction,” he said, “whether you had it. This assures you that you have, and bids you go on as having it. It does not in the least suggest how you should use the discretion which you have.”

Lord Chancellor agreed that it would be for the peace of the Church to hear the case—said it could not be refused because the promoters were unsatisfactory. That when the High Church party had refused to attend to temporal Courts, the spiritual Court could not well say “You will have no hearing from us”—“But you are in for a long stay if you do, and as it is certain to be appealed, whichever way you decide, we are in for a long stay too.”

I told him I heard Bp of Lincoln intended to appear himself and not by counsel—and he agreed that this was ill-advised. I said we did not want Ridley and Latimer scenes over again, bishops hearing bishops personally. “However,” he said, “we know your Grace will not *go about* with the bishop as some of the judges did in those days.”

A memorandum to which he makes reference in the Diary is probably the following, which is dated Nov. 10,

and headed "The duty of the Archbishop's Court to entertain the Cause."

1. Defendants in ritual cases have refused hitherto to appear or answer because the Court into which the cause was introduced was not a spiritual Court.

2. In this instance for the first time of late, a spiritual Court is petitioned to hear a case.

3. The plaintiffs to this spiritual Court are a party who were least expected to resort to it.

4. This Court is one of the most ancient known, is not founded on any statute, nor have any later statutes modified or meddled with it.

(It has been objected to Clergy Discipline Bills that they dealt with Clerks alone, leaving Bishops without any discipline over themselves. This Court's existence is the answer to the objection.)

5. Courts of "limited jurisdiction," i.e. limited to some particular class of cases, are held bound to do their duty by honest hearings and complete judgments. If they discharge this duty, experience shows them to be commonly upheld by Courts of Appeal. [This is a Court which a Court of Appeal would not willingly overthrow.] If Courts of limited jurisdiction decline, neglect or shirk their special function, severe notice is usually taken of their conduct on appeal. This is a Court which should not expose itself to such censure.

6. It is not held just to refuse a hearing to promoters whose motives or objects may be unsatisfactory. The judge has no right to presume this, or privately investigate beforehand, or listen to representations out of Court. That question forms one of the merits of the case, and it is fully handled when the case is taken for hearing. The promoters may be factitious, but they are technical substitutes to meet cases in which the parties who feel themselves aggrieved are not allowed to be parties to the suit. If they are not proper representatives, this will appear in the process.

7. If this Court refuses to hear the case, the cause will be carried forward either (1) by appeal to the Privy Council, in which case the fault will lie wholly with the Church, of throwing a spiritual matter into a temporal Court; or (2) by mandamus of Queen's Bench, to which the Archbishop would have subjected himself with every appearance of contending (although being a Court) on party lines, by first doubting of his jurisdiction, and secondly, when it was established, refusing to exercise it.

And the spiritual Court will henceforth be ignored as having shown itself unwilling even to hear a complaint.

8. It has been always asserted, and widely accepted, that the practices complained of have sufficient and absolute justification by the history, law, and usage of the Church, to convince the minds of those who adopt them that they are correct. This is not only an opportunity for these devout, presumably honest, and studious persons to produce the arguments before a Court whose authority they do not dispute: the whole Church looks to them to do this, and cannot but be permanently affected by their conduct in frankly doing this, or in avoiding the issue. (It appears to be the duty of a Court like this not to set aside the opportunity.)

9. It is of essential importance, therefore, that the accused should be represented by very learned and accurate counsel, who would follow the grounds on which their contention rests into its minutiae. A general plea for toleration would not touch the merits of the case and would virtually leave it undefended. The Court could not supply any defects of argument on either side, but would go by what was established in argument before it. Similarly the plaintiffs may be expected to maintain their contentions in detail.

The above reasons are directed solely to the point of what the duty of the Court is as to entertaining the charges, irrespectively of any protests which might be raised, when the Court is open, which if received would be impartially heard on their own grounds.

With this is another memorandum docketed "Note on the effect which would be produced if Bishop of Lincoln appealed to a Court Temporal," which runs as follows:—

The claim of the so-called Ritualistic party to spiritual influence, to lead England to deeper faith in Christ's presence in the Church, has been visibly expressed and supported by their determination not to allow spiritual causes to be brought into temporal Courts, either by taking others there, or by consenting to appear there.

They have, since they adopted this course, consistently maintained it—suffered for it—won adherents by it—been respected for it by those who did not agree with them.

They are now in a "Court Christian," one of the most ancient, which no secular statute has established or meddled with at any time. To remove their cause from it to [blank] is to reverse

their action, and to disown their spiritual claims at the critical point. It does not help their position if they act thus on the advice of others *who have never set up the same claims, nor recognised the right of the party to be regarded as vindicating spiritual truth in a spiritual manner* by that past policy. That those advisers are spiritual men, or even Bishops, cannot cover such a revolt against their own characteristic standard of action. These advisers would at any time in the past have recommended them to enter the temporal Courts, when they would not. Now that they want to have that advice from them they consult them for the first time.

If they go to those temporal Courts they must resign their claim to be "anti-erastian," for it rests on their having refused to acknowledge these Courts. Their position as faithful believers in Christ's spiritual promise to rule and guide His Church within herself would be falsified at once. They would show that they do not believe in the permanence of such gifts.

They would open their doors to the unanswerable accusation that their past plea has been special, and insincere,—a policy to avoid a feared difficulty.

It might be unfair to them to infer that the course is due to a real failure of confidence in the historical and ecclesiastical soundness of their liturgical practice. They have constantly asserted that it is sound. They have the opportunity which they appealed for so long as they could not have it, of establishing the fact before a spiritual Court. If there were any unfairness in this inference it arises only from their apparent willingness to have the question tried by Convocation. But again, whatever be the authority of the "Court of Convocation," it is certain that it has no authority in such suits.

It may be true that, at least to a great extent, they would be able to justify their practice. But to evade an opportunity is to lose honour.

But all other considerations (even the first surrender of their spiritual position) are subordinate, from a really spiritual point of view, to the clear issue that they yield to a great temptation. In the last resort, when it is convenient, when the crucial question is, "Have you faith in your spiritual position?" they prefer the temporal safeguards: or the *chances* of them.

Is it credible that they do not see the hollowness of seeking advice from principles which are opposite to their own? that they do not foresee the ruin of their position by any paltering about its foundations?

The jurisdiction question being decided, there was a great desire now, not only among the extreme but also among the moderate High Churchmen, that the Primate should exercise the veto.

"All are agreed," one of his chief friends wrote, "on the gravity of the issue—on the ground that if the Archbishop's judgment should agree with previous Privy Council rulings there would be a great disruption, if it should disagree a long step would have been taken in the direction of dis-establishment." Many thoughtful Churchmen still urged that the Case should be dismissed as being not frivolous but vexatious,—the technical complainants not being really "aggrieved parishioners."

All this time meetings were being held to protest against the Case, petitions were circulated, public and private appeals made, and a few weeks before the Case came on an effort was made at a private meeting of eminent ecclesiastics and laymen representing every shade of opinion to arrange matters. The Archbishop wrote:—

To-day (I think) was the meeting in Jerusalem Chamber to see whether leaders of the two parties could agree on any such terms as to get the prosecution of Bp of Lincoln withdrawn. They might as well have attempted to combine on one of the horns of the great he-goat. The English Church Union and the Church Association have scorned the offer equally of —; who could not see why they should not both embrace his little scheme. Westcott, I hear, spoke magnificently, "he could not believe that the sense of authority was dead"—"and if not, the most spiritually constituted Court in the world was certain to be obeyed."

On Jan. 4th, 1889, the Bishop was cited to appear; a week before the day fixed for the opening of the Court, the first proceedings of which were to be purely formal, the Archbishop wrote:—

Feb. 7th. (Decided) that I should sit myself on the 12th and my advisers backed me with arguments. The High Church Party desire now nothing more than that the Court should be tainted with "secularism" as they call it, and the sitting of a

lawyer would charm them. I summoned the Assessors by telegram and letter.

The day before the Trial he writes :—

Feb. 11th.—Went from Bournemouth to London. Met Webster at his request at the Athenaeum. He was just as strong and hopeful as he was before. He was quite sure that if a strong clear judgment should be given in which some new evidence or considerations were introduced, the Privy Council would not hold blindly to former judgments. They were obliged to go by the merest letter of the Book of Common Prayer, as if they were printers—but a Court of the nature of this would be expected to go to Historical and Theological lights and side lights, and to acquaint itself even with the *mens* of such a student and compiler as Cranmer. I told him what I thought I had discovered as to his texts and the banishing of the mingling itself from the Canon of the Mass, and to such facts as those he said I should direct the attention of the Court, but not too early in the hearing. I asked him also as to the side light of “addens aquam” and the note in his common-place book *In Eucharistia aqua miscenda est* etc. and such as these he said I should introduce in the judgment itself. I asked him whether in reality the lawyers on the Judicial Committee were the least likely to take such broad large views as he did in respect of former judgments, and the right handling for this Court. He said he was sure of it!

He entered with great pleasure into the opinion which Parliament gave of the first book of Edward VI., when it enacted the second. He is of course not versed in the particular subject, but has great power of mastering any subject widely.

On Feb. 12th the proceedings in the Lincoln Case began.

On the first day the Bishop raised a point in his Protest which had already been receiving deep attention from my father. As has been already mentioned, the precedent of the Watson case with regard to Assessors was not so clear as to render such consideration unnecessary. The Archbishop had already been besieged with suggestions, or demands that he should make the Court practically a Synod; should sit with Convocation as jury, or as assessors, or should at the least have assessors elected by Convocation. A memorandum ad-

dressed to Lord Selborne, who had reported to him some such suggestions, gives most clearly his reasons against such a Court. In the course of it he says:—

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.

Jan. 30th, 1889.

.....It seems to me very essential, in order to have clear advice, which is what I want from Assessors, that the different ways of looking at the subject which exist in the Church of England should be brought fairly before the mind of the Judge and of each Assessor—and that for this purpose the persons must be *selected*. If one looks at the whole list of the Bishops, one observes that one school is much more largely represented than the others—that in fact it more than equals the two others—even allowing four as not assignable to any of the three schools. In other periods of our history the over-balance would have been still greater—at different times a great majority of “*Latitudinarian*” or “*High*” or “*Low*.”.....

I have already mentioned one [objection]—the difficulty arising from the number of voices, the preponderance of well-known opinions, and the change of parties from time to time. They naturally would wish each point to be decided by majorities among themselves, and make it extremely difficult to have any other mode of decision, and thus they, and not the Archbishop, would really be the Court. Their views would be known out of doors, and cause faction in the Church. They are believed to have prepossessions, and number always rapidly diminishes the responsibility of each several man for his vote on each particular.

There are twenty-three of them—such a body would be practically unmanageable on such minute details, and the pressure out of doors would create a kind of disunion within which has no existence now.

All would have to be summoned; it would be strange indeed if two or three did not say that they so entirely disapproved of legal proceedings and of this prosecution in particular, that they could not sit. It would certainly happen. This would be the beginning of a new party or section of a party which would refuse submission to this Court exactly as they have done to the Privy Council, and I think that would be the final schism.

When they were met, they would be personally identical with the Upper House of Convocation. There are, of course, always absentees. There is one notable instance of one of the ablest of

our Bishops who never has attended Convocation because he disapproves of its deliberating.

These same individuals are not capable of interpreting the Prayer Book and fixing the sense of Rubrics *as* the Upper House without license from the Crown.....

I should then be myself conferring a new function on that body under another name, summoning the whole together as individuals, and to them as a Quasi-Synod appointing work and power which does not belong to the Synod itself.

.....It would alter the character of the Assessorship which I take to originate in, and to be what is most useful in such a case. The elected persons would represent the school of Churchmanship which happened to be strongest at any given time among the prelates.

The Court is not compellable, as you pointed out to me, to have Assessors: but the Archbishop (as any one in his position would) wishes to have advice and assistance. And while it would not comport with the dignity of the order to which the accused belongs to choose any from outside it, he ought to be able to have that help from such members of it as he believes can best and most fairly assist him.

As, however, the Bishop had raised the above-mentioned point, the case had to be taken. On the 1st of March there is an entry in the Diary to the effect that he had heard that the Bishop of Lincoln

had not realised that the acceding to his protest, if the Court determines to do so, can have no effect but to make Horace Davey appeal to Queen's Bench for a prohibition.

The Archbishop adds that he had further gathered that the Bishop himself

much prefers the Court as it is, but thought he ought to do something on behalf of primitive custom. That side does not seem to know that Metropolitans and Primates were introduced because Synods were so factious and unjust.

On Saturday, May 11th, the Archbishop delivered judgment with reference to the constitution of the Court. It took an hour and a half to deliver, the Archbishop stating that this judgment, which concerned his jurisdiction

only, was his own judgment and not to be looked upon as that of the Episcopal Assessors.

As he himself said elsewhere :—

The Assessors are appointed to hear the case on its merits, and not to determine on the protest whether they should have been appointed in larger numbers or with other powers.

The judgment concluded as follows :—

The Court finds that from the most ancient times of the Church the Archiepiscopal jurisdiction in the case of Suffragans has existed ; that in the Church of England it has been from time to time continuously exercised in various forms ; that nothing has occurred in the Church to modify that jurisdiction ; and that, even if such jurisdiction could be used in Convocation for the trial of a Bishop, consistently with the ancient principle that in a synod bishops could hear such a cause, it nevertheless remains clear that the Metropolitan has regularly exercised that jurisdiction both alone and with Assessors.... There is no form of the exercise of the jurisdiction in this country which has been more examined into and is better attested and confirmed...

This Court decides that it has jurisdiction in the Case and therefore overrules the protest ¹.

The 23rd of July, 1889, was fixed for hearing the case.

In the interval he wrote to the Dean of Windsor :—

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.

23 June, 1889.

DEAREST DEAN,

One thing is evident. They cannot contemplate going into the question really. It would take me two days to argue *most* of them on either side. It seems plain to me that one side will say "Privy Council is Law" and the other "Ornaments Rubric is Law"—and so leave it. If so, God means the Established Church to end and does it as He overthrew the Persians and Pisistratids each in their time. ἦσαν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ².

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

¹ Reported in 14 Prob. Div. 88.

² By their own presumptuous sin.

The Archbishop was assisted by the Bishops of London¹, Oxford², Rochester³, Salisbury⁴, and Hereford⁵, the latter taking the place of the Bishop of Winchester⁶ owing to the enforced absence of the latter from ill-health.

The counsel engaged were, for the Church Association, Sir Horace Davey, Q.C., Dr Tristram, Q.C. and Mr Danckwerts—for the Bishop of Lincoln, Sir Walter Phillimore⁷, Mr Jeune, Q.C. and Mr A. B. Kempe.

The Archbishop had taken the utmost care that the "ritual" of the proceedings should be dignified and impressive. He had himself been to the Library before the Case was opened to see that the semi-circular table at which the Bishops sat and which had been designed by him, should be put up exactly as he wished, on a dais at one end of the great hall,—his seat in the middle was a little raised above the rest. His manner as a judge was singularly impressive: throughout the proceedings he had a grasp of the subject down to the minutest details, which was fairly astonishing. Thus he frequently supplied to counsel names and dates which had escaped them, and pointed out possible constructions of statements and facts, which displayed a rare legal acumen.

The first preliminary point taken was that the word "Minister" in the rubrics to the Communion Service did not include a Bishop.

The Archbishop wrote in his Diary:—

Phillimore argued wordily that a Bishop was not within the Act of Uniformity, was not a "Minister" according to the Rubrics, and therefore not bound by Rubrics affecting Ministers; that he was to direct ritual, if he so pleased, of the churches in his diocese (though Ministers who obeyed him against the law were liable to writ), but was not himself bound

¹ Frederick Temple.

³ Anthony W. Thorold.

⁵ James Atlay.

² William Stubbs.

⁴ John Wordsworth.

⁶ Edward Harold Browne.

⁷ Sir Walter Phillimore was not a Queen's Counsel, but took precedence of Mr Jeune, in virtue of a patent granted him in 1883.

by the Rubrics beyond what he found of general guidance in them. (The Bishop of — then may omit Cross in Baptism, and another may have a Latin Mass. And all the orders of Bishops which Ritualists have consistently set at nought ought to have been obeyed.)

The judgment on this point concluded :—

The Court is of opinion that when a Bishop ministers in any office prescribed by the Prayer Book he is a Minister bound to observe the directions given to the Minister in the Rubrics of such offices.

The Bishop of Salisbury alone dissented from this conclusion.

The Diary continues :—

The country would have been indignant if we had found a Bishop not to be a Minister—to be "outside the law," to be so free in Liturgies that "when a Bishop comes to one of his own churches, *anything* may happen," which was Phillimore's actual phrase; some new Act of Parliament would have put them under a Lay Court with deprivation etc. at once—but without the least regard to consequences. All are convinced that a Bishop must do a Minister's function according to the Rubrics and that by law. Sarum imagines that because there are no penalties fixed there is no crime. I do not think a single layman (who is not a fanatic high or low) cares the least about this trial or this part of it—and this is the sadness of it. It makes the laity think that the whole clergy are wrapt up in these trivial questions, and that if such is the condition and character of the Church it is not worth saving—and a day or two later "my Archiepiscopal Blessing" is petitioned for by a Society whose daily collect begins with "Blessing God for marking this age by the advance of His Glory and by the power and honour of St Osmund." And this is England. Something that the laity will care about! wanted!

On the 10th of October he notes :—

The parochial clergy of Cambridge have started a protest and got it largely signed by clergy of Ely Diocese, and are agitating all over England—or southern province—to get it signed, against "the Archbishop's claim"!—treating me as having made a personal *claim* to try Bishop of Lincoln by myself instead of by a Synod.

That a certain *Court* was appealed to—that the question was

raised before it of its jurisdiction, and had been previously raised before Privy Council;—that Privy Council had decided that Court to be a valid Court—that the Episcopal Assessors were clear that the Court was valid—this the Protest which styles itself “the Cambridge Protest” throws on one side as unworthy of mention, and strikes at me as the author of a tyrannical and unheard of *claim*. One gets a glimpse of how not only fashion but history is made.

On Oct. 15th he writes:—

Bishop of Lincoln is reported in *Times* to-day as having charged at Grantham—to the effect that he bowed to my decision to hear him in my Court as Metropolitan, but regretted that I had not seen fit to grant his petition to be heard by me in a Synod of the Province. It is startling to find a confessor made of such stuff lending himself to a party so soon. His protest was not in form or in substance a petition. He was accused in a certain Court of mine: the highest judicial authority declared that the Court was recognised by the law of the land: I ascertained that it was recognised by the law of the Church, and gave judgment that it was. In a valid Court constituted in a valid form there is no such thing possible as that the judge should decide to hear the case in another kind of Court. I had not more power to say I would hear him in Synod of all the Bishops of the Province than any judge has to say he will not hear a case with a jury of 12 men but with a jury of 24 or any other number—or than the Judges of Privy Council themselves to say that they will go by the verdict of a jury and not by their own judgment.

On Nov. 2nd the Archbishop visited Lincoln to open an exhibition; he wrote previously to Mr Duncan McInnes, secretary of the Cooperative Association, and a friend since Lincoln days:—

Private and Confidential.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.

14 Oct. 1889.

MY DEAR MCINNES,

I have no doubt the Bishop of Lincoln is going to be with you on Nov. 2nd.

But I just write to make sure as it is important for me under

present circumstances (you will understand) not to visit Lincoln with any appearance of isolation from the Bishop.

You will insist on his being with us. You know he is my very old friend.

Yours sincerely, E. W. CANTUAR.

On Nov. 2nd he wrote to the Dean of Windsor :—

I could not telegraph because I have just returned (midnight) from Lincoln where I have been all day at a wonderful working men's demonstration. It was a worthy sight to see dear Lincoln and me sitting together in front of the working man's platform—no one else but working men—and going off together. He is adored there.

And again on the 12th :—

You are perfectly right in supposing that if all had to come over again about Bishop of Lincoln I should feel bound to do exactly what I have done. I have seen no reason to see how a single step could have been rightly varied. Thank God.

The preliminaries over, the case proper had come on for trial on the 4th of February, 1890, no further objections being raised.

The actual charges, though nominally ten, were practically seven.

1. Mixing water with the sacramental wine during the service and subsequently consecrating the Mixed Cup.

2. Standing in the "Eastward position" during the first part of the Communion service.

3. Standing during the prayer of Consecration on the West side of the table, in such manner that the congregation could not see the manual acts performed.

4. Causing the hymn *Agnus Dei* to be sung after the Consecration prayer.

5. Pouring water and wine into the paten and chalice after the service and afterwards drinking such water and wine before the congregation.

6. The use of lighted candles on the Communion

table or on the retable behind, during the Communion service, when not needed for the purpose of giving light.

7. During the Absolution and Benediction making the sign of the Cross with upraised hand facing the congregation.

On Feb. 5th, 1890, the Archbishop wrote in his Diary :—

The Lincoln Trial has records of its own and is too distasteful to me to have mine.

Feb. 6th. Unscrupulous protests, reckless of the divisions they may exhibit and of the shake they may give, have been sedulously pushed about and have not had great success. The first people were the students of the Theological College at Ely, who expressed their regret that the Archbishop should not have adopted a course more consonant with the principles of Church History. I ordained four of those little gentlemen at Advent, and their knowledge of all the *rest* of Church History has yet to be acquired. Their luminosity on this one point is *electrical*!

With a bundle of newspaper cuttings of such protests he placed an extract he had taken from a letter of Mr Roscoe's, who had published the report and written to tell him that only two hundred copies had sold, and that those had gone to the bishops, and to "a few eminent clergy and laymen," and that, though the price had been purposely kept low, and though it was in Mr Roscoe's opinion scarcely possible to really study the case from newspaper reports at the time, few clergy had bought the report.

On the 20th he writes :—

Phillimore is learned and quick, but delights to believe himself omnidoc and omnidocent. He has thrown away his case about the "north side" by urging us to accept a "non-natural" interpretation—that will have a bad effect on the controversy,—which however from first to last is naught and naughty. The only excuse for touching it is that a rational decision, *if one can be arrived at with such premises*, offers more prospect of peace than leaving all to be fought about daily.

The proceedings closed on Feb. 25th, the Archbishop

reserving his judgment. He worked at it as far as he could in London, and it was astonishing how in the intervals of other work which could not slacken, he threw himself into this like a student who had little else to do. He had written an earlier memorandum:—

Read anything *general* to enable oneself to follow the arguments—but do not study concrete points until after having heard the arguments.

Now was the time for such study. Bishop Davidson describes how he would go into his dressing-room at Lambeth and find him surrounded with stacks of books, deep in Liturgiology, as if he had nothing else to do; having the Lambeth Library ransacked or making lists of references to be worked out in the British Museum¹.

But the work could not be finished in London, and he completed it at the Rieder Furca Hotel, near the Bel Alp, where he went in August.

He returned to England in the course of September; on Oct. 4th he finished and sent off the final proofs of the Lincoln Judgment: he writes:—

It has just struck midnight by my chimney clock and I have just finished and sent off to the printer my final proofs for reading to the Assessors of my Judgment on the Lincoln Case. It has been an immense labour. Reading, verifying, reasoning and writing and recriticising and correcting, and real exploration of a labyrinth. I have found the former Privy Council judgments very deficient in knowledge and with no breadth of view. But nothing will matter, if it only is itself a contribution, as I believe it ought to be, to the peace of the Church—and to a sounder, more scientific study of ritual. It has been grievously *pénible* to write, because the topics are so infinitesimal in comparison to others which ought to be uppermost in the minds of churchmen. Still, God has given it me to do, and what is to be done is to be done as well as one can do it. This has been the prayer within my heart unfailingly. I thank Him for allowing me to say that my

¹ One of his friends of earlier years, the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, son of Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln, gave him much valuable help in examining details and verifying references.

One hope has been to be faithful—sure that out of faithfulness the only good that can come must come. *Oratio pro sententia Lincoln:*

Ne vox una velit se fingere vel sibi fingi;
Sub digito crescat syllaba quaeque Dei.

It is a very odd thing that one of the earliest *notes* I ever made, when I began to collect topics for a commonplace book, was an extract from Ed. VI. injunctions about Lights. I was about 13 then, and here I am 61 and at the same poor thing still. One of the first things I ever bought with my own money was Doctor Bisse's *Beauty of Holiness in the Common Prayer*—a nice old handsomely printed book which I sillily set to work not only to read but to rubricate! So far as I am concerned, what a penance for a penchant! But the two years' hindrance to my Cyprian will be nothing, if only Peace should come to our troubled Church through it.

Dñe, qui dixisti Apostolis tuis,

“Pacem relinquo vobis,
Pacem meam do vobis,”

Ne respicias Dñe peccata mea,
Sed fidem eccl̃ae Tuae,

Eamque secundum verbum tuum pacificare et coordinare
digneris—

Qui vivis et regnas.

This extract brings into relief—what indeed must have been evident throughout—his feeling that, interesting as the subject was to him naturally, it was almost as a hobby, a “penchant” as he says, that he regarded it; and that, compared with the feelings it stirred, the weight which was given to it, the legal questions implied, and the interruption to the true work of the Church, the original contention was infinitely little. “It is agonising,” he writes under the pressing fear of bereavement, “to be working at candles and ends with my Nelly so ill overhead.”

In consequence of my sister's death, the delivery of the Judgment was postponed till Nov. 21st.

I came up to London to hear part of the Judgment delivered, and found my father in very serene and dignified spirits. He had had periods of very great anxiety and

depression about the Trial, and as a matter of deliberate policy rather deferred than hastened the proceedings, that the sensation might have time to simmer down, and that no rash action might result from tension of feeling. What he feared was the ultimate issue of the Trial, the possibility of his decision increasing rather than diminishing the dissidence between the lay and the clerical views of religious worship; as to his own responsibility in the matter, he had no fear or doubt whatever. When once his course was clear, and in discharge of a duty of great solemnity, he was calm and tranquil to a remarkable degree. Depression was with him the concomitant of a time of ease, not of a time of stress. Here too he was sustained by the knowledge that what had passed had deepened and intensified the mutual reverence and affection between himself and the Bishop for whose sympathy and heavenly-mindedness, as he called it, he had the greatest veneration. He was stimulated too by the consciousness that for once he was in a position, with regard to knowledge and erudition, which was simply unassailable. He had a few minutes' talk with me before the proceedings and described some of the ceremonial arrangements, devised by himself, such as the laying of the Metropolitan cross on the table beneath the judge to be a symbol of his spiritual jurisdiction, as the mace of secular authority.

The scene in the great library was very impressive. That vast room with its high timbered roof and the tall cases of books was a singularly striking setting for the solemn scene enacted. The Bishops sat in a semicircle, the Archbishop being in the centre with his seat raised, all in full episcopal robes; Sir James Parker Deane in a full-bottomed wig and scarlet Doctor's gown, gave a legal colouring to the assembly. The Hall was densely crowded, almost every eminent High Churchman being seen there at some stage of the proceedings.

• The charges against the Bishop were all admitted, but the real question which was being still anxiously debated outside was whether the Archbishop would in his Judgment accept previous rulings of the Privy Council as absolute, or would disregard them, going *de novo* into the whole matter.

But the Archbishop's attitude was neither one of unquestioning obedience, nor of defiant disregard. He said :—

The Court has considered with the utmost carefulness and respect the various decisions which have been given in recent years upon some of the points at issue.... It cannot be necessary that the Court should express its sense of the importance attaching to such decisions, so far as they bear upon the present case, for the elucidation of these minute and complicated questions. Inasmuch, however, as the points raised in the suit before us are some of them novel, and all of them are raised under conditions differing from those of former suits: Inasmuch also as the researches of later students have brought much fresh observation to bear upon historical points admittedly obscure, the Court has not felt it right so to shelter itself under authority, as to evade the responsibility, or escape the labour of examining each of the points afresh, in the light of this ampler historical research, and of weighing once again all the reasons which may be advanced either for or against any of the actions or usages now under consideration.

In support of this view he referred to the words of Lord Chancellor Cairns in the Ridsdale Case in 1877.

I cannot do more than summarise the Judgment, which has its own full record, giving in the briefest way the reasons and conclusions on each point.

The first article was the Mixing Water with Wine in the Service,—and here the Judgment concluded that though the administration of a Mixed Cup could not be condemned on the ground of “symbolic meaning” “unauthoritatively attached” to it; and that though “the practice of mixing water with the wine apart from and before the service cannot be disallowed upon the ground

that it was unknown to the Churches of East and West," yet that "the ceremonial mixture in the Service was omitted from our Book in accordance with the highest and widest liturgical precedents and must in our Church be accounted as one 'of the accustomed ceremonies which be put away.'" Thus the Court decided against the defendant on this article.

The next charge dealt with was the Eastward Position in the first part of the Communion Service. The judgment on this point involved a long historical inquiry as to "the conditions which called for the introduction of the term 'north side.'" The plea that the "Eastward Position" has, as a Sacrificial position, "a special significance which at once makes the position itself important and condemns it," was entirely and strongly set aside.

If it were true it would apply more strongly by far to the Consecration Prayer, where such a position is admitted to be lawful, than to the beginning of the Service.....The imputed sacrificial aspect of the Eastward Position is new and forced.

Thus the Court concluded that "the term 'north side' was introduced...to meet doubts which had arisen owing to a general change in the position of the Holy Tables"... and that "a second general change made under authority in the position of the Tables...made the north side direction impossible of fulfilment in the sense originally intended"... that the Court was therefore of opinion "that a certain liberty in the application of the term existed," and though "this liberty was less and less exercised for a long time" "it does not appear to be lost by that fact or taken away." Thus the charge was dismissed.

With regard to the charge that the Bishop stood in such a way that the congregation could not see the Manual Acts, the Court concluded that the Minister "is bound to take care that the Manual Acts should not by his position be rendered invisible to the bulk of the congre-

gation"; that no lack of openness necessarily follows upon the use of the Eastward Position. "The tenor of the Common Prayer is openness. The work of its framers was to bring out and recover the worship of the Christian congregation, and specially to replace the Eucharist in its character as the Communion of the whole Body of Christ." "The English Church as one of her special works in the history of the Catholic Church restored the ancient share and right of the people in the Divine Service."

The Bishop had pleaded that he had no wish or intention to hide the Acts, but the Court decided that "in the mind of the Minister there ought to be a wish and intention to do what has to be done, not merely no wish or intention not to do it"...and ruled therefore "that the Lord Bishop has mistaken the true interpretation of the Order of the Holy Communion in this particular."

The next charge dealt with was the singing of the *Agnus Dei* "immediately after the Prayer of Consecration." Here the Court concluded that the use of these words

could only be condemned on the ground that any and every hymn at this place would be illegal, which cannot be maintained in the face of concurrent, continuous and sanctioned usage. To condemn the singing of that text here as unsound in doctrine would be contrary to the real force of Ridley's injunction: and to other unexceptionable Protestant teaching.

The charge of performing an illegal "ceremony of ablution" was dismissed. The Court could not hold "that the Minister, who, after the Service was ended and the Benediction given, in order that no part of the Consecrated Elements should be carried out of the Church, cleansed the vessels of all remnants in a reverent way, without ceremony or prayers before finally leaving the Holy Table, would have subjected himself to penal consequences by so doing.

The next count "both charged and admitted, is that

two lights in candlesticks on the Holy Table were alight from before the Communion Service began till after it was over." Here the Court found that

It would be contrary to the history and interpretation of the two lights on the Holy Table to connect them with erroneous and strange teaching as to the nature of the Sacrament. It is not likely that they will cease to be distasteful to many minds, and where that is the case, even in a small degree, charity and good sense ought not to be violated....

The Court does not find sufficient warrant for declaring that the law is broken by.....the presence of the two still lights alight before it begins and until after it ends.

One little incident which occurred about this point is perhaps worth mentioning to show the absence of all agitation in my father. It was afternoon, and the day being very dark and foggy, he became unable to decipher his Judgment. He turned, caught sight of me as I stood close behind him, and asked me to summon one of the chaplains, who came at once; he read a few more words about the altar-lights, and then said in an undertone to the chaplain, with a smile, "*We* want lights—for practical purposes."

The last charges taken were those of signing the Cross in the Absolution and the Benediction.

Here the Court found that such crossing in each place was a "ceremony," "not retained since it had not previously existed," but "an innovation which must be discontinued."

So far there had been intense eagerness among the audience,—even through the long, minute and sometimes technical historical inquiry, the interest had not flagged for a moment, rivetted as it was by the combination of force and subtlety displayed in the argument, and the wealth of illustrative learning lavished on the several points. At one point, on the outcome of which the listeners were peculiarly interested, applause broke out which was instantly and

sternly hushed, my father declaring that if it were renewed the Court would be instantly cleared.

But nothing which concerned the charges themselves was so weighty and impressive as the words in which he concluded. Indeed, so eloquent were voice and manner, so full of dignity and of spirit, that it was difficult afterwards in looking at the printed page to believe that the words themselves had been so few and so restrained.

A Court constituted as is the present, having wider duties towards all parties concerned than those of other judges, duties inalienable from that position which makes its members judges, considers itself bound further to observe briefly in relation to this cause that,—

(1) Although religious people whose religious feelings really suffer might rightly feel constrained to come forward as witnesses in such a case, yet it is not decent for religious persons to hire witnesses to intrude on the worship of others for purposes of espial. In expressing this opinion the Court has no intention of criticizing the statements which were in this case given in evidence.

(2) The Court has not only felt deeply the incongruity of minute questionings and disputations in great and sacred subjects, but desires to express its sense that time and attention are diverted thereby from the Church's real contest with evil and building up of good, both by those who give and by those who take offence unadvisedly in such matters.

(3) The Apostolic Judgment as to other matters of ritual has a proper reference to these; namely, that things which may necessarily be ruled to be lawful do not for that reason become expedient.

(4) Public worship is one of the Divine Institutions, which are the heritage of the Church, for the fraternal union of mankind.

The Church, therefore, has a right to ask that her congregations may not be divided either by needless pursuance or by exaggerated suspicion of practices not in themselves illegal. Either spirit is in painful contrast to the deep and wide desire which prevails for mutual understanding. The Clergy are the natural prompters and fosterers of the Divine instinct, "to follow after things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another¹."

¹ The Judgment is reported in (1891) Probate, p. 9. It occupies, with the appendices, 99 pages of the Law Reports.

In the evening he banished the whole subject from his mind and talked with great enthusiasm on some literary question.

In the days that followed, when criticism was filling the papers, when the issue of the appeal was still uncertain, he was able in a singular manner to keep himself aloof from harassing doubts and anxieties. His part was done as sincerely as he could do it—although anxiety could not be absent—and in a spirit of calmness and faith; the sorrow too that he had lately endured had lifted him into a serener atmosphere free from the strife of tongues. Such record of his personal life we must leave to the diaries.

In summing up the general effect of the Judgment, it must be remembered how many parties were interested, and for how many reasons. Extremists on both sides were interested in particular points, but with the far larger bulk of moderate Churchmen any keenness about the original questions had long since given way to anxiety as to the possible effects on the peace of the Church of any line which it seemed open to the Archbishop to take.

The first and most general feeling was undoubtedly one of amazement at the learning exhibited and at the freedom and courage with which the whole question was treated.

Unquestionably among the moderate party the general result was received with an unfeigned relief. The Judgment had not so gone against the High Church party as to threaten disruption, yet while allowing in the main the points to which they clung, the High Sacramental doctrine which was, by the extremists of both sides, associated with these points, was found to be an unauthorised and unjustified interpretation of the ritual.

So strongly indeed did all feel that the Judgment made for peace, that indiscriminate appreciation, rightly condemned and utterly untrue, was inclined to attribute

the result not to the acuteness of a judge but to the astuteness of the politician.

On the other hand, though it had been expected that any reversal of Privy Council rulings would threaten collision with the secular Courts, the Judgment now proved to be so learned and so substantial that even pending the result of the appeal, of which notice had been given, anxiety was to a great extent set at rest, though the newspapers still expressed a cautious doubt as to the ultimate upshot.

For the High Church party of course the trial ended with the Archbishop's Judgment. There is no reason to speculate now on what would have happened if he had found differently, but the result being what it was, High Churchmen felt and said that they could look forward to the appeal with comparative indifference.

A correspondent, who prefers to remain anonymous, writes:—

You ask me to put into words the feelings of High Churchmen in general about the delivery of the Lincoln Judgment. It can confidently be said that, apart from this or that detail of the judgment, its delivery was received with acclaim by the High Church party. Before the judgment was given, opinions were, I imagine, somewhat divided. Many found great satisfaction in reflecting that at last a decision was going to be uttered on ritual questions by a court that could really claim to be spiritual. But in some quarters the Archbishop (who was already disappointing some of the expectations which extreme men had formed of him at his appointment) was criticized for not having refused altogether to hear the charges against his Suffragan: some few most unworthily credited him with the desire to enhance the influence of Lambeth, and even his own reputation. I heard him say himself that from the first he had no shadow of doubt as to his obligation to hear the case.

But when the judgment was actually given, even before men had time or inclination to study its arguments and conclusions, the open declaration that the Court had not "felt it right to shelter itself under authority or to escape the labour of examining

each of the points afresh"—the gathering too of the material for evidence from pre-Reformation and primitive times, which in itself was an assertion of "continuity"—all this gave great pleasure. Dean Church's often quoted words, written only a month or so before he died, expressed admirably both the antecedent anxiety and the eventual delight which most High Churchmen felt. "The only hope I have," he said, writing before the delivery of the judgment, "is that the Archbishop may have sagacity to see that the safest move is the boldest, and dare to reverse the Privy Council rulings. If not, the phrase 'finis Poloniae' comes constantly to my mind." Then later on, as you know, he wrote, "It is the most courageous thing that has come from Lambeth for the last 200 years¹."

Then, as ever, there were not wanting those who called it, in an invidious sense, a compromise; not a few who hinted at a feeling—not loudly expressed—that the laity would no longer support a Church in which such services were authorised. Of such threats my father wrote later to Dean Davidson:—

But if comprehension is not to be the policy henceforth, but uniformity, and if this uniformity only means sameness in external particulars, there must be a change of ministry I think.

There was a good deal of controversy in the papers; one gentleman asserted, with a delightful ambiguity of expression, that the Lincoln Judgment was the severest blow the Church of England had ever received since the glorious Reformation. An Evangelical writing in a Church periodical expressed a pious hope that "the Church Association would immediately appeal against the shameful Judgment delivered by the 'Successor of the martyred Laud.'" Another gentleman, with a taste for metaphor,

¹ He had watched with deep anxiety the trial....."This horrid Lambeth trial haunts me," he had written a year before to his son-in-law....

The delivery of the Archbishop's judgment took place in November, and its character and contents brought the Dean the last flash of happiness before the end. It seemed to come to him with a touch of re-assurance and confirmation in that steady trust in the English Church, which would not let itself be overthrown by the disasters of 1845.

Life and Letters of Dean Church, pp. 420, 421.

wrote: "The dignitaries of our Church have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. At a crisis they have forsaken the truth; when a test was applied they proved to be impure metal."

It is difficult to define exactly how the Lincoln Judgment and its affirmation by the Privy Council were received by the Evangelical party: there was naturally a certain outburst of alarmed Protestantism.

The more serious and moderate Evangelicals, though they could not feel or express approval of the ceremonies now legalised, manifested no sympathy with the Association that had provoked the controversy, but warmly and strongly welcomed a pronouncement so strong, so full of toleration—an Eirenicon as more than one called it—imbued with a spirit which reckoned Christian charity as so immeasurably greater than any precision of observance.

The feeling of relief was strongly expressed in letters to the Archbishop. Many spoke of the "all but universal satisfaction" which it had given. "Beyond all doubt," Canon Crowfoot wrote from Lincoln itself, "it is drawing all men together"; while Sir Richard Webster had written:—

It is not only masterly, and to a fair-minded man conclusive, but the spirit of peace and Christian toleration which has been infused into its whole tone, cannot but have a vast influence for good in our Church.

On Dec. 12th the Bishop of Lincoln addressed a letter to his Archdeacons and Rural Deans loyally accepting the Judgment; and throughout the country the response made by the obedience of the Clergy was marked. The following pastoral address by the Archbishop to the Archdeacons and Rural Deans of his Diocese, who had asked him to assist them by guidance and advice as to the bearing of the Judgment, will be of interest:—

I ask the Clergy, then, to consider the disproportion between those points of ritual which have been contested and the grand

characteristics in which all agree of our English Eucharistic Service—a liturgy scriptural, primitive, with Communion in both kinds, in the mother tongue, free from superstitious or doubtful devotions, most reverent yet truly “common,” the humblest people sharing every prayer and every action. Beside this great Catholic and Reformed heritage the diversities are small indeed. And when these diversities and questionings are contrasted with the tremendous burden of duty to Christianity and mankind which this Age above all ages binds on the shoulders of our Church above all Churches, the overwhelming contrast casts a new light on Christ’s searching saying, that the world itself has to suffer for the “stumbling-blocks” among ourselves (St Matt. xviii. 7).

I ask all to consider the vital importance of peace, charity, unity..... And peace and charity and unity are being visibly set at nought because we will not impose this essential on ourselves. Such Silence and Stillness about differences as make the peace of families, above all of the household of God.

I ask the clergy to consider the ruling principle of St Paul’s life and counsel that all that is lawful is not expedient; that the feeding of the flock of Christ is the substance and evidence of expediency; that they who have insight (*γνώσις*) enough to know and act safely on the knowledge that things which bordered on even heathen ceremonies (1 Cor. viii. 10, vi. 12; Rom. xiv.) were not really dangerous, but admissible when understood by Christian intelligence, were nevertheless bound by a wisdom higher than knowledge, and a law greater than that of the new freedom of the Church; bound, like himself, to limit choice by expediency; bound to abstain not only from the parade of their convictions; but from the very use of them when surrounded by eyes that would be pained and spirits that would suffer at sight of what seemed their dangerous advance. I feel that to say so much as this gives to those who are uneasy the right to ask me, if I do not fear that men are in danger of being led to the Church of Rome. I answer, I do not. Considering how much wrong Christianity, in this country, suffered during the Roman domination, I do not wonder that fears arise. I lament the imperfect acquaintance with the subject, the unworthiness, the injustice to worshippers, with which the dignity and simplicity of the English use may anywhere be spoilt by imitation of past or foreign modes. But I do not think this will lead to Rome.

* * * * *

The ancient Church of England is with us. I do not fear

that the new Italian mission will make anything of our clergy or people. Again I entreat the clergy to reflect that there is no Church in the world in which parish priests or ministers have anything like the same independence, in or out of church, as our parochial clergy have.... We are trusted as Englishmen only trust: nothing but the sense of honour in many cases forbids our abuse of independence. What delicacy of considerateness ought to possess our spirit towards the thoughtful, troubled, even over-sensitive, even prejudiced parishioners.

* * * * *

Looking now to the conclusions of the Court, the accurate limits of those conclusions, and that which emerges from them, I would ask the clergy primarily to observe that each conclusion relies on the whole claim of the history of each observance, and on the fact that the English Church is a true faithful branch of the Church Catholic, enjoying the right of every branch to order its own rites and ceremonies, within the limits of Scripture, and of that "edification whereunto all things done in the Church ought to be referred"; and that our Church asserted in its Reformation and made use of this its authority, and specially by the restoration of primitive order and tone in the Holy Communion.

I would then ask you to observe generally that the conclusions reached are simply the decision that such or such an act is or is not, expressly or by necessary implication, forbidden by the law of our Church, is or is not, in immediate or ultimate consequence, actually penal by that law as it now stands. It is evident that decisions of this character are far from throwing the weight of the Court's authority upon the side of any act which it does not find to be illegal.

We had not, as a Court, to allow or disallow anything on grounds of advisability or policy. Our sole duty was to ascertain whether existing Church-law forbade or did not forbid certain practices.

* * * * *

As to particular observances which the judgment of the Court has found allowable, I feel confident the Clergy of the Diocese will be with me when I make it my own undoubting recommendation and earnest request, that the Clergy will make no changes in the direction of adopting any of them in their conduct of Divine Service, unless, at the least, they are first assured of the practical unanimity of their people in desiring such change.

And that, even if any do in accordance with the clear senti-

ment of their people make any change within the limits of the judgment, yet they will make it their bounden duty to provide at the most convenient hours, especially on the first Sunday of the month, and at the most frequent hour, administration of the Holy Communion which shall meet in all ways the desires of those parishioners whose sense of devotion seeks and feeds on the plain and quiet solemnities in which they have been reared, which they love, and in which their souls most perfectly "go in and out and find pasture."

Those simplest forms are liturgically true. The people have a right to them, and through them the true pastor will delight to be one with them, to break for them the bread of Heaven, to feast with them on its inmost spiritual realities. He will fear no loss when, like his Master, he girds himself to serve them and pay them all observance.

The Archbishop tried as far as possible to dismiss the subject from his mind, though in the interval which elapsed before the appeal was heard I often heard him speak with some anxiety about the results that would follow on a reversal. He notes on the 12th of March, 1891:—

X— Y— tells me he must confess he has made some mistakes in my "Lists." That is a pity! But, with such a mass of peddling facts, to avoid mistakes is impossible! I hope no error of principle. Westcott says I "need not be disquieted—the judgment" he says "was wise and just and true." God knows I laboured that it should be "just and true," and I think He would not fail me, for I sincerely had only Him to please by being true.

The appeal was heard in June and July, 1891, before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, who delivered judgment on August 2nd, 1892. They sustained the Archbishop's judgment, thus dissenting from certain previous decisions given in the same Court on various points; they further stated that the promoters of the suit had no right to insist upon any sentence, even in the form of a monition, if, as they presumed to be the case, the Archbishop was satisfied that the offence would not be repeated—and they dismissed the appeal¹.

¹ Reported (1892) Appeal Cases, 644.

The Archbishop writes :—

August 2nd.—Telegram received to-day from Hassard, "Judgment delivered. Their Lordships uphold the decision of your Grace's Court in all its findings, and dismiss appeal on all points. Judgment unanimous."

On the 3rd he adds :—

Received the text of the Privy Council Judgment. In one point it is weak. They do not decide whether burning lights are legal or illegal. I suspect that one member refused to concede the one, and another the other, and that the ingenious — hit on the expedient of saying that the point had not arisen because the Bishop was not responsible for the lighting but the incumbent. I hold that whenever the Bishop is present in a church of his diocese the service is not the incumbent's but the Bishop's. It would be monstrous to say that the incumbent might perform any sort of vagary while the Bishop was saying the service and that the Bishop "had no power to forbid." Yet this is what they do say. They have left a loophole of trouble to come here. In the other points they decide rightly but had better have not felt bound to give their reasons. Three things which they lay down are more important than the ritual verdicts. (1) History admissible in interpretation of language and substance of rubric. (2) Privy Council's judgments reversible. (3) I was free and was right not to give a monition, "a monition is a penalty," when satisfied that my ruling would be obeyed.

"Deo sint gratiae qui rem nostram gubernavit ; pax Ecclesiae. Amen. Pax Ecclesiae."

When the Judgment was affirmed by the Privy Council the feeling of relief was great. The *Times* (Aug. 3rd) said that it viewed the decision "as a legal victory for toleration and one which may work for peace," adding, "Neither the Church Association nor the English Church Union is the Church of England."

The majority of the papers, however, took it with a somewhat languid interest, for the keenness of expectation had diminished since the Archbishop's Judgment had been pronounced. The *Church Times* (Aug. 5th) expressed a hope that it would "close the epoch of ritual prosecutions."

There was in certain quarters a disposition to belittle the Archbishop's work in the Lincoln case, by suggesting that the learning shown in the judgment was really due to the learned Assessors—probably Bishop Stubbs was meant, perhaps others. This I was told by my uncle Professor Henry Sidgwick¹, who believed the facts to be otherwise, and recommended me to consult one of the Assessors in question. I accordingly wrote to the Bishop of Oxford, and received the following reply:—

THE PALACE, CUDDESDON,
OXFORD.

Nov. 21, 1896.

MY DEAR MR BENSON,

All the Historical work done on the Lincoln Trial, saving of course what was done by the Counsel of the parties, was the work of the Archbishop himself, who collected the materials and drew up the judgment.

The Assessors, so far as I know—but I can only speak for myself—followed up the details and carefully criticised and talked over what was drafted, but no more. My contribution was the two words in the last clause of the judgment, “exaggerated suspicion.”

I am amused at Mr Sidgwick's mention of an idea that I was likely to have had anything much to do with the “ritual” history. I did not know that I had ever been suspected; and indeed the fact was, as Lord Palmerston would have said, “rather the reverse.”

The Archbishop's historical knowledge and critical power is shown not only in this little matter, but in his Articles in the *Dictionary of Christian Biography* and elsewhere. But you know all that.

Yours ever,

W. OXON.

Professor Sidgwick, commenting on the whole case, writes:—

I was impressed, on my visits during the two years when the Lincoln case was attracting public attention, with the cheerful serenity and unwavering confidence which your father always seemed

¹ Professor Sidgwick died Aug. 28, 1900.

to show with regard to his action in this difficult matter: as this seemed to contrast remarkably with the views that I heard almost uniformly expressed by my friends and acquaintances—especially those of the legal profession—with regard to the probable issue of the trial. Every one seemed to think that in one way or another the affair was sure to do harm to the Church, for which the Archbishop would be blamed. As it was colloquially agreed “the poor Archbishop was in a hole”;—the only difference of opinion being as to the depth of the hole, and the extent of his responsibility for his unfortunate position. It was not merely that this prosecution—like others—was thought certain to exasperate party strife within the Church, however the points at issue were decided: there seemed in this case to be a special and inevitable danger of conflict and collision. There was a widespread idea that in one at least of its previous decisions on ecclesiastical cases the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council had gone wrong: but as my legal friends told me—it was quite impossible that it should admit this: such an admission would be contrary to the now established practice of the English judicature for a final Court of appeal, and would in fact impair throughout the empire the certainty of English law, as established by a series of judicial interpretations¹. The Archbishop’s Court therefore seemed to be in an inevitable dilemma: if it accepted and applied the wrong ruling of the Judicial Committee, the indignation of high Churchmen would know no bounds: in fact the “slavery to the State” would be presented in a peculiarly intolerable form, if the highest ecclesiastical authority were compelled by it to open-eyed injustice. If, on the contrary, it threw aside the ruling of the Committee, the novel scandal of opposition and conflict thus declared between the highest ecclesiastical and the highest secular judges, must severely strain the bonds of Church and State.

I speak of course from memory and probably with the imperfect accuracy of an outsider partly trying to give the views of lawyers: but something like what I have tried to express appeared to be the preponderant opinion equally of friends and foes of the establishment.

Well, when I talked to your father on the subject, reporting to some extent outside opinion as I had heard it, I found of course that he was aware of these difficulties and dangers; but somehow the matter did not seem to worry or disturb him at all in the way in which less important affairs sometimes did. I am

¹ This principle was re-affirmed in the House of Lords in the Tramway Appeal, Apr. 25, 1898.

inclined to think that what worried him was never merely the sense of responsibility,—he was always very fearless in taking responsibilities—but the necessity of having to make a decision without as full a knowledge of the data as he would have desired. He had been accustomed in all his previous work to make up his mind with full first-hand knowledge of the matter in hand ; paying respect to the opinions of others, but never relying on them. With his indefatigable industry and great love of detail, this was not difficult for him at Wellington, Lincoln and Truro : but it was not always possible at Canterbury : he had to form a new habit of allowing himself to be sometimes guided by the judgment of other persons possessing a greater knowledge of the relevant facts than it was possible for him to acquire in the limited time at his disposal : and I think that—at first at any rate—his mind rather chafed at this necessity, and that he had anxieties and hesitations with regard to matters thus decided which he rarely had in any case in which he had been able to act with full personal knowledge.

Now in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln's trial he felt himself—if I may so say—on his own native heather : I mean he felt that his early and keen interest in the history of ecclesiastical ceremonial had adequately equipped him with the knowledge and habits of judgment required for dealing with the question. Hence he went forward to meet the difficulties with a cheerful sense of being at any rate in a position to do his best.

I remember that in one of the talks we had on the subject—I think it was at Lambeth early in 1890—I tried to give my idea of the practical conclusion to which the opinions I had gathered seemed to point. I explained that—according to my information—there was practically no chance of the Judicial Committee admitting that they were formally in the wrong : but that if the case was very clear they might go practically near to this by taking some distinction between the decided case and the new one, which would enable them to decide the latter differently, and I suggested to him that he should keep in view, in framing his judgment, the possibility of facilitating this mode of retreat for the supreme Court. In reply he explained to me his reasons for discarding all ideas of this kind : I cannot recall his words, but the substance was this. "It would," he thought, "be neither wise nor politic for him to try to do anything but give a simple straightforward judgment, guided only by common sense and a full impartial consideration of all the arguments and evidence attainable. Of course his Court was in a sense subordinate to the Judicial

Committee, as the final interpreter of the laws of the national Church: but it was not in the same relation to it as an inferior secular Court: it might be the duty of such a Court to apply a ruling which it thought wrong, but he could not regard that as his duty. He must trust that the Judicial Committee would do justice if appeal were made to it: and he must leave it entirely to them to find out the best technical method of doing this in view of their previous decision. It was not his business to help in this: and not being a legal expert he would certainly blunder if he tried."

I do not mean that he said this dogmatically, as closing the discussion; indeed he ended by saying that he would think over my suggestion, and referred to it once or twice in later talks: but I got the idea that there was no chance of the "breakers ahead" being avoided in this way.

The result was a series of surprises for me. First, when the judgment came out I was very favourably impressed by it,—I thought it would strike everybody as able, fearless and judicious—: but it seemed to me that the lawyers were inclined to turn up their noses at it with all the old contempt for ecclesiastical justice. "Altogether," sneered the *Law Quarterly*—after a brief, contemptuous criticism of the methods of the Archbishop's Court—"the judgment appears to us to have all the marks of entire spiritual validity." The Court of Appeal, it was freely prophesied, would make short work of the Archbishop's reasons for flying in the face of its decisions: and I heard again of the impossibility of its going back on previous judgments, on account of the disturbing effect that such a surrender would have on the whole body of law of which it was the final interpretation. Your father still seemed confident as to the result: but I thought him unduly optimistic. Well, as you know—to quote the *Law Quarterly* again—"the Church's logic prevailed," and the Judicial Committee submitted to "eat its own words and say that it was taking in new light." I confess I expected a general outcry from my legal friends at the shock given to the foundation of our judicial system; but on the contrary I seemed rather to hear expressions of satisfaction that the "superstition" as to the absolutely binding character of previous judicial decisions was now effectually dispelled! All's well that ends well: and it is perhaps a good thing that people do not always accurately remember in 1892 what they said in 1889.

CHAPTER XVI.

DIARIES AND LETTERS; MISSIONS; COLONIAL CHURCHES.

"Quoniam zelus domus tue comedit me; et opprobria exprobrantium tibi occiderunt super me."

PSALM LXIX.

"Soror nostra es: crescas in mille millia!"

GEN. XXIV.

AFTER the delivery of the Lincoln Judgment, my father and my mother went with my brother and sister to stay quietly at Windsor at the Deanery, and then to a cottage lent them by Lady Henry Somerset, at Reigate. My father writes:—

And here we are for another week, please God,—although who knows what a day may bring now—in Lady Henry Somerset's exquisite cottage—all old furniture, old prints, old china and perfect tints and shapes of everything—that taste which it takes generations to perfect—and which is moving on to *what*? Something—for there is something in it all which matches the finish Christus Creator has given to wings and to petals—doves, greyhounds, orchids—what *is* it all—what *is* it?... "I wonder what it will be like¹?"

From here he wrote to the Dean of Windsor:—

6 Dec. 1890.

It is fearful to find how *slow* I have got and how inelastic as to writing—and how awfully ponderous my style has become.

¹ See p. 381.

* I impute it to the Judgment—please use the lancet mercilessly wherever you see inflation!

To counsel you to work less and send you such work is hypocritical—so I say boldly work less for everybody but me.

Oh! what a week we had with you—It was too sweet and too good. We have our Fred with us for Sunday.

9 Dec. 1890.

While I have and enjoy so prudent a counsellor I fear I shall worry him.

I have amended the passage about “going over to Rome.” But I want to ask you had it better stand at all. Will it quiet any fears, or help people to think that perhaps Church Association is going too far and makes bugbears? Which I believe and want them to believe.

Or will they think I have a Cardinal’s hat in a bandbox?

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. C.

He wrote in his Diary:—

Dec. 8. Read again a good deal for Cyprian—but it fast slips away now—the hope of making a book that shall really serve the Church—yet, grant it, Lord—this old young hope.

The Archbishop spent the Christmas after the Judgment had been delivered quietly at Addington with relatives and children; it was a long frost-bound winter and the snow lay for many days; he used to walk out, as it was impossible to ride, to see us tobogganing from the high top of Fir Mount, a hill in the park; day after day he used to feed the birds with his own hands.

The year ended sadly; he wrote:—

To the Bishop of Durham.

Dec. 1890.

The dear Dean of St Paul’s is gone—fruit ripens and falls fast this autumn. He is a beautiful figure taken from a great niche of the world. Though I have seen but little of him for years I shall greatly miss the thought of him. I have had no long talk with him since the one with you that Sunday afternoon.

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. C.

On Christmas Day Archbishop Thomson of York died after a short illness.

On the 29th my father went to York to the funeral. I remember a most characteristic discussion on this point. He was very much pressed for time and had to return to London immediately after the funeral. He was anxious to allow plenty of time to get out to Bishopthorpe, and foresaw all kinds of possible delays and obstacles: but the return journey to York from Bishopthorpe, where he was anxious to stay as late as possible, was to take no time at all. It finally appeared that he was to take about two hours and a half to get out and twenty-four minutes to return. He writes:—

Dec. 30th.—Came to York last night about 11 p.m.—travelling with Glyn¹ and Lady Mary. They told me how the remaining Irvingite “Apostle” has a revelation that Irvingism is to be preached and pushed and no more lie quiet.

Robed at the Deanery and with Talbot and Fowler went to the West door of the Minster at 12. The great valves opened silently and standing close to it were the Dean and a long procession of the Northern Bishops and Great Chapter and Cathedral Body. The Dead March in Saul played mysteriously as we went up to the Altar through a vast congregation filling Nave and Choir. There was a beautiful and tenderly sung Service, ending with the Benediction. We lunched quietly at the Deanery and went to Bishopthorpe where the family received us affectionately, and I heard how the Abp had worked up to Saturday night, had then become drowsy on the Sunday and at last passed away in coma produced by the complaint which had been quiet so long and which in the greater alarm of the paralysis they had not thought of lately. Mrs Thomson desired me to tell Minnie that she was brave by her example. The respect, esteem and love in which the Abp has been held by all classes was very manifest everywhere. He did conciliate all these. We then had a very different and no less beautiful service in the little ugly parish church which was really beautiful with flowers, his seat and canopy and the organ as well as the coffin shining white with the lilies and lilies-of-the-valley and sweetnesses unknown by name to us. Most of the vast body of clergy who had been in the Minster came also to Bishopthorpe

¹ Now Bishop of Peterborough.

and I was placed next in front of the Body and again gave the Benediction. How little the sense of difference, and how strong my feeling of his power and solid sense—how little I care that he was wrong about the Discipline Bill, how much that he was so happy with us in the Summer; how much that he was, as all the family told me, so “devoted” to Nellie. As the Service at the grave was ending a little breeze—for the wind which roared in the trees and the intense cold of it were kept from us by them—swept a band of little hurrying brown withered leaves down into the gravel one by one among the wreaths, and a little snow fell in light tiny crystals.

The year 1891 began bravely and sadly; he notes:—

Thursday Jan. 1. When I looked out as an augur on the earliest weather of the year a hanging mist clothed the tree tops and all above them—the earth was iron-bound in frozen snows. There was a thin island of blue in the north-west and in it half a *moon* shining palely. I looked away and the moon was gone when I looked again. In the middle of the day the *sun* shone warm. Qui oculos habet, videat.

The tobogganing went on gloriously from the top of Fir Mount right over the path to the garden. And the Soul¹ which would have been the soul of all their enjoyment is somehow not far from us and knows she is not forgotten a moment.

He worked a good deal quietly at his *Cyprian*, but the impossibility of taking exercise depressed him; he writes:—

I believe Grimthorpe has, in a month or so, refuted to his satisfaction the judgment of two years. As I shall have no opportunity of answering him I don't think I need take trouble to read him. The Liby-Phoenices are much more cheerful people.

On the 14th of January the Bishop of Truro (Wilkinson) came to tell him that he feared he must resign his See from ill-health. I give a letter which he wrote later to the Bishop on this subject:—

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
16th April, 1891.

DEAREST BISHOP,

Your sad pair of letters was my greeting on reaching this old home this morning and it was the climax to all I have

¹ Mary Eleanor Benson.

been fearing and shaping this nine days. And yet The Lamb is King. Gentleness and Suffering reign.

The Master is leading you through very deep waters—but then, dearest Bishop, you always, when you were well, prayed, hoped and strove that He should lead you whithersoever He would. He has taken many of us through waters we were obliged “to swim in”—but none has He led as He has you. You have shown Him that you keep back nothing from Him—not even the Crook and Keys He gave you. *Ἀνερέυνηται τὰ βάθη*¹.

We none of us know what He is about. But something very great and holy. And now you will go quietly forward from day to day, step by step—and we shall see. *All* feel the greatness of the step and manner of taking it. Friends, Laymen, Priests, Chapter, Strangers—all are sure that you could not, without being guided, so move onward,—for, be sure, *onward* is not backward. Nothing is *done* until you send me (Burch² will know how) a formal document. *It* will state the date on which you wish to resign—I accept it from that date. How full of pain are these hard words, but He will temper them. *We* have no strength to gain from them but by the sight of your firm walking—but you have to go from strength to strength by the door of *ἀσθένεια*³ which He opens. Alas for my poor words—but you can fill them with meaning and can add thereto many like words of much more worth.

Your constant lover and true servant,

E. W. CANTUAR.

*To Mr Skerritt (Signalman, London, Chatham, and
Dover Railway).*

(Replying to a letter of good wishes.)

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.

Jan. 29th, 1891.

DEAR MR SKERRITT,

It is not too late to wish you a Happy New Year, and to tell you that I much felt the sincerity and goodness of your good wishes for me and mine.

It has pleased God to lay burdens on me, as you truly say, since you wrote last, and to bear a grievous sacrifice.

¹ “The depths are unsearchable,” Rom. xi. 33.

² Arthur Burch, Exeter, the Bishop's Principal Registrar.

³ Weakness.

• But the Arm we have to lean upon never fails, whatever is imposed or taken away.

You will not forget that the Perils of the Church are met by the Prayers of the Church, and that unless we have a Praying Church we shall not have a Prevailing Church. I will tell you my motto for the year :—

“Day unto day uttereth knowledge”; that is enough, we cannot say, “Day unto next week”... and we need not.

Your faithful friend,

E. CANTUAR.

On the 18th of March a new Eagle Lectern was placed in Lambeth Chapel in memory of my sister. It was presented by the Duchess of Bedford, and others of my father's Class of ladies. He writes :—

My ladies saw the glorious Eagle Lectern in its place and I said a prayer for them and it. The chapel was full. My subject was mainly Eutychus, so that I could speak of their beautiful motto, chosen by Duchess of Bedford, and a word of my Nelly. “In the midst of death we are in life.” We have finished St Paul and the Great Towns, and as Nelly so felt for the people whom the Great Town crushes, all the thoughts seem to take a unity, which led us up to the unity of the Eucharist. Why am I not nearer to God? Because I am not near to my brethren.

On the 24th of March he went to service at St Paul's; he writes :—

Again at St Paul's. The preacher thought Judas had been appointed an Apostle in order to tempt and try him in his weak point of covetousness, and that we are all tempted always on our weak points. My experience is that we are tempted on our strong points or on points in which we think our strength lies—and that it would make me miserable if I thought temptation was sent for any cause except to strengthen our strength. And Judas was appointed for his excellent Bursarial qualifications. Making him an Apostle was giving him a chance of greatness in his study of Church finance. It was he, not God, who turned them to treacherous ends.

On the 17th he had an interview with Father A—— about the X—— Sisters; he writes :—

Father A—— came to talk over X—— Sisterhood. The Statutes

are quite explicit that a sister may leave when she feels that she ought, to leave, quite freely. I, as visitor, have no cognisance of anything but this. He, with any amount of assumption, says that when the Statutes are revised again this must be struck out. They have, he says, their admission form, and their conviction. Both make it a sin to leave their profession, and he—so please you—he could not continue to hold his office of Chaplain unless the Statutes are brought into conformity with the secret, dishonest profession which they have surreptitiously, though long before my time, introduced.

I declined to “dispense” sisters who do leave. They may leave by the Statutes. The mother has power to “remove” them by the Statutes—quite apart from her power to expel, i.e. for health or any good cause. And I am not going to sanction their innovation by dispensing from vows which I neither impose nor approve—as *they* take them.

I see no impropriety in vows taken after a certain age and above-board. That is another matter.

On April 29th he went to St Paul’s for the festival of the Sons of the Clergy; he writes:—

Convocation. Festival of Sons of Clergy. The pavement was so smooth with asphalt that just at the West door of St Paul’s as I came to my carriage, the Lord Mayor having departed, one of my tall black horses fell flat down and the asphalt was too smooth for him to be able to get his footing. There was a very large crowd, very sympathising, and Sheriff Augustus Harris, of Drury Lane, insisted on my going off to Merchant Taylors’ Hall by myself in his showy Sheriff’s coach while he and his wife followed in their brougham. This, as the papers said, was an excellent instance of the alliance of “Church and Stage.” In the pediment exactly above the catastrophe was the sculpture of St Paul’s conversion with his steed sprawling in the selfsame attitude! What a portent!

On the 30th of April was the Annual Meeting of the S.P.G.; he writes:—

April 30th.—S.P.G. Annual Meeting—St James’ Hall. The largest and everyone agreed the most enthusiastic meeting S.P.G. has ever had. They are generally frigid. Calcutta, Minnesota, and Lord Brassey spoke. I cannot tell why, but I received a most warm reception (if that is possible), very strong and affectionate in character. And when I was gone I believe it was

renewed at something Calcutta said of me. These things do not matter, but there is a pleasure at any rate in knowing that the people know I work for them and love them, though there is so little chance of exemplifying it. My own work, however heavy, is not of a public character, though it is all public work. Long hours of quiet, of fuss, of letters, of interviews, of worries, are not impressive, and that is much better for the Church and infinitely better for me.

On the 5th May he was very warmly received by a crowded C.M.S. meeting in Exeter Hall. He writes:—

I did not refrain from saying some and hinting other home truths;—they took all well, and when I tried to leave quietly they were more demonstrative than ever. Now, shall I be able to keep their confidence? It is most necessary I should. No worse evil could befall the Church than a rupture in the C.M.S. It is the power which keeps the Puritan party faithful to the Church of England. I was deeply smitten just as I entered the hall by the terrible news which a Press emissary had been sent to communicate to me—the Abp of York's¹ death this morning. A fearful blow. Such a friend. Sharing several of my inner views so warmly. The loss to me still is nothing in comparison with the loss to the Church. He was the Layman's Bishop. The Layman knew he could speak, did not trouble himself whether he could think, but believed he had common sense. A generous, true, and manageable man. He made never a better speech than on my Clergy Discipline Bill in the York Convocation. He converted a Bishop and several Priests. He is a Thaumaturge.

On the 6th of August he notes:—

Mr Johnston told me "the last" on the Lincoln Case. A church in Norwich has had a day of humiliation in the parish on account of the Influenza, regarded as a judgment on my Lincoln Judgment.

Letter from the Prince of Wales.

R. YACHT "OSBORNE,"
COWES.

Aug. 13th, 1891.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

Your kind letter of the 10th inst. has touched me very much—as I know the kind feelings which prompted you to write

¹ Archbishop Magee.

to me on a subject which we have discussed together and which you are aware has caused me deep pain and annoyance.

A recent trial which no one deplores more than I do—and which I was powerless to prevent—gave occasion for the Press to make most bitter and unjust attacks upon me—knowing that I was defenceless, and I am not sure that politics were not mixed up in it! The whole matter has now died out—and I think therefore it would be inopportune for me in any public manner to allude again to the painful subject which brought such a torrent of abuse upon me not only by the Press—but by the Low Church, and especially the Nonconformists.

They have a perfect right, I am well aware, in a free country like our own, to express their opinions—but I do not consider that they have a just right to jump at conclusions regarding myself without knowing the facts.

I have a horror of gambling and should always do my utmost to discourage others who have an inclination for it, as I consider that gambling, like intemperance, is one of the greatest curses which a country could be afflicted with.

Horse-racing may produce gambling or it may not—but I have always looked upon it as a manly sport which is popular with Englishmen of all classes—and there is no reason why it should be looked upon as a gambling transaction. Alas! those who gamble will gamble at anything. I have written quite openly to you, my dear Archbishop, whom I have had the advantage of knowing for so many years.

Thanking you again for your kind letter and trusting that you will benefit by your holiday,

Believe me, Sincerely yours,

ALBERT EDWARD.

On the 13th we went to Pontresina, stopping at Chur, where my father found much to interest him. He writes:—

Year after year the rolling and advancing stream of travel is acting to make nations more like each other in Europe. I *see* manners and tones becoming more alike—certainly *vast* changes since 1852. I *think* there is less and less *apparent* recognition of Divine presence in our daily affairs. Certainly less in *forms* of speech.

Impossible not to listen sentimentally to the sound of this river, like heavy rushing rain, and watch his busy glacier-stained dark roll, finding *something* in the thought of those Imperial

Roman lawgivers and soldiers, and the mediaeval rulers and Christian civilisers, and all the sins of both against the power and light which they supplied themselves to the world, having felt soothed and quickened at once by the sound and the sight as I do—all this evening.

He was often depressed at this time; but returned in September very much refreshed; he writes, on the last day:—

It has been a month of wonderful beauty. The region is too divided into infinite beautiful interests to fasten on and to hold one as the Riffel does with one over-mastering spell. It will not be so well remembered. But the beauties *are* infinite.

The "Petition" from Natal came, as a call back to the small world of strife.

When the river of water of life is said to flow from the throne of God and the Lamb, it surely makes that throne a mountain throne—a great white throne indeed.

Thank God for a beautiful time—full charged with strength and refreshment. No cloud but in self—and the πόθος διηγεκῆς¹.

To Canon F. E. Carter, who had asked the Archbishop to lend his pastoral staff to be carried at the Enthronement of Dr Gott as Bishop of Truro.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.
17 Oct. 1891.

MY DEAR CARTER,

"The Archbishop of Canterbury sent down his own pastoral staff expressly for the purpose."—*Daily Papers*.

"The Archbishop exhibited

1. His sense of ritual propriety,
2. His inveterate Romeward propensity."—*Church Papers*.

"The Primate displayed his despotic tendencies towards his suffragans, as if they could not be installed without his Archbishop's-staff.—What will he send next? a Pall??"—*Ditto*.

You should really borrow someone else's or get Hardman R.C.? Cox? alii, to lend one.

You can't keep it unknown and uninterpreted.

I did not know that it was necessary to an enthroning—I

¹ The ever present longing.

should think nine out of ten are enthroned without it—and that those who are enthroned *with* one, if any, have one which they will subsequently use.

Of course if you drive me I shall have to give in. But it would be more appropriate to get another.

Yours affectionately,

E. CANTUAR.

P.S. Mine is not a "*Truro*" staff.—It was personal.—This was required of me.

In October he had attended the Church Congress at Rhyl, under the Presidency of the Bishop of St Asaph. The Archbishops of York and Armagh were also present.

The question of Welsh Disestablishment was then becoming urgent.

With regard to the Archbishop's whole attitude towards this question the Bishop of St Asaph¹ writes :—

The year 1885 saw the question of Disestablishment suddenly thrust to the front, and Churchmen were startled to find how many Parliamentary Candidates were pledged to such a measure. In October, a few weeks before the General Election, the Archbishop paid his first visit as Primate to Wales. St David's College, Lampeter, where many of the Welsh Clergy are educated, was regarded as the key of their position by Welsh Churchmen, and at the invitation of the Bishop of St David's and the Principal of the College, the Archbishop consented to lay the foundation-stone of the Canterbury Buildings. This visit to Wales was memorable. The ceremony at Lampeter took place on Thursday, October 15. On the previous Sunday the Archbishop preached at St Peter's Church, Carmarthen, and in the intervening days visited the Cathedral of St David's, and the reception given to him everywhere is best described in his own words at Lampeter, when he said that from what he had seen in Wales he should have concluded that all the inhabitants were Churchmen. The Welsh Church had been specially singled out for attack, and Churchmen felt how much the future depended on what the Archbishop would say at Lampeter. The whole situation was difficult and perplexing. In Wales itself there was the large preponderance of Parliamentary representatives pledged to Disestablishment: the

¹ Dr A. G. Edwards.

separate Nonconformist bodies on this subject all united, the rising cry of Welsh Nationalism, the Tithe War beginning, uncertainty as to the attitude of the English Church, and the Irish precedent—all these things combined to create fear, if not despair, in the hearts of Welsh Churchmen.

The speech of Lord Aberdare, who proposed the Archbishop's health, was kindly and considerate, but rather in the tone of one breaking the news to an incurable. There were those present who heard the Archbishop speak on many and great occasions, and all would agree that they never heard him speak with greater vigour and clearness. His illustration of the Alpine Climbers passing over a dangerous crevasse in safety, because roped together, made it clear to every Churchman in Wales that we should not merely be left to hang on as long as we could to the skirts of Canterbury, but that the Church in England was ready to run some risk to her own position in defending that of the Church in Wales. All the Archbishop's subsequent utterances and actions agreed with this declaration at Lampeter. A Welsh Clergyman who had the honour of meeting the Archbishop during this visit, remembers how he discussed with wonderful sympathy and insight, the views and position of the Welsh Nonconformists, and how accurately he had gauged the failures and the hopes of the Church in Wales. His Cornwall life, among a people similar in faith and race, may have enabled him to take in the whole situation in Wales, as if he had lived there for years. The General Election of 1886 postponed the issue but not the controversy....

The same year the Archbishop preached at the Cardiff Church Congress and took as his text the Épitaph of Paulinus,

"*Servator fidei patriaeque semper amator,
Hic Paulinus jacet, cultor pietissimus aequi.*"

"Guard of the Faith, and lover of his Land,
Liegeman of Justice, here Paulinus lies."

Two passages from this sermon illustrate the position taken up by the Archbishop throughout the Welsh controversy.

"I might have travelled much more widely over the history of Wales. I am not concerned to defend the terrible sins, the errors, honest or dishonest, of the past. It would be nearly as difficult a task as it will be 500 years hence to defend to-day's. But, for good or for grief, the history of Wales is Church history, and Church history is the history of the country. An Alien Church! Then whose are those noble names that gild the chronicle from times obscure with distance down to yesterday?—whose are those

foundations that defy time—whose are the sacred memorials that provoke the emulation of times to come? Are they not all Welsh? If not, to whom do they belong? Assign them. Any other land would be proud of them. And are they not equally Church names, Church foundations, Church memorials, incentives to the Church of the future? If the alien gave them all, let him have the honour of them. But you know they are all your own—only that there is no boundary line between your Church and the Church of your brethren.”

“What the Church has to deal with is the vast and vigorous world. It is not by the perpetual fingering of her own implements, her *organa*—which some people call organisation—that work will be done. The great way for the Church to keep her position is that the world should find her what they who first accepted her had found her to be—find her Churches and her Clergy to be Homes, Fathers, Brothers to the Masses.”

In February, 1891, the Liberal Party by the vote, in curious contradiction to the speech, of its Leader, was formally pledged to support Welsh Disestablishment. The feverish agitation continued without intermission for the next four years, until in 1895 the Bill for Welsh Disestablishment perished with the Government that gave it birth. In all the anxious work of those years the Archbishop was guide and mainstay. In spite of an overwhelming pressure of work, he yielded with patient consideration to the importunity of his Welsh brethren, and was present at the Church Congress at Rhyl. The crisis in the fortunes of the Welsh Church had brought together the largest assembly that had yet met in Wales, and the extraordinary enthusiasm with which the Archbishop was received proved the confidence with which he had inspired Churchmen. That speech was really the turning point in the whole controversy, and as a very distinguished Liberal Churchman, who was present, said, marked an epoch in the history of the English Church. From that day there was no doubt or uncertainty about the attitude of English Churchmen, and the concluding words of that speech were quoted throughout the length and breadth of the land. He ended by saying :—

“We have spoken of the tangible and external, but our hearts are not there. We have spoken of them as instruments in this world of that devotion to the widest interests of the people, that love of souls, that “perfect charity,” without which faith, knowledge and zeal are nothing worth. Of this I am here to assure you. This is the message that I bring you. We should think scorn of ourselves if we contentedly beheld the established

Christianity of Scotland—Presbyterian though it be in discipline—discharged of its duties and dislodged from its tenure, as the spiritual organ of the State and Kingdom of Scotland united with us by comparatively recent ties. But you, who are our eldest selves, the fountain of our episcopacy, the very designers of our sanctuaries, the *primaeval* British dioceses, from whom our very realm derives its only title to be called Great Britain, I come from the steps of the chair of Augustine, your younger ally, to tell you that by the Benediction of God, we will not quietly see you disinherited.”

These things are already known throughout the Church, but few know the labour, the time, and the thought given by the Archbishop to the Church in Wales during these troubled years. The re-organisation and broadening out of the whole work of Church Defence, the frequent consultations with leading laymen, the supervision of details down even to the revision of Leaflets and Pamphlets, indicate some of the many labours undertaken for the Church in Wales by the Archbishop....He brought home to the minds of Welsh Churchmen the truth that the Church in Wales can only be defended so long as she is worth defending, and that if she is to be worth defending the spiritual character of the Church's work is the only thing to be aimed at and cared for. “Having taken up the glove, we must go forward—it ought to be in the way of showing that we *are* what we have all said we are—the spiritual organ of the Nation.”

The Archbishop's speech produced the profoundest sensation, from the militant vigour, the stately dignity of the challenge. There were found many to say that such a majestic defiance could only damage the Church, and that if the cause should be lost, it would be food for overwhelming derision. But as a matter of fact it had a wide and deep effect, and undoubtedly contributed to the collapse of the movement.

At the end of December he set off for Algeria with my mother, Miss Tait, my sister, and my brother Fred, Canon and Miss Hutchinson. He started in a mood of great depression and writes, Dec. 30th, at Marseilles:—

It was not a satisfactory pain but it was an acute pain, of which I am not certain that I know the source, which in the

evening gave me some little torment. Fred read aloud every one's favourite piece of *In Memoriam*. *In Memoriam* was inexpressibly dear to me for the best part of my life. It came out just when my mother and my sister Harriet died. I sank into it and rose with it, and I used to teach—to love it; and to-night among their very nice talk of it, my two children's views of it and of its arrangement and true purpose, in defect and effect, were throughout what I had taught—and Minnie too entered into the same threads. There was nothing I so longed for in early life as to lead my children along those ways and kindred ways in other poets. It had been done, and yet they were quite unconscious of my having any keen, deep interest in it, still less the passionate and absorbing interest with which it had gone with me through the valley of the shadow of death. I could not but be silent throughout. It was strange to *be* in, and not be in the least felt to be in, my children's tender thinkings. The pain was not *wholly* an evil pain. Was it a low one? Ought one to take the pleasure of self-obliteration as quite absorbing all others? It is because self-obliteration is absolutely imperfect, scarcely begun, that there could be any pain at all. It is the white light.

The Diary is very full during the whole of this African tour, but I can only select a few passages. It was to him a kind of pilgrimage, though but for my mother's urging he would never have gone to the places where in thought he had so often dwelt. He visited the scenes of S. Cyprian's life and martyrdom with inexpressible emotion. A month was all that he could spare, and the plan was to stay only a short time in Algiers itself and then to travel through North Africa to Tunis, seeing certain Roman cities on the way. It was this journey which enabled him to finish in more detail his chapter on the cities of North Africa and to give so vivid a description of Carthage in his *Cyprian*. But it did more than this. It was his first contact with a race so alien as the Arab; and the extraordinary power of Mohamedanism and the devotion of the Moslem impressed him very deeply. It is not difficult to trace the effect in the breadth and seriousness of his view of Eastern religions. His extraordinary

vigour was never more displayed than on this journey, and it was not all the party who could keep up with him; in order to see Tebessa it was necessary to travel 15 hours, and after spending one day there to travel 17 hours back again to meet the others. They arrived at Sétif after dark, having travelled since 4 in the morning, and intending to start again at 7 a.m. the following day, but he scorned those who would not sally forth with him after supper to peer at the ramparts through the darkness. But Carthage was the goal and it did not disappoint him. Tunis was reached in the middle of the night, and they were very kindly welcomed by the Consul and the English chaplain. My father was heard making arrangements with them to start for Carthage at 9 the next morning, and on being besought for a rather longer allowance of sleep exclaimed, "Oh, if you don't *want* to see it!" Finally they started at 10 a.m. and returned by starlight.

At Carthage he wrote :—

For the vastness of the remains, so far as huge tumbled inexplicable masses cause wonder, there is wonder enough. And a far greater wonder is the absolute disappearance of the vast buildings that have left such wreckage, for it is no more, and stood on such foundations and areas. It is strange that mortal people should have ever conceived the sense of ruining such a place, but that they should after that have picked it all up and carried it away and hidden it in plain unsightly buildings of their own miles away, clean out of sight, and left nothing but arable fields and pastures with endless rock-like bits of masonry sticking up, and more pottery and marble in the furrows than stones, and occasional solemn masses and areas of ruin—this is astounding—and to have been done twice. I defy any moderately sensitive spirit to walk about alone without a strange sense of judgment in the air. To think that where nothing can have exceeded the pride and power of either Phœnician or Roman or Vandal, there now should be only the occasional Arab,—symbol of desertion, whose children scream for "karobs" till they are hoarse.....

This walk was freshness itself, and a little further on "outside the walls," "close to the sea," a really almost fixable spot within a

few yards, was the *Basilia* where Monica watched while Augustine sailed,—do I remember right? I noticed how very loud the quiet smooth waters were here, just here, because of the number of the separate little rocks which tore them.....

We were all struck with the cleanness of the Arab quarter in Tunis, very different from Algiers. The cleanness of the white dress of the Arabs, their politeness and grace to each other—the immense variety of costume and so of tribes and nations; the thought is dreadful, that all these are children of Christians—that the Christian Church *lost* them—that it lost them through the dissent which is gaining ground daily among us,—that Islam or Unitarianism with Reverence and Observance so fits in to the commerce, self-respect and respectable domestic sensuality, that there seems not the least look of change in the future, that the French colonists are the children of the irreligious part of French people, speculators, pettifoggers, landgrabbers, gamesters, and that the ascetic and the pictorial and the legendary aspect which Christianity now presents to them offers no single charm.

He writes to Bishop Davidson of Rochester :—

The sight of French civilisation pushing Arab civilisation off the field of the world is very extraordinary—one is in some respects disposed to think that *causa victa* is the higher. I am much impressed with the religion—from Algiers to Biskra it appears to me to be serious, manly and real. The Romanists with their tawdry idols of St Joseph, the Immaculate Conception etc. will never win these monotheists. The churches are less spiritual in conception now than the mosques. The R. Cs. seem to be making no way in spite of endless zeal and devotion on the part of the clergy. No R. C. of the upper classes appears to think of going to church even. Of course I am only speaking of *here*. But here is the meeting-point of Christianity and Islam. One hears and seems to see such good things of the Mohamedan gentlemen. And the poor ignorant folk of Sidi Okba (6000 pop.) are more constant in prayers than our best R. Cs.

While he was at Biskra he heard of the lamentable death of the Duke of Clarence. The Archbishop wished to return home at once, and in sending a telegram of condolence to the Prince of Wales stated his intention of so doing, but the Prince with the greatest kindness wired to him that he was on no account to curtail his holiday.

*To the Bishop of Rochester.
(Death of the Duke of Clarence.)*

TUNIS, 24 Jan. 1892.

DEAREST BISHOP,

You will scarcely have doubted where our hearts have been *καίπερ ἀπόντων σωμάτων*¹ all this time that our eyes have been resting on strange sights, and while working here over the ground that I have desired for half a century to tread. * * *

I really do not think I could have borne it, to have promised to read his marriage service and to read his burial service a month before the promise was to be fulfilled. I *am* glad the Queen was so wise as not to come.

Ever your affectionate,
EDW. CANTUAR.'

From the Prince of Wales.

SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK.
Jan. 27th, 1892.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

Only a short time ago I received such a kind letter from you in which you agreed to perform the marriage ceremony at St George's for our eldest son! Since then I have received another letter from you containing such kind and sympathetic words, in which you expressed a desire to return home to take part in his Funeral Service.....

It has pleased God to inflict a heavy crushing blow upon us—that we can hardly realise the terrible loss we have sustained. We have had the good fortune of receiving you here in our Country home on more than one occasion—and you know what a happy Family party we have always been—so that the wrenching away of our first-born son under such peculiarly sad circumstances is a sorrow—the shadow of which can never leave us during the rest of our lives.

He was just 28—on this day month he was to have married a charming and gifted young lady—so that the prospect of a life of happiness and usefulness lay before him. Alas! that is all over. His Bride has become his Widow without ever having been his Wife.

The ways of the Almighty are inscrutable and it is not for us

¹ Though absent in the body.

to murmur as He does all for the best—and our beloved son is, far happier now than if he were exposed to the miseries and temptations of this world! We have also a consolation in the sympathy not only of our kind friends but of all classes.

God's will be done!

Again thanking you, my dear and kind Archbishop, for your soothing letter which has been such a solace to us in our grief,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

ALBERT EDWARD.

On April 1st he notes:—

A long though broken conversation with Balfour. He seems to find the House of Commons “maddening” as Mr Smith did. He listened honestly to my showing him that our Southern Convocation have agreed again and again to every principle of the (Clergy Discipline) Bill and that their every amendment has been adopted—which is the case—and that only Abp Thomson withheld it from Northern Convocation.

It is singular that two such leaders as Gladstone and Balfour both are disposed to lay stress on the part of Convocation in legislation, while the whole Parliament is dead against it. Hitherto it has been bad policy even to whisper “Convocation” in Parliament. But if leaders are taking this line what may come? If the Bill is not passed a large body of respectable clergy will be disgusted and will show it in the elections. But our case will be perilous. Before the whole country it will appear “the Church is not allowed to reform hideous scandals or remove scandalous priests.” One of the Radical papers is publishing weekly lists of “Parsons pilloried,” “Pillars of the Church”—every scandal that can be raked up anywhere.

On the 18th of May he wrote:—

Sate to-day in Privy Council.....A matter of form came up which it was worth while to note. When we entered the Council Room we took our seats, places behind the backs of three judges being given to us three Bishops. The doors were opened and people began to come in. I then rose, and quietly said to Lord Chancellor, “My Lord Chancellor, I do not understand the position assigned to me at a Side Table. I am a Privy Councillor, and my place is at this Table as being first of the Council.”

The Lord Chancellor said that the place had been given me because the Bishop of London had taken that place with the Bishops

when he was an assessor. I replied, that this was not a reason which affected me—that Abp Tait had claimed his proper seat at the Council Board, and that I must also sit there. The Clerk added, “The Abp of York took his seat also at the Table.” The Lord Chancellor said, “Undoubtedly your Grace is free to take what place you wish. You have a perfect right to sit in any place here.” I took my seat next Lord Herschell, Lord Selborne moving one place down, and I sat there through the case.

On the 23rd May he writes:—

Far too busy to record, go on day by day. This life has some strange meeting-points. We rode early: the Row was crowded by half past ten, the morning simply perfect in brilliance and freshness. What a sight of money and power, as power stands at present. “The prancings of the mighty ones.” But few of them are people known by sight to me or to each other. The dressing is more and more *democratic*....

I believe that in the hearts of the working class there is growing up a considerable fretful opposition to the Church of England, which we must reckon with, and if possible bring to reason.

May 24th. Went to the Attorney-General and found him just fresh from having triumphantly passed my Bill through the Committee—after what the Liberals themselves declare to be “scandalous obstruction” on the part of the Welsh members, on whom Mr Gladstone himself employed his influence in vain, they gave up, probably to repeat their tactics in the House itself. The Church has decidedly gained a step, if only we can carry the Bill right through—but “gaining steps” of this kind is not all. We want to be on proper terms with our people.

On the 2nd of June he visited Peterborough to dedicate the restored Choir. He writes:—

June 2nd. The opening ceremony of restored Peterborough. I dedicated the Stalls, Throne etc., and the most beautiful pavement. Westcott preached a very noble sermon. He said, “Some will reply, ‘all these things are but dreams—this is dreaming.’ That,” he went on, “is exactly what was prophesied of the days of the Holy Spirit: ‘I will pour out my Spirit...and your old men shall dream dreams.’”

Well may he say it with good right. So short a time since everybody was telling me that it was wrong to send such a theorist, such a philosopher, such a speculative thinker, to Durham. I was

certain, but they persisted, "anything but a bishop." "No practical power,"—and here yesterday at Auckland he has brought together the employers and the men in this terrific strike, when no one else could do anything at all with them, and has solved the problem and conciliated them to each other—a wonderful feat of the "Practical Reason" surely.

June 12th. We have no notion of how to *use* our cathedrals—chapels, aisles, ambulatory, nave, all are nothing to us, and yet we are satisfied with ourselves. The scale of their ideas who built is measured materialistically by such a little fact as that the *new* North-eastern pinnacle of the great transept contains over 50 tons of stone—We all hold up our hands. It is *nothing*, it is invisible, so to speak, τὸ θεωμένω¹.

On the 18th June he visited Wellington College for the Speech-day: he wrote:—

June 18th.—Wellington, Speech-day. All about the place found everything which I had so thought out and worked out with such pain and grief sometimes, and designed with such care, just as commonplace to everybody as a gravel walk. But a gravel walk is good walking.

There is a certain pleasure in finding one's memory extinct in one's lifetime. One has laid one's life at the feet of them. I was however quite charmed to find my capitals bearing the weather to perfection and also to find the greatest difficulty in unriddling some of my windows. I always meant them to be a riddle for the boys.

In August, when the long suspense about the final result of the Lincoln Judgment came to an end, he wrote:—

Aug. 4th. Letters and words of wonderful pleasure begin to pour in about Lincoln decision of Privy Council².

At 4, Rule Committee in Lord Chancellor's Room. Present, Lord Chancellor, Abp York, Bp London, Lord Chief Justice, self.

With amusing tact the Chancellor began, "Archbishop, we were so harmonious last time that I believe we have only one point of importance to discuss, that of the place where the Dean of Arches shall sit in a York case." Then we went through a variety of verbal and mechanical alterations of a puny kind. The Chief Justice³ was most agreeable, told excellent stories of

¹ To the gazer.

² Delivered on August 2.

³ Lord Coleridge.

his powers of making people uncomfortable—said not a word of the Bishop's sentence, and we all signed sweetly. In *Dñō speraveram. Dñē, dilatāsti spem meam.* I suggested 40 days as better than 30—"More Scriptural, Archbishop?" said the Chief Justice with sweet smile and tender voice. I can scarcely realise what yesterday and to-day may be to us. Tu, *Dñē, sors mea.*

He wrote to the Bishop of Rochester:—

Aug. 5th, 1892.

Your felicitations are so generous, and so special, that there is no deserving them. But it is certainly delightful to have one friend who so delights in any measure of attainment of aims.

I wish I could believe that the fanatics on either side would be quieted. But you see the *Church Times* giving instant note of aims far ahead of these puny pronouncements of two usurping and incompetent authorities. If the moderate masses would only speak out and say we mean to be stronger than extremes it would be different. The best sign is the fury of the *Daily News* which counted on fuel for Disestablishment and finds the wood won't burn.

The Attorney-General thinks it important and is very much pleased, and if you and he think as you do about it, I must believe that there is much more hope than lies on the surface, that "the sulfurous surge is over blown."

On the 9th he left for a visit to Yorkshire with my sister and Miss Tait. He writes:—

Wednesday, Aug. 10th. I always knew it did, but I realise more and more *how much* the associations here with my dear old aunt and my father's and my own cousins entered into and guided my boy life. The thought now of rushing after "Mr Christopher" down the slope from the Castle gate for early church at Christ Church for 7 a.m.—the sauntering up with Robert saying *Alexander's Feast* along the churchyard wall—the many sage, shrewd and true *church* sayings of John and the mystic interpretation of Christopher, and the talks with my dear old aunt about past generations when I was 15—all these things are symbolic to me now. I used to be allowed to read her Arnold's Sermons, one every other day, on condition that on the alternate days I read her one of Newman's—and it is certain that I felt both strains as making one end—though I was well aware of the differences.

Afternoon to Embsay Kirk ; Mr Hodgson with his fine family was most kind. We all walked to Embsay Crag, having Margaret Cooper my eldest cousin with us. The view was hazy. But the Crag is really finer than when I loved and frequented it so as a boy, and thought it the finest height and view imaginable. What good it used to do me with its purity and strength and black rocks and purple heather and miles of bilberries. It was hazy as the view from Sir R. Webster's was the other day. So that the resemblance was much increased which made it seem that theirs is the southern counterpart and warm sunny version of these noble stern rolling outlines of bare mountain crossed with stone lines of wall, and sweeping away on either side.... They are like the two church views, immemorial, unchanging, drawing no nearer, of this and of every day since the world began. They resemble each other and are yet quite incompatible with each other—but they are both essential to the completeness of the idea of our England.

Aug. 13th. Bolton. Beautiful walk delighting Maggie and Lucy through the woods, the Wharfe rising fast, and when we reached the stepping-stones they were hidden. We had to go back, Maggie then drove on. L. and I visited the graves and the Choir which, at aet. 18, it was my vowed purpose to restore, and the Monastic orders too! Strange to be a stranger. Fancy "Cousin William's" tombstone (my sweet and holy father-in-law whom I knew and loved as a little boy) being thick with solid moss, and all our five stones which Robert Sidgwick so lovingly designed it seems but yesterday, now looking all venerable!

Aug. 14th. Nidderdale. We visited "Old" Christopher Benson's tomb in Pateley Bridge old Churchyard—and Mr Scott on Tuesday morning showed us the Registers. We saw the first Christopher B. who appears in the Register in 1556—the Register begins only in 1552—and his son's baptism, marriage, and baptism again of his child. And many more entries, and then a little later in the next vol. many entries of "B.'s of Northwood." I feel very proud of these independent old Dalesmen of so many centuries whose love of country life lives so in me, and I should be glad to think, if I could, that many other of their qualities lived too, for they were the strength of the land in peace and war.

On the 21st he went on to Edinburgh where he was joined by my mother, and on to Haddo to stay with Lord and Lady Aberdeen. He writes:—

Sunday morning celebrated Holy Communion for a largish

body of household—and conducted evening service with Thory Gardiner and preached on “Christ’s appeal to us.” In the morning I attended the Parish Church to indicate to folks (what they will not understand) that my future support of the Established Church will be with me not policy but religion too.—A good sermon. But service is no service—it is not a liturgy only that is wanting, but the very idea on which liturgy is formed. No use to attempt to make them liturgical. They sit lolling through prayers, having given up the decent and primitive custom of standing. The abolition of Psalms, the barbarism (pathetic) of their versions, the dependence on the Minister’s mind, the (only one) portion of the Scripture.

After visiting Lord and Lady Tweedmouth at Guisachan, they went to Braemore in Rossshire to stay with Sir John¹ and Lady Fowler, whose son, the Rev. Montague Fowler, had been his Domestic Chaplain.

On the 31st he writes:—

With Albert Brassey² in his famous yacht *Czarina* to the opening of the Ullapool Industrial Exhibition, an admirable effort of young Mrs Fowler’s, who has got old ways of weaving at home and stocking making, yarn spinning and dyeing restored quite marvellously in the cottages. I purchased a magnificent pair of ram’s horns and the first prize plaid of the whole exhibition to do it honour, as they assured me it was woven to carry home a lamb in. May I be able so to use it!

Early in October he went to Folkestone for the Church Congress of which he, as Diocesan, was President. He delivered a careful address on Church Methods, Missions, Education, and the Church’s relation to the Nation. He concluded with a singular metaphor drawn from electricity, saying, “There is great access of light when the thread of opportunity is set glowing through and through with eternal duty.”

On the 12th of October he attended the funeral of Lord Tennyson at the Abbey. He returned to town from

¹ Died Nov. 1898.

² Now M.P. for the Banbury division of Oxfordshire.

Woburn, where he was staying with the Duke of Bedford. He wrote:—

To Westminster Abbey for the funeral of Lord Tennyson. It makes one hope better of England that all Englishmen are of one heart about him and his work—it is not that he has left “no line which dying he would wish to blot,” but that every line consists with his pure ideal of pure manhood and manliness and teaches it.

The collection of Dukes and Authors and Editors and Physicians seen joining in the singing of “Holy! Holy! Holy!” Heber’s hymn, over a grave, could not I think have the like of it seen in any modern land. His own “Crossing the Bar” and “Silent Voices” were sung to sweet music as anthems.

Back to Woburn.

In November he presided over an interesting conference at Lambeth on the duty of the Church to the aged poor. The rest of the year was spent at Addington: on Dec. 20th he writes:—

Arthur, Fred, Hugh all home. Delightful. What could be more perfect than these three with Maggie, except the certainties about the other Two?

My horse fell heavily with me in a deep lane rotten with all these rains and trodden into dough. Neither she nor I the least hurt though she on her knees and I on my shoulder. Sometimes I think such a departure from this world would be the most enviable. Perhaps that is fear of pain. Choose Thou.

To the Bishop of Durham.

(Death of Dr Hort.)

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.

4 Dec. 1892.

MY DEAR WESTCOTT,

I have been wanting to write yet could not. I feel to the full how deeply you will suffer from the separation from him whose initial is constantly woven with your own—while even that implies scarcely anything of the endless converse which you have held with him....

I shall be with you, if all be well, in the Chapel here.

This world’s “lamps and cressets” are beginning “one by one

to be extinguished" for me, as the beautiful old St Cyr said, and the "roof" that was so bright gradually darkens.

I wish I could *feel* that the coming school at Cambridge was as gallant, as devoted to the truth, as ready to suffer in the flesh for it, as the old school. But *you* are hopeful, and always God is true.

Your ever affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

A few words may here be said about a question of far-reaching importance which in these later years had come more and more to occupy my father's time and thoughts;—the question of Foreign Missions.

I do not find that the subject occupied any great space in my father's mind in earlier days: he looked upon the preaching of Christ to the heathen world as the necessary outcome of the Christian spirit, but there are no signs that he thought very deeply or precisely on the subject. He was not one of those who almost seem born with the enthusiasm to carry the Gospel of Peace to those who have never heard it. His missionary zeal would have found a more natural channel in the restoring a church desecrated and ruined, as in the Mission to the Assyrian Christians. As soon however as he gave up his educational work and was more directly confronted with Church problems, he began to study the whole question more minutely.

Thus, on October 23rd, 1873, when Chancellor of Lincoln, he spoke of the Missionary movement as "a forceful outbursting of the Kingdom of Heaven."

That he took no narrow view of the precise limits of religious truth, the following passage from a sermon preached at Exeter shows:—

As there has been a Greek Christianity and a Latin Christianity, a Patristic Theology, a Scholastic Theology, and a Protestant Theology, so we may be quite certain that there will be hereafter an Oriental Christianity and an Oriental Theology, and that

England in this century is beyond all others charged with delivering to the East a pure clear-burning lamp of truth.

Making his final appeal he said :—

The need of money may be great. The need of men is greater. You are asked for your sons. This is the appeal to the families of England. Give Christ a son. Your carefully nurtured, frank-hearted, faithfully-taught, bright, sympathetic sons. The world can show us nothing like our English boys. The armies of Christ, which follow him on white horses, clothed in fair linen, white and clean, conquering and to conquer, could receive no more fair or beautiful recruits.

At Truro, in the stress and urgency of the work there, with all the multifarious business in which the creation of a Cathedral involved the Bishop, the subject of Foreign Missions was only one of many important matters on which his energies were spent. But it was among the first questions to which he devoted careful and anxious thought on his advancement to the Metropolitan Chair of Canterbury. He found himself *ex officio* President of the S.P.G., and in presence of a work that was taking vastly different proportions from those it had had in his earlier years.

In 1885 he had expressed in stirring words the importance of the work of the Society.

As for the present moment, in the name of humanity, in the name of crushed, beaten-down, oppressed humanity, in the name of yearning humanity, in the name of powerful, able humanity, which is tending back towards Paradise and far beyond Paradise, tending towards Heaven itself, in the name of all those who have no such yearnings or aspirations, and in the sight of all the great peoples and tribes and churches forming under our very eyes—Christian crystals forming in some chemical fluid—I ask, can there be for the present any duty more incumbent upon Christians over the whole world than to support these Societies?

Adding :—

We must be much bolder to speak out and say we believe that the Gospel is the power of God.

Into such details of Mission work as came before him he entered with characteristic eagerness; by careful inquiry from those who possessed any kind of special information, he made himself master of the circumstances down to the smallest details.

It was to the S.P.G. that he principally devoted his energies; but he had a great respect for the C.M.S., amply testified in his diaries, and he always maintained that he was met by them in the most generous and considerate spirit. "The noble Society," he called it in a letter, "that had been the handmaid of God for so long." He recognised that it was rapidly losing, if it had not already lost, much of the more sectarian and party feeling which had formerly characterised it, and his loyal affection for the simple and old-fashioned Evangelical spirit was so great that he could see behind superficial modes of expression which sometimes might alienate or puzzle those less liberal in view than himself. Though from time to time difficulties arose between the Archbishop and the C.M.S. in matters of organisation, yet he always admired the patient energy and firm discipline of the Society. His ideal of unity was that people of different dispositions, but of identical principles, should not combine to carry out religious work on rigid lines, but should form smaller organisations, so as to touch the great work at different points; and approaching it through natural diversities of feeling and tradition, should be united by a common basis of comprehensive enthusiasm.

At the same time he felt very anxious that interest in special Missions should not obscure the general interest in the Mission Field. Speaking on June 17th, 1884, at the Annual Meeting of the S.P.G., he said:—

There was a time in our country when every church, or at least a very great number of churches, had its special shrine and devotions; and there were pilgrimages here and there, and votaries of this

intercessor or that ; every man had his own pet saint ; and all this preluded a period of complete breaking up. So would it be with us, I think, if we were all to throw our interests into particular Missions, as we have been a little in danger of doing, instead of taking a very strong general interest in all Missions. Spiritual competition will lead to spiritual selfishness, and while all selfishness is dangerous to the character, spiritual selfishness is perhaps the most dangerous of all, for it attacks us in that which ought to be the centre of all.

It will not be possible to do more than to illustrate the conclusions at which he seems to have arrived, by extracts from his chief speeches.

The Archbishop always maintained that the furthering of Foreign Missions was absolutely essential to any sincere attempt to realise in action the principles of Christ. If tolerance was the pendulum, aggressiveness was the main-spring : there could be no question for the Christian of letting things alone.

In another part of the last-mentioned speech, he said :—

The true Mission spirit is a universal spirit. True Mission work has two great characteristics. In the first place, it has the characteristic of aggressiveness, an aggressive spirit which cannot rest : but it is a self-sacrificing spirit....The second characteristic of Christianity is tolerance—the tolerance of love, the tolerance of intelligence....Aggressiveness and Tolerance together—these should be the symbols of this Society. If I may dare to use a word which is often used in a cant sense, its members and branches should take a “statesmanlike” view of the work.

More epigrammatically he expressed his general view in his Visitation Address on Missions in 1885 :—

I read in some journal of a manufacturing town, that the hope of the Soudan (it then entertained hope of it) really lay “in the regenerating influence of a great trading company” which was to be formed to deal with it.

If we were to state (at least anywhere outside a church) that the hope of any region lay “in the regenerating influence of a great church,” people perhaps might think now either that we were insincere, or that we were rambling into poetry. And yet

Christ did found the Church to be the regenerating influence in the world.

He was perhaps one of the first to claim that Mission work should be put upon a scientific basis. He urged the careful study of comparative religions: he was anxious to see the rise of native Churches, not merely branches of the Church of England working in foreign lands, accommodating themselves as far as was consistent with Christian principles to the native habits of thought and devotion.

It will be seen how his speeches increase in reality, as he was brought more into contact with Mission work, and when he had seen for himself Mahomedanism as a dominant and formative power, but he brought even to the earliest consideration of the work a view, which in its maturity is equally far removed from a crude enthusiasm or a still cruder indifference. On the one hand, he regarded any spiritual awakening as a preparation for the religion of Christ, not thinking of other religions as merely enemies of the highest; but he was as far removed from the view that any short of the highest can be the ideal, even for that race to which it most naturally appeals. Thus his view of Mahomedanism was of a high spiritual power, already producing a more spiritual tone of mind than a debased Christianity; but at the same time he had no patience with the cynical Christianity and shallow learning which would regard Mahomedanism as the practical ideal for the Arab. Thus in a speech in 1893, meeting the foolish objection that the nations of the world are "doing very well as they are," he treated first of India, as producing the very highest type of people that are produced outside Christianity, and then, speaking of the Mahomedans, he added:—

Take them, not as they are in contact with us, but at their very best. Take them where they are bravest and wisest. Take them where they have most respect for themselves and for one

another; and think of the condition of Mussulman women, pronounced and declared by the highest authority to be beings without souls; and even when most kindly treated, treated as if they had no soul—without education, without formation of character, without any of those things which to us make the awe and reverence with which we regard the purity, and the quick judgment, and the wisdom of our Christian women. My friends, over there the greatest of the heathen, the Hindoo and the Mahomedan, are not at all getting on very well as they are.

The other side of the view cannot be better illustrated than by a speech in 1892 at the S.P.G. Meeting, where he dwells on the divine education of nations through religions, which the enthusiast is often wont to regard as a fraud of the devil, and combats the old mistaken idea that the seed of Christianity fell to the best advantage on the soil of simplicity and ignorance.

There are one or two things which are becoming very plain to observers which were by no means obvious in the past. It really did commend itself to many great Missionaries in the past that the best field for working in was the field of the unsophisticated, the simple, and the ignorant, and no doubt there is beautiful work, with beautiful results, to be done among them; but I believe that is not our theory now.

We have perceived that the reflective mind stored with knowledge is in the heathen a better field for the work of Christ than vacancy and ignorance. The greatest works in the past have been done on that principle. The Gospel itself recognises the fact, because it came "in the fulness of time." It came when the human intellect had attained the highest reaches it has ever attained..... We cannot plant it half as well on the half-instructed as on the most instructed and cultivated intellects..... It is not true that the mind from which every possible superstition has been banished, until it becomes a *tabula rasa*, is in a better state of receptivity for the truths we have in hand than the mind which still retains its religious tone, even though the modes and shapes under which it lives are untruthful, and in some cases even injurious. Any religious tone is the upgrowth of many generations. The religious tone in any nation has been gradually formed in it, and, for any generation that we may be dealing with, it is the offspring of the teaching of old traditions, conveyed by teaching and by habits early formed.

At the same Meeting he urged the absolute necessity of a philosophical insight into the principles of national religions ; he said :—

We ought to do our utmost to understand the religions we are to deal with. These religions are great ; they are not trivial. They do embody the best thoughts, the best feelings, the best aspirations of men through many ages. It is not true that they are ordinarily wicked, except by contrast. We know that there may be wickedness in and among them, promoted even by their ministers. But we know it has been so in Christianity too. We know that in the Christian Church itself there have been veins and seams of wickedness which have gone far to make the society they pervaded unpalatable to earnest minds.....It is not what is to be found in books, what is to be said or prayed in temples ; it is the characters that are formed by any religion which are its true strength—the pillar of its strength—among the populace. When we find Mahomedanism so hard to break, so irresistible, so impregnable a citadel, so impenetrable a rock, it is not because it is a religion which ministers to pride, to lust and cruelty. I deprecate very much our setting to work—I do not believe we shall ever succeed if we set to work—believing that the religion of any nation which God has allowed to grow up in it, and to be its teacher up to this point, until Christianity is ready to approach it—I do not believe we should succeed if we held that the religion itself ministered to pride, to lust, and cruelty. It would be as reasonable if we were to impute to the Gospel the sins of London. We know what the sins of Mahomedanism are, but do we not know what the sins of Europe and London are?...Mahomedanism does form high characters. No one can go into a Mahomedan place of worship without being struck by the evidence of sincerity, gravity, absorb-edness, and solemnity in the worshippers. We must not approach them as if they knew they were themselves deficient, and that it was only pride and obstinacy that prevented them from listening to us. We must go to them acknowledging that God has brought them a long way on the road to Him....They look upon their sacred book as an advance on Christianity, and, until we are able to meet them on their own ground, until we have thoroughly mastered theirs, until we know exactly what their position has been in the formation of character and thought—unless we recognise the deep spring of devotion they exhibit, unless we are prepared to find the formation of noble characters

among them due to the same cause as the formation of noble characters among ourselves—we shall have no chance in dealing with a religion like Mahomedanism. It is a religion which requires to be thoroughly understood and deeply mastered. We want the colleges, we want the institutions and the great students who shall fortify and prepare our missionaries, to send them out, not with the idea that being Englishmen and Christians they ought at once to carry everything before them, but with the notion that they have a fierce battle to fight, a hard strife to encounter, and that they must be prepared to follow misbeliefs and misunderstandings to their very root and origin. The stubbornness of the Mahomedans in resisting Christianity gives me more hope of what they will be when we have gone to them, properly armed to face them,...than the levity with which some nations are ready to give up old truths and take up a new religion, which they think will lead them to Western civilisation and wealth.

Speaking again at the 1887 Meeting of the S.P.G. of the deep necessity for understanding and dealing capably with the intellectual systems which Christianity came to enlighten and upraise, the Archbishop said:—

It is becoming absolutely necessary that we should have wise and learned men, versed in evidences, versed in criticism, versed in the philosophy itself of our religion, to send out into the Mission field; and yet, while we say this, we are, on the other hand, confronted with the fact of the strange, simple skill which is wanted to communicate Christianity in its simplicity. We want men full of love, of faith, of thought, and with a simple power of expression....Let them learn to know that Jesus Christ is God, that the Holy Spirit is a friend Who dwelleth in them, and with them, and the time will soon come when they will rise to that majestic doctrine and truth to which we cling as that whereby we who know it must be saved.

The same breadth of view and vitality of thought are seen in the way in which he steers between two other extremes,—between the mistake of imposing stereotyped externals of religion upon an alien race, with other customs, other symbolism, and other habits of thought; and the opposite extreme of remoulding the essentials of Christianity to suit the instincts and prejudices of race.

Thus of the adaptation of Missionary methods to the preconceived religious ideas of the communities they intended to indoctrinate, speaking on June 9th, 1886, at the Annual Public Meeting of the S.P.G., the Archbishop said :—

Therefore, I think that it would be premature for the Church of England thus to unite with other communities differing from her ; for I believe that there are many forms side by side with our own which are less perfect, and we could not unite with them without diminishing the whole cycle of Catholic doctrine in which we believe.....I am very desirous of real elasticity. For instance, when in some lands it is found that the only posture which suggests real devotion before God is prostration, it is folly to insist upon the native converts adopting our habit of kneeling, which only suggests to them the idea of rest. Similarly, in a country where the colour for expressing mourning is white, it is folly for the ministers to be vested in robes of that colour. That surely needs enquiring into, and alterations made in that direction, as well as changes made in the actual prayers that we use, and the working in of phrases and expressions to be found in the ancient liturgies, and so adapting them to Eastern modes of thought. Surely in these things we should have a real elasticity.

At the same time the Archbishop realised that tolerance could only go a certain way ; he saw clearly that there were certain instincts, or habits, which by long use and custom had become inbred in certain Oriental nations, which were essentially fatal to the first principles of Christianity ; such as the Caste system among the Hindus. Speaking on this subject in 1893 at the Annual Meeting of the S.P.G., the Archbishop said :—

Was not the first lesson that St Peter was taught, the lesson that there was no caste—that there was nothing common or unclean ? Was not it the first teaching of St Paul when he took his stand on Mars Hill at Athens, that God had made of one blood all nations of mankind for to dwell on the face of the whole earth ?...If we go on as we are doing we shall leave them Christians in name only. They will adopt doctrines and usages, and much that is attractive in Christianity, but human society will not be affected or put upon a Christian basis until caste disappears.

At the same time though pleading for all reasonable elasticity, the Archbishop maintained that the whole aim of Missions was to touch the heart and change the life; the danger of losing sight of this was the gravest danger of all.

Thus the view that Christianity must be taught as a formative principle, not as a compacted system, can hardly find stronger expression than in his words in 1895, at the Annual Meeting of the S.P.G. :—

I hope that we shall all realise that when we have dispelled the ancient mythology and have substituted for it the facts of the Gospel history, we have not done all the work. The work which the Church has to do is to make every single fact of Christ's life, every doctrine, every truth, bear upon the conscience of mankind. We shall have done perhaps more harm than good in the long history of the world if we so preach Christianity as to substitute, so to speak, one mythology for another.

From the foregoing it will be readily understood how deeply he felt, as has been said above, that the Church implanted in each foreign land should become the national Church of that country, and not a mere missionary branch of the Church of England working there in the cause of Christ. His idea of unity was not that of a rigid system, working mechanically without modification or reference to local needs, but an elastic theory, unchangeable in fundamental principle and tolerant on lesser points—a vital principle, taking, like the life of animals and plants, a new form, showing a fresh bloom in new soil and new surroundings, but springing according to the same unchangeable laws from one eternal source of life. Among the Assyrian Christians his aim had been to send, in contradistinction to the "Missions of absorption," an embassy to bring fresh heart and life to the old Church of the nation; so, in countries unchristianised before, he desired to plant national Churches, formed according to new

needs, enriching Christendom by the expression of new principles.

In his Visitation Charge in 1885, he said :—

To assume as the one only admissible model of a Christian Church, a Church of which every distinct part is inwrought with national characteristics and chiselled by special controversies ; to seek to build up a like Church, stone by stone as it were, spiritually, out of the utterly different characters, experiences, sentiments of another race, is to repeat without excuse the error of the great Boniface, in making not a Teutonic but an Italian Church in Germany. It is to contradict the wise axioms with which Gregory tried to save Augustine from the error.

Commending the wisdom of the Wesleyan Mission, in the elasticity of its ritual among alien races, he continues :—

Be that as it may, the formation of true Native Churches cannot be impossible if the missionary remembers that he is the organ of Christ....It is the name of Christ which the vessel of election bears within itself.

In a letter to the late Bishop Bickersteth of Japan this point is aptly illustrated. The Archbishop wrote :—

This becomes of course much plainer and much easier of execution when we and our clergy remember that the great end of our planting a Church in Japan is that there may be a *Japanese* Church, not an English Church. Any forgetfulness of this, any aiming at a different end, will only reproduce in the next 100 years the miseries which have arisen from the Italian Church in the days of her prosperity having determined to be the Church of other lands.

It will be seen how the same principle guided my father's action and policy in matters relating to the Colonial Church.

The Bishop of Winchester contributes the following reminiscence on this subject :—

My experience under Archbishop Tait had of course made me familiar with a good many of these problems, and it was a matter

of startling and instructive interest to me, as chaplain and secretary to the new Archbishop, to find how he at once brought to bear upon such matters his remarkable knowledge of the history and the perplexities of early times. Again and again in his first months at Lambeth he would almost scream with delight on discovering some analogy between the Church problems of 1883 and the Church problems of the days of Cyprian. To me I confess these analogies used to look somewhat strained—ingenious rather than helpful—but I soon learned to admire the penetrating insight with which he would pierce to the underlying roots of some complicated and perplexing quarrel, and to appreciate the large and generous principles of Church policy and growth which he instinctively formulated when face to face for the first time in practical life with administrative problems like those which he had for years been studying and recounting from afar...

What he cared for was not the preservation of outward forms of expression or even organisation—indeed to these he was sometimes startlingly indifferent—but the maintenance of the spirit and principles of the Church's earlier life before mediaeval corruption and usurpation had begun. His addresses and his sermon in the Lambeth Conference of 1888 afford a good illustration of what I mean...

The position of the Archbishop of Canterbury in all these matters has this peculiarity. His "authority," if we can call it so, is almost universally recognised, but it is undefined; it is moral not legal, and its effective exercise depends in no small degree upon the personal weight, tact and courtesy of the primate. In the letters patent still given by the Crown to a Bishop of Calcutta on his Consecration, he is declared to be "subject to the general supervision and direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury," and the phrase might be applied in practice to many other sees besides that of the Metropolitan of India. Obviously, therefore, very much turns upon the Archbishop's willingness to concern himself actively as counsellor and friend in the affairs of these distant communities. Any unwillingness on his part to take trouble in the matter, or on the other hand any assumption of a definite authority and right to interfere, would probably result in a speedy diminution of his opportunities... Perhaps in nothing did Archbishop Benson show more conspicuously his courteous Christian tact than in his unfailing readiness to be at the call of every Colonial or Missionary Diocese which might need his help, while avoiding every shadow of a claim to assert in autocratic form the rights of *alterius orbis papa*.

It is not easy to give short clear examples of the sort of correspondence referred to in the Bishop of Winchester's memorandum, or indeed to explain concisely and sufficiently the nature of the questions brought before the Archbishop. But a few examples will serve to indicate their variety and scope. Some of them concerned the more educational side of the Church's work—the educational difficulties of a Mission College in China; the selection of a Provost for a Colonial University; or advice was asked as to the ordination examinations of Missionaries in Africa. There were points of construction sometimes of the largest scope, such as the formation of a definite line of policy with regard to the development of a native branch of the Church of England in Africa; questions concerning jurisdiction were brought before the Archbishop for decision or for counsel—the limits of the jurisdiction of the American and English Church in Japan, pending the time when Japan should have a native Church of its own: or the arrangement of endless technical difficulties whereby, after years of correspondence, it was possible to secure for the Bishop of Madras the help that he needed in the supervision of his "cruelly vast, impossible area." But the variety of questions eludes classification; he must advise on the arrangements for the personal safety of missionaries in heathen lands—must approve all foreign translations of the Prayer-book, and spend a long time in the adjustment of a controversy half the world away which was preventing all harmonious working, and originated from the claims of rival congregations on a building which was at once a Cathedral and a parish Church.

The Archbishop's handling of the Natal question was a characteristic and interesting example of the unwearied patience and Christian diplomacy that he could exercise in a delicate matter. I have given a full account of it elsewhere, so that I will only summarise the chief points

of the controversy. It will be remembered that in 1863 Bishop Colenso of Natal was excommunicated for heresy and deprived of his See by Bishop Gray of Capetown; Bishop Colenso thereupon appealed to the Queen in Council and the deposition was pronounced null and void in law. Bishop Colenso, who had many devoted adherents in Natal, thereupon returned to his Diocese, and remained the legal Bishop of Natal to the end of his life and received the revenue of the See. Bishop Gray after much controversy consecrated in 1869 a Bishop to preside over the Diocese of Natal; this was Bishop Macrorie, now Canon of Ely, who took his title from Maritzburg. In 1883 Bishop Colenso died, and Archbishop Benson did his utmost to unite the two parties in Natal; he endeavoured to get Bishop Macrorie to accept the vacant Bishopric of Bloemfontein, but the latter refused to do so, saying that he "must remain at his post and not desert his flock in the hour of trial," and basing his refusal on an article, generally known as the Proviso, in the Constitution of the Church of South Africa, drawn up in 1870 by the Church Synod, which Bishop Macrorie interpreted to mean that each ecclesiastical Province must be responsible for the exercise of discipline within itself.

Into the steps of the controversy it is impossible here to enter; it lasted for more than nine years, and cost the Archbishop the deepest anxiety and the most serious thought. The Archbishop's view was that in order to unite the schism it was necessary that the ground should first be cleared of all elements of conflict, and he thought that, as Bishop Macrorie had been so long in opposition to Bishop Colenso, and as the conflicting parties had been in a condition of acute hostility, it could hardly be expected that the Colenso party would make an unqualified submission. Bishop Macrorie's view was that the Archbishop greatly over-estimated the importance and influence of the Colenso

party, and that if the Archbishop had given him the unhesitating support that he had a right to expect, the Colenso party would have submitted.

In the meantime union had not been facilitated by the continual though unsuccessful attempts of the Colenso party to elect and procure the consecration of a Bishop of their own. In 1891 Bishop Macrorie felt impelled to resign, and eventually the Archbishop was entrusted by both parties with the task of appointing a Bishop who should be acceptable to both, and unite discordant factions "in vinculo pacis."

The Bishop appointed was the Rev. Arthur Hamilton Baynes, vicar of Christ Church, Greenwich, who had previously acted as Domestic Chaplain and Secretary to the Archbishop. He was consecrated in 1893, and in his hands the difficult task of reconciliation has made progress. It is to be hoped that the unhappy events of the last year, which have made that colony the scene of a prolonged and devastating struggle, will obliterate the last remains of the strife, and unite the dissidents upon the basis of larger issues and a deeper toleration.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHURCH DEFENCE AND INSTRUCTION.

"Then said Mr Greatheart to Mr Valiant-for-Truth, 'Thou hast worthily behaved thyself; let me see thy Sword.' So he showed it him. When he had taken it in his hand, and looked thereon awhile, he said, 'Ha, it is a right Jerusalem blade!'"

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

VERY serious matters were pending in the year 1893. The most determined attempt at Disestablishment which occurred during my father's Primacy was initiated in this year, but when the danger was imminent his spirit, as always, rose. It was not, as has been seen, the only matter in which the "care of the Churches" pressed heavily, for the difficult and delicate matter of Colonial Church policy in Natal had to be carried through¹. It was a moment at which some refreshing change was much needed. Lady Crawford had invited him to come with my mother and sister to the Villa Palmieri at Florence, and the friendship which he then formed gave him great delight and help in these later years.

Every subsequent spring he visited Lady Crawford at the Villa Palmieri at Florence, and found in her and her two daughters, Lady Mabel and Lady Jane Lindsay, most congenial companions and tender friends. To Lady Craw-

¹ See previous Chapter.

ford his manner was that of an affectionate and respectful son; and the daughters became to him like his own daughters. He often in his journal thanks God for all that their friendship had been to him. These visits to Florence, where he spent day after day in visiting churches, galleries, and museums, and riding far into the country, were a great and abiding joy to him.

He had begun the year in some depression, writing to the Bishop of Durham:—

I am not exactly frozen inwardly, but am exactly like the external thaw—sloppy, cold and dark.

They make me go to Florence on Wednesday. I do not feel that it is right, but I am informed that this establishes its rightness.

I have just received "The Gospel of Life"¹—what a title and what a thing! I shall try to learn it; one needs it indeed when one's own life becomes a mechanism incessantly occupied with telegraphic messages from one to another, and with no function proper to oneself.

No—I don't mean "has become,"—that would be too ungrateful to some of the vibrations which one is conscious of. I should have said "is tempted to become"—and soon "threatens to become...."

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

How quickly his interest was stirred by Florence may be seen from some extracts from his Diary. They are taken from a separate little note-book, nearly filled with entries.

18 Jan.—It is of no use to make myself a new guide-book never to be used again. And I am much too overwhelmed to write down a quarter of the "thoughts" that trouble one.

San Marco. I take it that these wonderfully *great* places fell because their inhabitants had ceased to take interest or part in what was forward, or to be to the fore in the intellectual civil and social life of the country. The place is dead—the withdrawal of its proper owners, the substitution of officials, the taking it over as an art

¹ By Bishop Westcott. (Macmillan & Co., 1892.)

gallery, is death. There is not a monk to be seen. I doubt if there was one in the true sense of the word before the suppression. I moan, but Lady Mabel says it was not the government but the universal voice of the nation which suppressed them. For acting with entire self-devotion on a people, what could be more perfect than these places where men of mark might dwell, with simply all that nature required furnished them with dignity? These just sufficient cells and amply sufficient public rooms—one could devise nothing better if the men were to be found and the devotion. But because such men were not, and idle quietness became the aim of the Sacerdotium, the possibilities are gone, and life is ceasing to be consecrated.

Certosa.—The same melancholy reflections come on in fuller tide. The isolated glory of the hill, the magnificence of the country, which as we look on it from the loggia, seems to give itself up to be tended by the genius and spirituality of this great house, all call for the keenest sympathy from men living here lonely yet common and devoted lives. It seems as if spirit and thought must radiate from here. But the plain nobleness of the great cloisters seems extraordinarily contradicted by the worldly gorgeousness of the church and chapels—and the pride on the face of the splendid Donatello bishop in white marble who lies as the central object of the crypt, seems to say that self was hard to kill even by silence and discipline.

Yet it is very awful that this place too, much like S. Mark's, should have been slain. The Irish Father who went about with us showed no trace of devotion (though he had been here 43 years) to their order, which one would think *must* be borne in on souls living in such a home. St Hugh of Lincoln, and the jokes he made to the Queen, and his own bad cold were the topics he dwelt on. Pius VI.'s stay here gave him no sense of history.

There are but six Fathers left, three are ill; he showed us by a fastened door that not one of them had taken his walk to-day. It seems all dead. The whole thing is full of fearful warning to us in the Church of England to keep *abreast* of human interests, and to *inspire* them with *what we know* which "the world knoweth not." And even now this moment perhaps the Radicals are plotting and planning our dismemberment. If it comes, then I am certain we shall have to find out that *we* have failed in this also. May we even then be wise!

After his return to England the Diary is less full; on Feb. 22nd he writes:—

Afterwards Gladstone kept me to ask whether I should approve of A—— being Bishop of B——, and why Bishops were giving up purple coats! I promised to enquire about the former, and denied the latter point.

And again :—

Feb. 24. Had to see Mr Gladstone about two men he thinks of for high posts. He was pale, but in great mass—still smouldering over Randolph Churchill's assault; fine courtesy and deference of manner. So dark on some things! I remonstrated about the Suspensory Bill. There is such a vehement frankness about him, that you would think he persuaded himself into a new position without knowing it was new. His sweeping glance is a *glare* sometimes. He said, "The Welsh vote *is* a heavy vote, and they are right to try what they can do with it."

It was at this time that a new organisation for Church Defence and instruction came into being, the development of which, in the opinion of many well qualified to judge, may have a far-reaching effect on the future of the Church of England.

Throughout the whole of this critical period it was the Archbishop's confidence in his cause that impressed all who heard him touch upon the subject, and his absolute belief that people only needed information to make them love and value the Church as he himself did. And this was the idea upon which the movement was based. He said, in a letter to the Archbishop of York, "We take no party-line, but the instruction and the encouragement which our organisation is to give in every parish will (it is our hope) so open people's eyes to what the Church is and has been, and to what the country would be without it, that they will not be deceived by agitators and will not vote for people pledged to withdraw it."

The work was not to be done by a "new Society" but by "the Church acting upon itself."

This was no sudden thought. In 1885 Canon Ellison had written to the Archbishop suggesting the formation of a "Church (or Churchmen's) League" for the Defence

of the Church. The Archbishop replied, "It is undoubtedly true that for want of organisation the Church has less power in Parliament, and less power of that kind anywhere, than even small sects secure through combination, and that a time seems almost come when the Church *can* no longer safely hold her calm position, although it is the grander, and itself implies prodigious social strength." From the first the Archbishop held that such a work, if ever it was undertaken, must be the work of Laymen. "This call of God to the Laymen is a remarkable point of Church history. For He certainly cannot be calling the Clergy to defend their worldly place."

After further consideration it was thought advisable that the matter should not then go forward.

But now that the Suspensory Bill, preparing the way for Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, was brought forward, preparations were made to repel the attack on the Church.

This plan was carried out later in the year, a comprehensive meeting being arranged for May 16th, in the Albert Hall.

While regarding the issue of the matter in the most serious aspect—seeing in the Suspensory Bill merely a first step to the Disestablishment of the whole Church of England, my father met it from the first in the most sanguine spirit. Charles Kingsley once said of my father that he should have been a soldier—the hint of danger to things dear to him roused him to an enjoyed activity; the effect of danger was at once invigorating and calming.

On March 19th he writes:—

The Bishop of Lincoln slept here to preach at St James's. He is a truly sweet person and immensely beloved. He holds exactly what I do about Fasting Communion—that it is good for those for whom it is good, and to be recommended if people can bear it. But he greatly deprecates the language and practices used and enforced about it by a certain party. He says that

Canon Carter, Liddon, Bishop Webb most strongly, and others on that side have all held the same. There is nothing "deadly" in taking food before it. At Ordination he himself always beforehand takes tea and dry toast.

I write down this within two or three hours (and am certain of every word) because he is sure to be counted on the other side.

On April 13th he notes:—

Came down to the Herschells¹ at Deal. Opened with a very sweet and quiet Service the Tower, in memory of Lord Granville, at Walmer, and preached.

The Diary continues:—

The last time I was here it was with Lord Granville, and he was full of interest about the new Church and what use was to be made of the old. It was quite touching when at a pause in the Service the bells all suddenly rang out. Next morning, after a very nice talk with Lady Herschell and her bright children, I went on and met Ashcombe² at Sandwich for Richborough Castle. He, Hayhurst³ and I picnicked in a hot sun on the bank below the walls. We have bought it, Ashcombe advancing the money, and shall make it over to Church Trustees: it is quite plain that Augustine must have come up here as soon as he landed.

My plan is to have a Pan-Anglican gathering of Bishops here in the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of Augustine's landing—and then to have sermons explaining what we owe to Augustine, and what we *do not* owe.

On the 25th he wrote:—

Professor Jebb came to House of Lords. I have the subjects for the 16th nearly settled—so that such great speakers may have each a clear line and not meddle with each other's topics. They say this was the failure in the great Irish Unionist meeting⁴—much repetition and much traversing.

I should think such things never happened before. I wrote to ask twelve speakers to speak that day, supposing that three or

¹ The late Lord Herschell was Captain of Deal Castle, having been appointed by Lord Granville, then Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

² His old friend, George Cubitt, was raised to the peerage as Lord Ashcombe in 1892.

³ The Rev. H. France Hayhurst, Chaplain.

⁴ On April 22, at a meeting at the Albert Hall, presided over by the Duke of Abercorn, Bishop Alexander made a fervid speech against the Home Rule Bill.

four at least would refuse, and being armed with a second list to supply vacancies. Every one accepted. This is as much a proof of the grim earnestness with which we determine not to be dis-established, as the immeasurable signatures to petitions and the vast unanimity of meetings. At one place in Wales 10,000 people carried the remonstrance by acclamation and unanimously. In Anglesey a Dissenting meeting passed a unanimous vote against the Suspensory Bill.

What we have to fear is nothing but the lukewarmness of the Evangelical laity, sulky because the High Churchmen are (not very foolish) but successful.

Standing Committee, House of Lords, to discuss the Patronage Bill. Nothing but little improvements made in it—real ones. Lord Salisbury said “three parishioners was a small number to represent the incompetency of a Clergyman to his Bishop:—it had better be five—it was a painful action.” I said, “Three members of a Diocese were held sufficient to represent the heresy or Popery of a Bishop.” “Oh,” said Lord Salisbury, “but that’s not nearly so painful.”

On the 16th was held the great Meeting in the Albert Hall on the Defence of the National Church. The whole of the arrangements, even, as we have seen, the choice of speakers, had been made by the Archbishop. It was a singularly impressive scene: the Archbishop opened the proceedings, although he was suffering much from hoarseness. He concluded his speech by saying:—

We are not to comfort Wales by saying “We will stand or fall together.”

We have England and God’s Church (cheers) and we mean not to go down. We do not stand or fall together, we stand. By God’s Grace we advance. Churchmen, this thing must not be treated too much as a matter of defence. It is an incident in our revival and advance against sin and unbelief and misery. It is not for me to minimize the errors of the past. We are now in the light of a revival from an oppression and a traffic which has weighed down and traded upon England as much as upon Wales—and more. It is the revival, the atonement, which has been the signal for war. But it was we who began it by daring to revive. (Cheers.) It is our own fault if fault there be. We began with the Sword of the Spirit, the quickening of pastoral duty, and the

extension of educational energy. We began and we have to finish. Our call is not to perish together, but to prevail. (Loud cheers.) Our foes are human. Our foes have hearts. And the Church (that is we) must so live and labour and love, that there shall be no resisting her.—And so

God's Benison be with you and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes¹.

The Archbishop wrote in his Diary:—

May 16. To-day's gatherings have been rather amazing. After two Early Communion at St Paul's there was at 10.30 the largest assembly I have ever seen there². The music was most uplifting and filled the words with meaning. I Celebrated, and six Bishops distributed the Communion in the Choir, while eight others were distributing it in the aisles beyond the grilles. Both Canterbury and York Convocations filled the Choir, the Prolocutors sitting in my stall and the Lord Mayor's. The Houses of Laymen were there too. Under the Dome ten churchwardens from every Arch-deaconry in England and five great laymen from every diocese besides. Everyone seemed to Communicate, and there was a vast congregation in transepts and down to West door nearly.

At 2.30 twelve speakers whom I had chosen entered the Albert Hall which was crowded in every part³. As I entered it looked like one of Martin's pictures, the Day of Judgment say: at least I thought of that. Lord Selborne and the Duke of Argyll and the Bishop of Durham all spoke most admirably and most tellingly, and all speakers spoke with great force, and the enthusiasm was immense. Good precautions had been taken to avoid interruption. Once or twice the immense multitude rose to its feet to cheer. In the evening, after a dinner to 46 Bishops, we had a Reception of York Convocation and all churchwardens. Canterbury Convocation was with us last week. It was reckoned by our people that nearly 2000 people came, shook hands and supped. The churchwardens had some of them never been in London; Northumberland men and Welshmen had declined all offers of assistance to travel. There were two splendid Brecon giants. One fine farmer about 11.30 came and asked "whether they were at liberty to go?" I said, "I don't know—have you had any refreshment?" He said, "I did not know, Sir, that there was any to have." I sent him off in charge, and he came back, saying, "Well, Sir, I *am* most

¹ *Macbeth*.

² There were 970 Communicants.

³ The numbers were estimated at 8000.

obliged to you." They streamed up to the top of the Lollard's Tower with bed candles, explored every place, and invaded the Bishop of Durham in his "high lonely tower at midnight."

On the day following the meeting the Archbishop wrote:—

May 17. They have thoroughly got hold of the idea that though the Suspensory Bill is a mean affair, yet it means Dis-establishment, and that they won't have it. The feeling throughout the whole country is very strong, and absolutely unanimous, to judge by the shoals of petitions and letters. But what we have to do is to press on with a strong continuous force for the Church as the mover in all good things, a mainspring without which the works of goodness would cease. Our friends are too apt to think they may take it quietly after a demonstration like this.

His youngest brother Charles after a short illness died in June this year. He writes to a friend:—

It was so striking to see such a number of *men*, good men and true, gathered from all sorts of places to the village church at Hook for my younger brother's funeral. It is such a matter to have a loving spirit. It was simply this. It tells more for good than all gifts. How strange that no one knew it before Christ. And nothing so touches *men*.

On the 6th of July he performed the marriage ceremony between the Duke of York and the Princess May of Teck. He writes in his Diary:—

July 6. In the very beautiful wedding of the Duke of York to Princess May the sight of the Chapel in brilliance was impressive. Not a uniform but was traditional, not a ribbon or medal but had a great scene or period in history, a conquest or a battle, at its birth. The really finest thing of all was the Queen's entrance. The newspapers have described it from the Programme which stated what *was* to happen, and did not.

The Bishops of London and Rochester and I (with others) were standing in front of the Altar. I could scarcely believe my eyes when the Queen entered the Chapel by the lower end. There she was, alone and began to walk up alone. The Duchess of Teck and her grandson of Hesse were behind her. On she came, looking most pleasant, slightly amused, bowing most gracefully to either side as she came, her black silk almost covered with

wonderful lace, and lace and a little crown with chains of diamonds on her head, walking lame and with a tallish stick. She looked Empire, gracious Empire; was helped on to the footpace by her grandson, and sat down in her chair looking so gallant and commanding, and kind too. Not a soul walked before her backwards or any other way. I wouldn't have missed the sight of her for the world.

The two were delightful—most reverent—followed every word of Service and hymns—very grave, and at each change looking to make sure of what was right. When all was over they bowed and kissed the Queen and their friends, he quickly gave her his hand, and hand in hand they walked out of the Chapel.

The enormous crowds were everyone's admiration for their splendid order, good nature, soberness and warm loyalty—not a contradictory note.

In August the Archbishop went with his family to Switzerland. He wrote:—

Riffel Alp. Aug. 11th.—A little Odyssey—a walk through the mutilated and savagely hacked Arolla pines. It is my favourite tree—quite.

When we lost our Nellie I remember saying, "I will never go to the Riffel again," for it was here she was last in all the pride of her strength and alertness in expeditions, and in all the life of her sustaining cheerfulness. My wife said, "Oh yes! in a few years we shall love to go again for her sake." And so she seems to feel it. But though I do not murmur at that terrible loss, feeling a surely satisfied and unwavering certainty that God judges the best for us all and has us all before Him, and though I pray for her and for Martin always *ἀδιαλείπτως*¹ in perfect peace, my prayer being only for their advancement in all perfection and their refreshment in His eternal light, and though I thank Him for His gift—yet I cannot explain, except by the penetrating sense of the loss of her even when I am not consciously thinking of her, what it is or can be that is on me here. The forms of all things seem more noble, and I feel their vastness more, and the animation, which I am satisfied fills all nature, seems more potent and bound up with the uncomprehended purpose of God for Man, and yet, I cannot rise to-day into the true happy feeling of living and loving. The reality of Death, the power of his check, the breakage by him of the best

¹ "Without ceasing," 1 Thess. v. 17.

things, the sense of his enmity lasting longer than all enemies, is coming out so strongly before me—the thought that I shall soon succumb to him—the wonder (to use a bad word) of how far the deliverance is assured to me among such incessant reasons for self-complaint and self-judgment, do make me realize to an unwonted extent that the death of Nellie, so unexpected, in the midcurrent of her love and service to every creature that she knew wanted it, has been meant to be a far more affecting and effective act of God towards us, towards me, than I have been able to take in. Why has it had so little power to change me, while yet I feel that its power and reality and awfulness have changed in an unspeakable way the feeling with which I look on those vast mountains and the elemental powers which work about them on so great a scale? This is certainly not a line of thought and feeling which I often write down. But to-night something constrains me—Yes, and what *is* that?

The Archbishop came home early in September to attend the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill, in the House of Lords.

On Oct. 3rd he attended the Church Congress at Birmingham. He received a most enthusiastic welcome, and preached at St Martin's Church, where he had been baptized. The sermon¹ opened with a reference to Balaam, and was on the quaint text, Numbers xxiv. 1, "He went not, as at other times, to seek for enchantments: but he set his face towards the wilderness." Speaking of the world's witness to the Church's permanence, he said:—"By these magnificent marks he [the Seer] knows Israel, the Church of God; by its redemption, its silent power, its Catholic reign, its universal blessing." He found the "three characteristic seals which must be imprinted on every work of our Church" to be quietness, unworldliness, sincerity. "No Christian work," he said, "could be brought to good effect in noise and glare."—"There is no cure for worldliness but an unceasing struggle against the world-

¹ Published under the title "Things which cannot be shaken" with his Charge *Fishers of Men*. (Macmillan & Co.)

spirit. We are said to yearn for Unity. Unity would 'come rapidly if we yearned as much for unworldliness.' And he ended with a striking passage: "The Church in her long history has felt the spell of those great instruments and used them—impression, policy, diplomacy—to the full....They are attractive still to the eager Churchman. They are full of romance and brilliance and enchantment. Be it so. *We* will go no more out as at other times to meet with enchantments. We set our face towards the wilderness."

At the end of October he delivered his Charge, *Fishers of Men*, to the Diocese at Canterbury, Ashford, Maidstone and Croydon. His characteristic hopefulness, his view of the great position and present opportunities of the Church, even in this time of danger to her establishment, was never more marked. "Where she grips the present day with a Galilean grasp, by any of the handles which it offers, there she becomes strong." The nation "will not dislodge us till it dislodges itself." "In all times the struggling, shooting seed has been with the Church. One task of hers has been to hold society together. Another and a fulfilled one has been at the same time to nourish the hope, the uplifting idea of the future." And again he urged that we should "ask ourselves whether we think that the ancient divine problems have ever been before the world or the Church in grander outlines than in these years of her fast closing nineteenth century."

It will be well briefly to sketch how the organisation for the diffusion of Church Knowledge, initiated this year, developed through the years that followed. It had met with so warm, so enthusiastic a response, that it could not be allowed to pass away without further effect. Moreover in 1893 the Suspensory Bill alone had been in question, in the next year the Disestablishment measure itself was to come on.

Yet a sustained development of the movement was fenced with new dangers.

An extremely influential private meeting was held at Lambeth on May 5th of the next year (1894), at which the movement was started. The work was to be done :

1. By a union of Church people carrying on personal conversations in their own neighbourhood, explaining why the Church should be defended and made more efficient.

2. By the diffusion of a knowledge of facts and truths about the Church :

- (a) By Leaflets issued by the Literature Committee.

- (b) By an Intelligence Department, which through the Press would circulate true information and correct false statements about the Church.

3. By the promotion of public meetings.

All this was carried out by a Committee of Laymen representing the Provinces of Canterbury and York called the Central Church Committee, in connection with which was a Ladies' Central Committee and large General Committees. Each Diocese had, under its Bishop, Diocesan Church Committees which working through Rural Deaneries endeavoured to form a Church Committee in every parish. An Intelligence Department of men, and a Literature Committee of ladies were at first distinct, but later became, as they are now, one mixed Committee.

"It will be a large business if God prosper our work," my father wrote.

In an extraordinarily short time a very large number of parishes had Committees in full working order, and within a year over 5000 had been established.

Finally in 1896 a complete amalgamation was effected by the Archbishop between the C. D. I. and the new organisation, and the composite body is now known as "The Central Church Committee for Church Defence and Church Instruction." It would be useless and uninteresting to go over all

the details of that amalgamation now. The Archbishop had only one anxiety, and that was to secure for the Church the best possible organisation for making Church people understand and value their Church. For although there is little doubt that this movement was a turning point, and largely affected the Election of 1895, the end of the movement was not just to meet a particular danger. As he himself said, "It is certain that Defence is by no means completed, or future danger averted, unless the true *principles* asserted in that Church movement are understood, carried much further and much deeper, brought home to the ignorant and the apathetic, and grasped with intelligent knowledge by English Church people at large."

On Feb. 4th, 1894, the Archbishop went with my mother to Oxford. He writes:—

We went to Oxford to stay with the Vice-Chancellor¹ yesterday and had a very agreeable party. The old Warden of New College², young as ever, unchanged since I stayed with him 25 years since. This was a curious day. The Lord Chief Justice fixed his Assize and would not take another day, this being the day when the Humility Sermon, founded in 1612, is preached. I had to choose one of a set of texts, and took great pains with my sermon. The Chief Justice said he would like to hear the Humility Sermon, provided he was prayed for in the Bidding Prayer in full. The University wears no scarlet and no hoods on this day. I expected the Chief Justice to rise like a sun at midnight. But with excellent taste he came in black. There had to be an adjustment of processions. The Vice-Chancellor took me in procession to the Choir. Then he met the Chief Justice at the door and brought him in procession to the Vice-Chancellor's Chair. Then fetched me in procession to the pulpit and similarly managed in returning. All this being Official and not Personal, offended not Humility. But one section of my sermon went to show that Humility was the only Dignity. Which gave the C. J. occasion to tell Roffen at the Athenaeum that I had preached against Humility, but very well.

¹ The Rev. H. Boyd, D.D., Principal of Hertford College.

² Dr James Edward Sewell.

On the 19th of Feb. he wrote :—

The times are strained. I think Roffen is really frightened by the abuse of the Bishops which is rife in every Radical newspaper. It is the Radical cry in fact. Joseph Arch¹ told the people at Gainsborough that “the Bishops had voted that Parish Councils should be held in public houses.” Harcourt left the same impression at Portsmouth. What they did vote was that “they should *not* be held in public houses when any suitable room elsewhere was to be had free or reasonably,” and that, “if there were no other suitable room they should have the school.” But Watson, who has been at Portsmouth, says they are rabid there, have not seen my letter to the *Times*, and would not believe it.

To-night the Lords reaffirmed the Employers’ Liability Clause, but it is said the Church will be “jockeyed” as to Parish Councils ; that they will give up in the Lords all the savings for the Church which they lately passed, to avoid conflict with the Commons. If so we must die with a good grace. The Duke of — told me this evening that now the principle was conceded that “three labourers might settle anything” and that land was to be assigned *compulsorily* to a *class*, not to public good, it was no use to contend for anything. This, I think, will prove to be the Lords’ view.

On March 8th he thus analyses a typical day’s work :—

To-day. Holy Communion in Chapel at 8.30. Then, after trial of a horse, Institution until 11.40, with an oburgation of A— B— for moving away church furniture from his Church actually before institution. At Ecclesiastical Commission I presided until 12.45, then interview with Bishop of Dover and Leslie Goodwin, as to a Deputation to the Council of Education, who have arbitrarily stopped what they sanctioned for a Higher Elementary School ; considered with Mr Brock² the plans for C— Church. Interviewed Bishop of London as to steps to be taken if Welsh Disestablishment appears in the Queen’s Speech next Monday, and with Sir Michael Hicks Beach as to the policy of a “Church party” in House of Commons. Home for a long interview with Bishop Tucker, as to supposed advance of a Mahomedan wave in East Africa, which he does not believe in, and as to whether the English are to maintain their footing there. Letters till Dr Ogle came at 5. Then E. McArthur as to shape of new rochets, and letters again till dinner : the Napiers,

¹ M.P. for N.-W. Norfolk, founder of the National Agricultural Union.

² Thomas Brock, R.A.

the Talbots, Hanham and Lindsay, and much about Mr Gladstone —wrote to Duncan¹, and Bishop of London on National Society's need for a new Charter, and to Sir R. Webster on introduction of Patronage Bill into House of Lords. Sleep, tea, bed 12.45 a.m.

It was such pressure of important business as that of which this day gives an example which used to make my father frequently say that what the Archbishop of Canterbury needed more than anything else was a small strong Council of wise and statesmanlike ecclesiastics, to whom he could refer important matters, and who would be at hand and free to deliberate carefully and thoroughly about any matter on which the Archbishop needed advice, besides originating proposals affecting Church matters. He used to speak laughingly of a College of Cardinals. The practical difficulty, he realised, was that though there were several suitable persons holding high office in the Church of England, yet it would be impossible to detach them from diocesan duties, and expect them to fulfil the weighty task he would demand of them without any adequate remuneration. He used to speak regretfully of the suppressed Prebends of Westminster as being the very positions wanted for the purpose. The Archbishop he used to say, as head of a department, had often neither the time nor energy left to deliberate widely and closely about Church needs; and he thought it impossible to originate wise and fruitful schemes for Church progress under the severe pressure of official life.

On March 11th he writes :—

Asked Pelham to tell Dean of Llandaff² that I hoped to appoint Colin Campbell my Chaplain, all owing to a strong expression of the Dean wishing that he might be one. Pelham has been tenderly ministering to him daily and the Dean is a little rallying to-day. The Dean received the fact with great pleasure, Pelham tells me, and as if all the kindness had not been always

¹ Formerly Secretary of the National Society, Canon of Canterbury.

² C. J. Vaughan, D.D.

on his side, said, "Give the Archbishop my dutiful love, and thank him for all his kindness, and especially for the loan to me of his son—*whom I love*." This I record for dear Hugh's sake.

The Dean's has been the most serviceable life in the Church in my time. His great sense, true Christianity, and wonderful power of expressing both, in the purest and most idiomatic modern English, have held a constant congregation of the ablest men and lawyers at the Temple, and he has trained 350 of the best young clergy, in scholarship, in love of Scripture, in wisdom and moderation of view, at a time when all those qualities are least valued and most valuable.

In the course of the month he went with my mother to Florence to visit Lady Crawford at the Villa Palmieri. This was, as always, a great rest and refreshment to him.

From here he wrote to the Bishop of Rochester :—

You yourself, my dearest friend, will (I trust you) keep quietly down all thoughts and plans of which the background would be the happening of what the doctor says will *not* happen. I should indeed be the first to say, "Be prepared for all," but if the doctor says there is no more fear than ordinarily, then surely to *think* to a key which he says is a false one disorders all thought. What is wanted is to "keep in Peace"—and that is best served by keeping to the holiest, sweetest, most cheerful tones of a Christian man's thought under a great trial. It does seem the immediate guiding of a more than mortal finger which at this very moment forces you back from what seemed so naturally and well arranged with a "Hold thee still." The only thing—(which you can do better than most men)—is to "hold thee still in the Lord and abide patiently upon Him." Forgive my writing what is more obvious to you than to me. The only thing is that even an echo reminds us that there are greater things and greater laws than our own about us.

At the same time he wrote to Canon Mason :—

Florence—Ah what a place—but the Churches dead! The Orders dead! The Clergy nowhere! Roman doctrine totally incapable of regenerating!

He left Florence for a short tour to some Italian cities. On March 28th he writes :—

If material work is what the State wanted out of the Church,

what material work has the State done that can compare with the grandeur and copiousness of the Church's work? And if the Government dissolved the Communities because they kept men idle, have they not created themselves a far vaster class of a virtually idle army, whose maintenance is oppressively drawn out of industry, while the Church created industry, and which takes tens of thousands of young men for their best years, out of the regular course of industry, and renders it most difficult for them to resume it? I doubt whether the substitution of class for class will be a profitable one, or if the people already think it so; but tributes of withered wreaths abound to "Il glorioso Capitano de' oppressi popoli." He may not have been a glorious or even a respectable capitano, but *there* lies the point! "Gli oppressi popoli." They *were* oppressed. The Church did not help them. Therefore they went out. That it is a costly crushing army that has for the time taken their place in the ideas of men, is the best assurance that it is *but* for a time. The Church will come in again. God grant she may come with a new love of ἀλήθεια¹, with a Franciscan Agape,—Will she use her schooling? And *we*? Shall we profit by hers? or require one of our own?...

This evening F. Bernardin has sent me two roses from the garden of St Francis—one for me and one for the Queen.

On the 29th he writes:—

Perugia. Conversation with an interesting young Franciscan who had preached daily for forty days in the Duomo, every evening to good congregations he said, and had confessed people for 15 days, and was going back to his convent. He dwelt on the kindness of the "patricii" who had given him many presents; the signorelle had given him *aquarelle* and many other things. I asked whether the "*poveri*" had come in numbers, and whether he had had many *conversions*. He quietly said "Yes," but this did not seem to him to be at all the point of the business.

What are we about? What are we about, with Christianity itself at stake? Are we near the like in England? Oh God, are we? What wilt Thou have us to do?

And after all I travelled home with Mr A——, the great Methodist, disguised in yellow brown dittos—who told me the Nonconformists were becoming fully conscious of the dangers of disunion, and intended to have a service to preach unity next

¹ Truth.

Whitsunday, and won't the Church do the same? and that B—— was developing with great power his idea of a Civic Church, and was to have an interview this year with the Pope—"and his idea is that the Pope will work his church for him." "He," B——, "is to supply the Pope with just views of the system."

There is talk of Unity. But what single fact yet shows that there is any desire at all except to have other folk to agree with the proposer?

On the 3rd of April he writes:—

We dined again with the Queen—only our two selves, two ladies and Sir Henry. Most pleasant, most ready to be amused. "No politics." A great incredible person who shall be nameless had sent a Ring to wear on little finger of left hand as a "certain remedy against rheumatism." Told me I might send her the Assisi Rose. Told her I should be afraid of doing so without leave lest it should seem to be a pendant to the *Ring*—but that if she had both she would have "the Rose and the Ring." Much interested to hear all about Perugia and Assisi.

From the Queen.

VILLA FABBRICOTTO, FLORENCE.

April 6th, 1894.

MY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,

Pray accept my best thanks for your kind note accompanying the very curious rose, which I shall carefully preserve with your note as a most gratifying relic and mark of the kindly and Christian feeling on your part and on that of the Franciscan Prior. Might I ask you to thank him for me?

I hope Siena has also proved interesting like Perugia and Assisi.

We had a very good report of Bishop Davidson from Dr Barlow this morning.

What splendid weather but very hot.

Ever yours affectionately,

V. R. I.

On April the 9th he writes of the conclusion of his visit:—

Our last day with those delightful Lindsays. As nothing can express their loving tender kindness to us, so it is difficult to realise their knowledge and ability and capacity and culture, and not believe

that one exaggerates it. But in truth, on all subjects alike one learns new things and gains new lights in every talk. The conversation at every meal and in every walk has been full of interest and refreshment. As full as can be.

O God, strengthen me by such examples, and refresh my soul by all Thy lovingkindness, which streams in on me by such hands as theirs.

On the 19th of April he says:—

Assyrian Mission Committee: much to be anxious about. Dined with the Fishmongers as their chief guest, and had to make a speech on things as they are going. Heard it characterised to my satisfaction as “a good fighting speech of a man that’s not afraid.”

Hear privately that the Welsh Disestablishment Bill will allow no surrender of vested incomes capitalised to a Central Body, but will pay each man his stipend while he lives, so that the Church may (unlike the Irish) die of exhaustion. The Churches and Parsonages to be under the Trusteeship of the Parish Councils. The Home Secretary goes about talking of the “indulgent” provisions which are to be made. The indulgence is that of the calf-butcher. And the rest is like putting a ward into the guardianship of his heir.

On the 7th of May he wrote:—

Dined at Grillion’s to welcome Lord Lansdowne on his return¹. It is not the custom to make speeches. But Lord Esher said, “If it was a rule, he was prepared to be rebellious.” He rose and said, “He presided in a Court which was entirely occupied with breaking rules, and therefore he proposed Lord Lansdowne’s health,” etc. Lord Salisbury said, “The court must now decide what penalty is to be inflicted on the Master of the Rolls,”—and with his wonted audacity presently added, amid much merriment, “to compose a speech in honour of the Lord Chief Justice.”

To the Bishop of Rochester.

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.
Ascension, 1894.

DEAREST HROF,

We will of course talk as much as you like next week. It would be strange if I could not find a few minutes for you, who

¹ From being Governor General of India.

have never grudged me, however pressed or however ill you were, the *hours* that my selfishness or my necessities asked.

As to the subject you mention for those minutes—what you have as a child of God, a *κλητὸς ἐπίσκοπος*¹, to think over *now*—in peace—is to:

1. *Recognise* your limitations. Everyone has them; they are *gifts* to us in our so easily over-balanced conditions; “to one after this manner, to another after that.”

2. To lay out your work according to those limitations. Not to say I wish my work were other and then the limitations would not fret me as they do. Of course they would not, and you would have lost the gift. And not to say, “I will strain against the limitations as much as I can and minimise them.” When you do that, you lose part of the gift, and also you injure your work much more than the limitations would.

I do not think we have any of us quite recognised your limitations and helped you to do so. But we must, though you yourself must bear the chief burden of recognising them and ruling yourself within them.

It is Ascension Day and I can't help preaching on it. It teaches us not only Ascension but *how to dwell below*.

The infinity of restrictions which He submitted to when He took our *ἀσθένειαι*².

Don't compare my practice and preaching and forgive my bringing *οἶνον ἐς Κῶ*³.

About Disestablishment. We want you, but can't have you, at a private meeting here on Saturday morning. I shall try to hold to taking “*no* steps till we *see* the Bill.” Balfour thinks we shall not see it. But I think we must proceed as if we should. If we persuade other people that it is Academic we shall be unprepared if it does come, but we shall also be encouraging it to come. It would certainly come, if it were believed that we could make no fight, at any moment. Though I say *no* steps till we see the Bill, I do not agree that the time *may not come* when we shall “fall to prayer.” We believe in prayer being not only inspiring, but *δυνατὴ παρὰ τῷ Θεῷ*⁴, and I think a day will come in which we can make it, if we speak in time, *true* as being charitable, and *true* as being not fanatic; and we may hope to be attended to, especially now that X— has shown himself such a termagant

¹ Called to be a Bishop.

² Weaknesses, sicknesses.

³ A Greek proverb for what is otiose, like “bringing coals to Newcastle.”

⁴ Powerfully availing with God.

with his "*swirl*." I have in my mind what I think possible, at the right time. You must not be like the Verger at Westminster, so afraid of "having people praying all over the place."...

Ever your affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On the 17th of May the Manifesto of the Bishops against the Welsh Church Suspensory Bill was issued, protesting against the "dismemberment" of the Church of England. The Manifesto showed that the Church in Wales was no "intruded Church," but the "earliest and most sacred institution" of "an ancient and religious race"; that there was no proof that Churchmen were a "marked minority" and that the supporters of Disestablishment had been persistent opponents of a religious census. While urging the Clergy to use opportunities of influencing opinion in a question which was distinct from questions of party, the Manifesto exhorted them "to keep the House of God sacred from contention even in a good cause." It was respectfully received by the leading papers.

On the 14th of July he wrote:—

Thirteen lustres fulfilled. But alas! for the work which God gave me to do.

Yet to-day is not a bad image of this busy life, which leaves so little time for reflecting and none for recording.

Correspondence till 11.30, then the British Museum, where we spent £900 on a single drawing of Raffaele, and £483 on a single glass vessel enamelled of Venice, and said to be the first of its kind. At 2 had the All Saints' [? Sisters] in my Chapel, and after Prayers gave them a Benediction to disperse them to India, the Cape, and the Wide World. Then drew up a list of books on Church history for the Workers in our new Organisation. At five came the Czar's¹ Confessor, Father Janischeff, to talk, and see Lambeth. I received him with affection, remembering the savage letter he once wrote me². And Birkbeck, who came with him, told me that the whole time he heard him mutter a silent

¹ The late Czar, Alexander III., who died in Nov. 1894.

² In answer to one from the Archbishop written as an appeal to the Czar on behalf of the Jews.

prayer to God that I might have forgotten his letter. Rode with Mabel Lindsay, and Arthur and Jeanie and Mason dined here. ^

On the 16th of July he christened the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of York at the White Lodge, Richmond.

In the Advent Ordination this year one of the great desires of his life had been fulfilled, and he writes:—

We have had a happy Ember Week—19 men who have passed very well, and give every promise of true ministers. I had the wonderful happiness of laying hands on my Hugh. He had passed First Class in the Universities Preliminary Examination, and was first also in the part which is done here and especially in the Sermon. All the Examiners agree. Accordingly he was Gospeller. His pre-eminent interest in Theology, and the singleness and eagerness of his character, give us beautiful hopes of his humble service to God and the poor. He begins indeed among the lowest at Hackney Wick in the Eton Mission. God keep him stable and strong in His Son Christ.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE QUESTION OF REUNION.

*"Sed idem
Pacis eras mediusque belli."* HORACE.

IN the autumn of 1894, an incident took place, which may perhaps be hereafter regarded as one of the most important events of my father's Archiepiscopate,—as a critical point of English Church policy in relation to the Church of Rome.

The Archbishop of Canterbury as chief official of the most important and influential Reformed Church, stands in an unique and singularly delicate position with regard to the Church of Rome.

He is pressed on one side to enlist the co-operation of Romanists in England in many social questions, in some of which, as for instance that of supporting Voluntary Schools, circumstances appear to make the interests of the Romans coincident, though not identical with those of the English Church.

On the other hand, a large section of English Churchmen, subscribers, for example, to the Irish Church Mission, are vehement advocates of complete isolation from the English Romanists, whom they regard as traitorous and unscrupulous foes, and the Archbishop is urged even to denounce their work on every opportunity.

Again, from another direction the desire for Reunion with Rome is urged upon one whose ear must be equally open to the appeals of communities whom Rome abjures—ancient and oppressed Oriental Churches, or continental reformers, who are in harmony with the English Church in the rejection of falsifications of doctrine, and arrogance of empire; one to whom already the hand of fellowship is being stretched out by the great Churches of the East.

Again, in Cornwall, he had been brought face to face with the problem of Dissent, and had seen the deepest devotion to the cause of Christ manifested among many Nonconformist bodies. From these experiences he learnt to understand that no scheme of Reunion could rest on a true basis which did not provide for the spontaneous inclusion of these fellow-labourers in the true Fold.

Such was the position official, social, and ecclesiastical, in which my father found himself, and it became his immediate duty to consider afresh, in what was now to him a problem of practical policy, his former predilections and principles in the matter.

It is not too much to say that from boyhood there had been steadily growing up in him a deep antagonism both to the errors of doctrine and to the arrogant claims of Rome. Perhaps the doctrinal questions were what moved him most deeply. To render to the Virgin any part of the homage, to the Church any part of the trust due to their Lord, struck him with a peculiar horror. And this did not diminish with the years. It was indeed in later life that he sometimes exclaimed with a hushed vehemence that he could almost believe that Rome was Antichrist.

How free his antagonism was from personal bitterness may be judged from his life-long friendship with his old school-fellow, Father Purbrick.

His early view of the spirit and teaching of Rome was strengthened in later life. How far the influence of Bishop

Wordsworth at Lincoln acted on my father in this respect may be conjectured; that his historical studies, especially the life of Cyprian, affected him, cannot be doubted. The Roman falsification of history and the ignorance of it angered him¹. His own study served to confirm the total absence of foundation of the Roman claim, and the sense of the heavy bondage of the Roman yoke.

Into his feeling on other practical results of the principles of the Roman Church—"Confession insisted on, Confession enforced; the yoke, the terror, the deceivableness of Technical Confession²,"—we cannot here enter; but it would grievously misrepresent his view to treat it in any sense as a negative opinion. His study of history was not of more force in teaching the unfounded nature of the claims and doctrine of Rome than of establishing the true historic position of the Church of England—of her Evangelic doctrine with its English and not Roman ritual, of her Apostolic Ministry, of her peculiar mission, of "the masculine sense, the unsurpassed knowledge and the keen historic insight of her Reformers³."

At one time the question of combination with the Romanists on the subject of Voluntary Schools came before him. He approved, it is true, of a joint deputation of Anglicans, Romanists, Nonconformists and Jews to the Education Department, on the subject of the Rating of School Houses, and the Secretary of the National Society tells me that he was authorised by the Archbishop as a matter of courtesy and convenience to supply Cardinal Vaughan with early reports, so that the Roman Catholic Bishops might know the action determined on before it

¹ e.g. "Large-minded men may be amused, but surely not without indignation, at being assured that 1200 Roman Catholic Bishops have refused to admit the validity of English orders; as if that contained some argument—as if we did not know what the position of these good men is." *Fishers of Men*, p. 123.

² *Seven Gifts*, p. 94.

³ *Fishers of Men*, p. 123.

was made public,—yet nothing could be stronger than his declaration “that Church of England people ought not to have any kind of alliance with the Roman Catholics¹.” And the next year—explaining that in his previous speech he had meant no disparagement of the piety of the Roman Catholics, he said that “the policy and principle which it might be possible for the Roman Catholics to adopt might be totally unsuitable for adoption by the Church of England ...the Roman Catholics held principles which were not the principles of the Church of England².”

These utterances, as was only natural, met with strong disapproval on the part of some of his staunchest friends, but he never wavered in his opinions, or concealed them.

When he was appointed to the Primacy, Canon Mason had urged him to send a formal notification of the fact to the occupants of the Roman and other great foreign sees, as had been done in ancient times, but he definitely declined to do so. In 1887 Canon Mason suggested that the Archbishop, without making any proposals, should send the Pope a friendly present on the occasion of his Jubilee, in the hope that an act of personal kindness might smooth the way towards the healing of the schism between the Churches. To this suggestion the Archbishop replied:—

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.

27th Nov. 1887.

AGAPIT,

I thought I had long since made it sufficiently clear that I would not approach the Pope. But “Is not the hand of Joab with thee in all this?”

We are utterly guiltless of any schism. Till the eleventh year of Elizabeth, when we were as we are now, there was no thought of such a thing. Then we were impiously excommunicated. To accept a false doctrine, piled with false doctrines, is the price of removing that act, ἀσεβὲς καὶ μισητὸν καὶ μυσταρόν³ as it was.

¹ National Society's Annual Meeting, June 21, 1893.

² National Society's Annual Meeting, June 19, 1894.

³ Iniquitous and abominable and detestable.

To that has been recently added the uncatholic and unchristian act of sending an Italian Mission to attack this ancient Church. And they are mining with great effect.

It is impossible that your proposed present from me to him should be "personal." You yourself say its value would be greatly more significant because the Lambeth Conference approaches.

It is the Pope's business to eat dust and ashes, not mine to decorate him. Therefore, my dear Mephibosheth, hold thy peace.

Your loving, EDW. CANTUAR.

It is not, I think, paradoxical to say that it was his deeply-rooted desire for the real Reunion of Christendom—true, wide, and enduring,—which led him to shun any hasty compromise, any sacrifice of truth and principle, any shallow pacification which might stand in the way of a greater peace.

The basis he desired was not only a general charity, but sound knowledge.

Such work he neither expected nor desired to see quickly done. "The dream of Union is simply inappreciably and infinitely far off"; he wrote to Bishop Davidson, when he was working for it. But as he saw the foundation of Truro Cathedral laid in hopes that it might be finished in the course of centuries, as God pleased, so here he worked to build, slowly and surely, no makeshift, temporary edifice, but that which would stand the test of fire.

The idea of a practical *rapprochement* between the English Church and the Church of Rome was brought very prominently before the Archbishop in 1894 by Lord Halifax. Lord Halifax, who has most kindly favoured me with a full memorandum on the subject, explains that he had, when in Madeira some years before, formed a friendship with a French priest, the Abbé Fernand Portal, belonging to the Congregation of St Vincent de Paul and later a Professor in a Theological Seminary at Cahors. The subject of a possible reunion of the Churches had

often been discussed between Lord Halifax and the Abbé and many letters on the same topic passed between them. It seemed to them that though the decree of Papal Infallibility was a serious obstacle to any reconciliation, yet that, in view of possible explanations, if both sides earnestly desired it, the prospect was by no means hopeless. Consideration of the subject convinced them that if anything was to be done in the interests of peace two things were indispensable.

The first was, in their opinion, to kindle and spread the desire for union. The second to discover some definite point which should not only excite those desires, and give expression to them, but should provide a point of contact if the authorities on both sides desired it. It seemed to Lord Halifax and the Abbé Portal that such a point could be found in the consideration of English Orders. It was as a step to such discussions that the Abbé Portal published, under the pseudonym of *Fernand Dalbus*, a pamphlet entitled *Les Ordinations Anglicanes*, which, though its arguments would seem to lead to the opposite result, concluded, *pro forma*, for the invalidity of English Orders¹. This pamphlet created much interest abroad, and the Abbé Duchesne, a well-known Theological writer, formerly Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the *Institut Catholique* at Paris, and since 1895 head of the French School of Archaeology at Rome, reviewed the pamphlet in the *Bulletin Critique*, in which review he affirmed the validity of English Orders. Cardinal Bourret, Bishop of Rodez and Vabres, also wrote to the Abbé Portal on the subject, expressing interest in his pamphlet, and attacking the position of the Anglican Church. This letter, together

¹ This statement requires some qualification. M. Dalbus admits that both Archbishop Parker and his consecrator, Bishop Barlow, had been truly consecrated, but he casts doubt on Barlow's intention, and maintains that owing to the omission of certain words in the Ordinal, and the discontinuance of a certain ceremony, the Priesthood had become extinct.

with Duchesne's declaration, was answered in a pamphlet by the Bishop of Salisbury, in the form of a printed letter addressed to Fernand Dalbus in 1894.

In the summer of 1894 the Abbé Portal came over to England to judge for himself of the condition of the English Church. Lord Halifax wrote to the Archbishop asking if he might bring the Abbé to see him ; he added :—

What I want your Grace to hear from his lips is the very favourable dispositions entertained abroad about the Church of England at the present moment. There is the greatest desire to know more about us—at present they know nothing.

It is certain that we have an opportunity such as perhaps has never existed before for doing something towards at least preparing the way for a future peace. Leo XIII. wishes for nothing so much, and any expression on the part of the Anglican Church of a *wish for Unity*—nothing more even than the expression of a general wish for peace—would at this moment be productive of the greatest good....

The Archbishop replied that he would be glad to see the Abbé Portal in Lord Halifax's company, adding :—

There are however just these things to be considered.

How it will affect his ability to do good in a good cause, if he is known to visit Ecclesiastics in England, when he finds himself again among such disputants as [a certain Bishop]?

And again how it will affect our serviceableness if we are known to be receiving "Emissaries."

It should be clear to him that I have no doubts as to our Orders which make me more grateful to him for seeing the facts, than I should be grateful to him for acknowledging the Copernican or Newtonian systems, but that I honour him for saying so in the teeth of the ignorance which surrounds him.

But I suppose he cannot misunderstand my position. He has fought out his points to admiration.

Lord Halifax eventually brought the Abbé Portal to Addington ; it was merely a visit of courtesy, and the question of Reunion with Rome was only alluded to in the most general way ; the Archbishop expressed his sympathy with any attempt to heal the dissensions of Christendom,

but the subject was only, so to speak, academically discussed, without reference to any practical measure. The Archbishop was interested by the Abbé Portal, and admired his eagerness and dexterity of speech. The Archbishop subsequently wrote a short account of the interview ; he said :—

As to the interview at Addington it was simply that Lord Halifax asked leave to bring down Portal (Dalbus) to breakfast to introduce him to me as the author of the "Ordinations Anglicanes." The conversation was simply on that book, with great satisfaction expressed by both Halifax and Portal that Duchesne had satisfactorily refuted Parts iii. and iv. of that Essay (the Ordinations Anglicanes) and had accordingly, so to speak, established the validity of English ordinations.

After that the conversation fell into my maintaining the duty of the Clergy, and all persons responsible, to teach the Truth which they knew, and to Portal's maintaining that you ought to teach it only to fit persons¹. That "Higher Criticism" so called might be lectured upon to fit chosen audiences of students, but not be published for the Church at large. Halifax held that the ignorant should be treated as children. I said this was the difference that underlay everything else between England and Rome, that it was alike prudent and right to impart truth. Portal asked me what I thought of the Pope's Encyclical on Scripture, and I was obliged to say that though very beautiful Latin it was full 50 years behind the present state of actual *knowledge*, and that I could not have believed that such a paper could have been written *now* by any theologian.

The unofficial character of this interview may be judged from the fact that several members of the Archbishop's family were present.

One of those present said that the Archbishop's whole attitude was one of the greatest caution, and that he kept the conversation as general as possible, avoiding any

¹ Lord Halifax tells me that according to his recollection the discussion arose not as to the *truth* which a person might know, but out of the Higher Criticism and such speculations as those in *Lux Mundi* as to our Lord's human ignorance and human limitations ; it was these that the Abbé said should only be brought before fit persons, and it was the same point to which his own words referred.

dangerous discussions or compromising statements. To use a picturesque French proverb, he talked "with his paws in the air" ready to dart away at the least sign of any proximity to dangerous subjects.

The Archbishop's view from the first seems to have been that an attempt was being made from Rome, working through the sincere and genuine enthusiasm of Lord Halifax and the Abbé Portal, to compromise the official chief of the Anglican Church. Before narrating the difficult and complicated history of subsequent events, I must mention that if it had not been for the ready help and co-operation of Lord Halifax, it would have been impossible for me to have disentangled the intricate succession of incidents, or to have laid a consecutive account of what took place before my readers.

While the Abbé Portal was staying with Lord Halifax, he visited the Archbishop of York at Bishopthorpe, and the Bishop of Peterborough (Creighton) at Peterborough; he also saw the Bishop of Lincoln, some of the English Sisterhoods, and attended services at several churches, mainly of a pronouncedly High Church type.

It would seem, from what Lord Halifax tells me, that shortly after this visit to England, the Abbé received an intimation that it would be agreeable to Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State at the Vatican, who was interested in the questions to which the pamphlet on English Orders had given rise, to see him at Rome. The Abbé accordingly went to Rome, and was received both by Cardinal Rampolla and the Pope. The substance of the interviews will be related in detail below.

The Abbé Portal was so much impressed with the importance of this communication that he travelled straight back from Rome to England. In September the Archbishop left Addington for a short holiday which he spent at Baron's Down, near Dulverton, a beautiful secluded

house lent him by Dr Warre, Headmaster of Eton. Lord Halifax wrote on Saturday, September 22nd :—

HICKLETON, DONCASTER.
Sept. 22, 1894.

MY DEAR LORD,

I have a very important communication from the Abbé Portal which I think will both please and astonish your Grace very much. It seems to me so important that it has caused the telegram I sent off this morning... I have some very wonderful things to tell your Grace.

I am always,

Your Grace's most faithful and devoted,

HALIFAX.

The Archbishop explained that he was away from home, and on September 27th Lord Halifax telegraphed :—

BOLTON-ON-DEARNE.
Sept. 27, 1894.

To Archbishop of Canterbury, Baron's Down, Dulverton.

Would get to Dulverton 9 a.m. to-morrow or Monday as most convenient to your Grace, should return at once.—HALIFAX.

It will be noted that neither in the letter nor in the telegram did Lord Halifax happen to mention that he would be accompanied by the Abbé Portal. Had the Archbishop known the nature of the communication which was to be made to him, he would have asked for delay, and it is very doubtful whether he would have consented to receive the Abbé Portal at all. However, Lord Halifax and the Abbé went down to Somersetshire and arrived early on the morning of Sept. 28th.

Professor Mason, who was staying at Dulverton, was present, and took careful notes of the interview. I give a few extracts from these notes :—

Thursday, Sept. 27th, 1894.—Telegram from Lord Halifax to say that he would come to-morrow morning with very joyful news.

Friday, Sept. 28th.—About 10 o'clock, Lord Halifax arrived,

accompanied unexpectedly by the Abbé Portal, Professor of Moral Theology in the Seminary of Cahors. M. Portal..... came dressed in his cassock. After they had had some breakfast (they had been travelling all night), we went into the study... M. Portal could only speak French. He began to give us a narrative of extraordinary interest, which may possibly affect the whole future of Christendom. After his last visit to England in July,.....by the advice of his own bishop, he sought access to the authorities at Rome. He was enabled to approach Cardinal Rampolla,.....and the result was that he was summoned to Rome. Directly a Retreat which he was conducting at Bordeaux was finished, he started for Rome, where he arrived on the 11th of this month (Sept.), and had an interview the same evening with Cardinal Rampolla. He told him his impressions of the English Church, and at the end Cardinal Rampolla said, "You must by all means see the Pope." The next day (Sept. 12th), he had an audience of the Pope which lasted an hour. The Pope made M. Portal tell him everything quite frankly. He told him what he had seen in England—that the Church was at the head of the intellectual movement, that in dealing with the English Clergy he was dealing with men of real learning; of our services and ritual, convents, and other features of English Church life; that there was a great feeling for union, and that many were praying every day for it. The Pope...asked M. Portal what he could do. M. Portal said that if he were not prepared to make the utmost concessions that could possibly be made, it would be of no use to take any step at all. He suggested that the Pope should write a sympathetic letter to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.....

The Pope asked how such a letter would be received. M. Portal assured him that it would not meet with a rebuff.....

The Pope said in an impassioned manner, "How gladly I would say my *Nunc Dimittis*, if I could make the smallest beginning of such a reunion!" He said to M. Portal more than once, "You know I am 85 years old." The Pope told M. Portal that he would write, and bade him come back to the Vatican in two days' time. When he returned the third day he found that there had been a *mouvement de recul*. It had been felt that it would be incautious for the Pope to write at once in person; and other people had been giving him different accounts of our condition. It was now decided that instead of the Pope writing direct to the Archbishop, Cardinal Rampolla should write a letter to M. Portal (nominally to communicate to M. Dalbus) which

he was not to publish, but which he might show to those whom it concerned; he was told that the Pope intended to commission the Abbé Duchesne to examine at length the question of our Orders and report upon it¹. This, as Lord Halifax pointed out, and M. Portal also, was already a great step, as M. Duchesne had already stated his belief in our favour—and that in spite of the decisions of Eugenius IV. and the Council of Florence on the subject of the essentials of Ordination. M. Portal was much disappointed at the indirect method being adopted, saying that he thought the other quite simple, but justly feeling that a great step had already been taken. A day or two later he had a farewell audience with the Pope, who was as warm as ever upon the subject, and...said that if Cardinal Rampolla's letter were well received, he would then write in person.

When this narration—often interrupted for explanations and comments—was finished, the Archbishop immediately adopted the line of criticism. He commented on the *recul* of which M. Portal had spoken. He said that they were trying to make him commit himself, when the Pope had not committed himself—that Rampolla was a minister and could be disavowed, while it would be impossible for himself to employ an agent whom he could disavow, and that many Popes had acted in this manner—that they were endeavouring to make him take the first step, while it was the duty of Rome to take the first step in such a matter... He insisted that the change of mind which led the Pope to write through Rampolla instead of writing himself was proof that the two things were not identical, and that he could not be put at a disadvantage. He pointed out that Cardinal Rampolla's letter (even if he were considered as identical with the Pope) was only written to a private person, and that he could only take notice of it accordingly.....The dispute on this particular went on for some half hour or more; and at last, seeing that things were not getting forward, and that the Archbishop was tired², I knelt down

¹ This, it would seem, was actually done. But Mr Gladstone talking to the Archbishop at Hawarden in Oct. 1896, the day before the Archbishop's death, stated that Duchesne had received a private admonition from the Vatican not to open up the question from the beginning. Mr Gladstone, speaking of the part he had himself taken in the matter, said with great indignation that he had been deceived and that nothing would have induced him to meddle with the matter if he had known of this secret understanding.

² Canon Mason, in sending me this memorandum, adds, Nov. 1898, that he thought that the effort of attending closely for so long a time to an argument conducted in French was fatiguing the Archbishop so much that he was not doing himself justice in the conduct of it, or at any rate was in danger of not doing so.

and asked him whether this was not a question of form, which could be arranged, and whether it might not be possible to devise a way in which the letter might be replied to in the spirit in which it was written.... Cardinal Rampolla's letter was then fetched; and the Archbishop said it was a nice letter, but very general. It contained several expressions offensive to us, as that the Roman Church was our ancient "mother and mistress," and "the only centre of union." I ventured to defend the expression "mother" as against the Archbishop, and M. Portal explained "mistress" in the sense of "teacher," as having taught us at the time when she became our mother. The Archbishop did not admit either statement. The Archbishop protested that Infallibility was by no means the only thing (A)¹ that stood in the way of Reunion, but other matters, particularly the supremacy over temporal sovereigns—so at least M. Portal understood (B and C)². He was by that time very tired; so I proposed to take Lord Halifax and the Abbé out for a short walk till luncheon time.... They dwelt long and earnestly upon the greatness of the step which the Pope had already taken—which they did not think the Archbishop had felt. M. Portal said, throwing out his hands, "*Maintenant c'est à vous*," and said that if we met such a step coldly, we must bear the responsibility....

With reference to what the Archbishop had said about supremacy over national Governments, he said to me that while nothing whatever was known abroad about the English Church, there were also misunderstandings on our side; and that if such a statement as that of the Archbishop were made in his class at the seminary, "*nous ririons*." He said that any recognition of the very existence of the English Church would be an astonishment to the French, that they knew of a Western Church and an Eastern Church, but knew nothing of any independent Church in the West.....

Dr Mason prepared an account of the interview from the foregoing notes, which the Archbishop read, and pronounced substantially correct, adding however a few notes: I append those that are of importance. The Archbishop wrote:—

(A) I said Infallibility was not the only difficulty in the Pope's position, and the Pope's position not the only difficulty in the Roman doctrine.

¹ See below.

² See below, p. 501.

(B) M. Portal understood me quite rightly. I said the constitutional difficulties in the way of any kind of reunion would be very great; the fundamental claim of the Pope's Supremacy would be a bar at once: the oath taken by the clergy of the Queen's supremacy was made in order to bar it. This (i.e. the suggestion of the Pope's Supremacy over temporal Sovereigns) is what Dr Mason says M. Portal said would be laughed at as entirely out of date as an idea of the Pope's claims. (I think it still.)

(C) In a desultory talk which here followed for five minutes I said that Portal had only seen one side of English Church life with Lord Halifax; and that the Pope could have had no complete view of England before him.

The Archbishop's reception of the suggestion was a profound disappointment to Lord Halifax, the Abbé Portal, and even to Professor Mason himself. But it must be remembered that the Archbishop was not prepared for the advent of M. Portal, and that he was determined not to be drawn into any course of action by which ultimately members of the Church of England, and many loyal Protestants not belonging to the Church, might legitimately be scandalised, if any inaccurate report of the incident were to be made public; that he considered M. Portal's hopes, originating in conversations held with the Pope and with Cardinal Rampolla, as to the ease with which difficulties raised by the English Romanists could be surmounted, were far too sanguine. Moreover, all through the interview it was strongly in his mind that an attempt was being made from Rome, working through and taking advantage of the eager sympathy of Lord Halifax with the cause of Reunion and the genuine enthusiasm of M. Portal, to entrap the Primate of the English Church into committing himself to some statement which, if it did not directly advance the cause of Rome, might at any rate damage the Church of England.

Whether this view was justified or not, the profound distrust manifested by the Archbishop seemed to some of

those present to be an exaggerated feeling. But it may here be mentioned that shortly before the interview between the Abbé Portal and the Archbishop, Cardinal Vaughan delivered a speech at Preston, which seemed to cut short all attempts at reunion by the statement contained in it as to the necessity of absolute and unqualified submission on the part of the English Church to the Church of Rome, before reconciliation could be thought of as a practical question. The irritation provoked by this discourse in England, was not allayed by a communication shortly afterwards addressed by the Cardinal to the Archbishop of Toledo asserting in the most uncompromising way the nullity of Anglican ordinations. The Archbishop of Canterbury did not believe that Cardinal Vaughan could be acting independently of the Vatican in the matter, and was not unnaturally suspicious of overtures so friendly in character being made to himself, at the very time when the doctrine of submission was being so publicly insisted upon. In view of the utterances of Cardinal Vaughan, and the subsequent publication of the Papal Bull condemning English Orders, it is clear what the Archbishop's position would have been if he had made such a move as it was suggested he should make. The Archbishop was certainly justified in feeling that it was not prudent that so momentous an interview should be sprung upon him, and that he ought at least to have had a chance of deciding beforehand whether he would receive such communications at all. At any rate he was deeply annoyed and made no attempt to dissimulate his feelings.

Lord Halifax subsequently wrote to the Archbishop as follows:—

HICKLETON.

Oct. 15th, 1894.

MY DEAR LORD,

I enclose a memorandum in French drawn up by the Abbé Portal and myself, which gives a summary of what

has passed. Your Grace will see on reading it over, how very important it all is.

I cannot doubt, all the circumstances are so remarkable, and have come so entirely of themselves—that is, not of our provoking—that they are God's doing. Humanly speaking, it seems impossible to see how peace is to come—but it is well to hope, and hope largely. It is enough to take one step at a time—and so long as that step seems right in itself, I do not think we need trouble ourselves about the next. That we may leave to God, who has guided us so far, and, if it be His work, will guide us in the future.

Meanwhile, will your Grace, in conjunction with the Archbishop of York, write *me* such a private letter as I can take to Rome? Your Grace may trust me—I know all the difficulties, and I would say and do nothing which could, if it were to be made public to-morrow, compromise anyone but myself.

What I want is a letter which should speak generally of peace and union—which should point out that whatever mistakes have been made in England, and whatever we may have to reproach ourselves with—we have honestly desired at least to adhere to the “*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*”; that none can be more sensible than we are of the miseries of disunion—and the infinite injury they do to the cause of truth in face of the infidelities of the present time; that, apart from the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, we see no hope of solving all the social questions which are everywhere raising their heads; that the Pope's recent Encyclical urging to unity, has all our warmest sympathies; that we rejoice that he who is by universal consent the *Primate* of Christendom, should have taken so great a matter in hand, and that there are no sacrifices *we* are not ready to make—and no labours we are not prepared to undertake, for so blessed an end as the Reunion of Christendom, on the basis of the Faith once for all delivered to the Saints, etc.

Your Grace will see the sort of thing that seems to be wanted. Such a letter to *me* would, I believe, elicit the “*démarche directe*” from Rome, of which the Pope and Cardinal Rampolla have spoken.

That “*démarche*” must be *open* and public. It is impossible to have any *private* arrangement; such would only increase the difficulties in the way of doing anything. But I believe if the Pope would write to your Grace such a public letter as the one I have sketched out, and which I enclose, there would be no difficulties at all, and that *everyone* in England, Non-conformists

and all, would be thankful and grateful that it had pleased God to put it in Leo XIII.'s heart to write such a letter, and thus to pave the way for such an eventual reconciliation of those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth as might in the years to come be brought about.

I entreat your Grace to think much of this—it is a great opportunity.

Dante assigns the lowest place to those who, having a great opportunity, refuse to take it.

It is the highest ideals that really influence the world; and I am *satisfied* that nothing could be so blessed in the interests of the Church at large, and in the interests of the Church of England in particular, as to carry through what I am sketching out for your Grace's consideration. England cannot afford to stand alone and in her present isolation. If our Bishops have their rights, so have the rest of the Bishops of the Catholic Church. We are bound, in view of our past history, to make good our position in the eyes of the world,—and if anything were needed to show how useful such a step would be to us, all this recent controversy in the *Times* upon Anglican Orders is enough to show it.

My dear Lord, forgive me for writing as I do; no one can be more conscious than I am of the amazing liberty I am taking; but the circumstances are so extraordinary that I cannot help it. My whole heart is here, and I write as the thoughts come.

Your Grace knows that I am now as always,

Your Grace's most devoted,

HALIFAX.

P.S. The Abbé Portal was astonished at his audacity in talking so freely to the Pope. I am amazed at myself in writing as I have to the "*Alterius orbis Papa*."

The Archbishop carefully considered what reply he should make to Lord Halifax's letter. He was in communication on the whole subject with the present Bishop of Winchester, and after careful consultation with him, he wrote the following letter.

ADDINGTON PARK.

Oct. 15th, 1894.

MY DEAR LORD HALIFAX,

I need scarcely say how much thought I have given to your late visit to me at Baron's Down. I need not assure you that

I can conceive of no greater privilege or happiness than to be used by our Lord as an instrument in realising that unity which He treats as the consummation of His Gospel. I am sure that you hold that there could be no unity except on the basis of Truth, and that you would be first to impress on me that this responsible position of mine binds me above all not to risk Truth for the sake of any policy of unity.

If I had known, when you asked for that interview, that M. Portal would accompany you, I would have pointed out that my position almost required that I should be informed beforehand of any very grave matter which he had to lay before me, and I will ask you now kindly to excuse anything that could possibly seem harsh, by remembering that my interview with him was a great surprise.

The sum of what then passed was this :—

M. Portal gave me a copy of a letter from Cardinal Rampolla to himself based on the representations which M. Portal had made to his Eminence of the state of Religion in England. The letter breathes a spirit of charity and strong desire for unity, but is written in very general terms which do not commit its author to any definite statement, but he apparently regards with satisfaction the arguments with which M. Dalbus (and M. Duchesne) combat the unfounded difficulties raised by ordinary Roman Catholics as to the validity of English Orders. M. Portal added that he knew from the very highest authority that M. Duchesne (whose views are known) is to be entrusted with the production of full researches upon the question. He (M. Portal) had himself had personal experience of the amicable views of this authority.

It is important to observe that M. Portal desired that this communication should be *private*, but he wished me to express in writing a favourable reception of it.

I must first say, as I said then, that the Archbishop of Canterbury is not in a position to take a private and unofficial line with secret agents from great powers. It is not our English method of procedure. It is not possible for me to say more upon that letter than that I also most deeply desire and pray that all the dissensions of Christendom might be ended, and rejoice that others long for it.

But among its kindly lines that letter contains expressions totally inadmissible and inconsistent with the primitive model to which England appeals.

But what is most important is that at this very time (before and since that interview) the head and representative of the

Roman Catholic Church in England is officially declaring in a series of public utterances the absolute and uncompromising repudiation by the Papal See of the Orders of the Anglican Church.

How is it possible to weigh the private conversation of a private person on the private sentiments of a great power against the open declarations of the one most dignified and accredited agent of the same power? Whatever you may believe as to those private views you cannot wish me to ignore the fact that Cardinal Vaughan has spoken with an authority that nothing but public authority can contradict.

I shall await with the utmost interest the result of M. Duchesne's research, and also its reception by the Pope. It is impossible that any step could be taken whilst the validity of our English Orders remained unacknowledged. And I shall then venture to hope that further investigations may be deemed not impossible on the part of the Roman Catholic Church into that doctrine and practice of the primitive Church to which the English Church appeals.

Meantime the spirit of Love which Cardinal Rampolla also invokes is the best preparation for fruitful investigation. "Pectus facit Theologum," and no one will rejoice more than I if Theology working in that spirit leads Christians to perfect Unity in the Truth.

To the Archbishop's letter Lord Halifax replied:—

BOSAHAN, CORNWALL.

Oct. 22, 1894.

MY DEAR LORD,

Time to consider your Grace's letter does not diminish the distress I feel at having seemed to have treated your Grace without due consideration. Nothing indeed could be further from my thoughts and intention.

But your Grace cannot really think that I had any idea I was putting your Grace in a difficulty by acting as I did. The Abbé Portal was no secret and unofficial agent. He was merely one earnestly desirous of promoting the unity of the Church, who was convinced that a great step might be taken in that direction at the present moment.

It is not as if there were no difficulties attaching to our own position. Can we deny that there is much which must seem hard to reconcile with Catholic doctrine and practice in the circumstances of the Anglican Communion as it must appear in the eyes of even well-informed foreigners? What are we to say of

our lack of authority and discipline—to mention only one point which must strike everyone who is acquainted with our condition?

What inducements has Rome to acknowledge our Orders—if we refuse any overture and stand aloof saying, we will do nothing to help to put matters straight between us at least on this point?

I feel sure the fault must be mine in not having made this clear, and so have given your Grace a wrong impression. It seems to me, if I may be so bold as to say so, that your Grace's letter as it stands could only have the effect of closing the door to much that might have been productive of consequences inspiring the brightest hopes—and that if it could be modified in certain particulars,—modification which, I believe, if I had more clearly explained myself, would have been unnecessary—as your Grace's letter would have been very different,—it might still, without incurring any sort of risks—risks which I should be as sensitive about as anyone—be productive of incalculable good. Would it be possible for your Grace to confer with the Archbishop of York on the subject, who also saw the Abbé Portal after he returned to England from Italy.

I am, with the greatest respect,

Your Grace's very faithful and devoted,

HALIFAX.

To this the Archbishop replied, enclosing a letter in general terms.

[Covering letter.]

Oct. 27th, 1894.

MY DEAR HALIFAX,

The Archbishop of York was here yesterday. Perhaps the enclosed letter may make clear to you, in the way you wish, what are my general sentiments.

As to particular points, I have already expressed myself to you.

Yours,

E. C.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.

Oct. 27th, 1894.

MY DEAR LORD HALIFAX,

I have been much interested in all that you have brought to my knowledge as to recent indications of a more

friendly feeling towards the Church of England on the part of certain persons of influence in the Church of Rome.

The Church of England must always be desirous to stand in amicable relation to all other branches of the Catholic Church so long as this can be done without any sacrifice on her part of scriptural truth, or of the great principles for which she has contended in making her appeal to primitive antiquity, to the "*Quod semper*" as well as the "*quod ubique et ab omnibus*." It is her daily prayer that "all who profess and call themselves Christians should be led into the way of truth and hold the faith in the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace and in righteousness of life"; and she will always welcome every hope of a better understanding between those who are in any way estranged or separated from one another within the fold of the Church of Christ.

In our great and unceasing conflict with the powers of evil it could not fail to be an unspeakable gain to the cause of Christ and we may reverently believe a source of joy to the Head (our Blessed Lord Himself) if all the branches of His Church although separated from one another through diversities of National character and history or even through the frailty of our human nature, should stand side by side; striving with one spirit, if not always with one mind, for the faith of the Gospel; upon the one basis of evangelical truth and apostolical order.

These letters Lord Halifax acknowledged, hinting that the Vatican was not altogether disinclined to disavow the advanced position which Cardinal Vaughan had taken up.

Early in November Lord Halifax visited the Archbishop at Addington; the Archbishop notes:—

Nov. 6th, 1894. Lord Halifax came to Addington: his main object in coming was to get me to write a (third) middle letter between that of "Oct. 16th [15th], 1894" and that of "Oct. 27th, 1894," which should express sympathy for the Roman interest in us and say that Vaughan's action had rendered further steps impossible. Such a letter he wished to have to *show*—(I suppose at Rome—for he means to go and *see* the Pope there)—and then he thinks he can induce the Pope to write a letter (in the style of Mrs Bond¹), according to a sketch which he would show him. Halifax is like a solitary player of chess, and wants to make all the moves on the board himself on both sides. I rather think that the best

¹ The Archbishop afterwards drew his pen through these words.

way is to let Vaughan's action be unnoticed. It must close anything projected, but it may close it in silence. I do not know, however, that there is much harm in this proposition—(i.e. if I write it). He does not see that a private letter written by a public person in order that it may be shown about, and especially to another authority, cannot be a "private communication."

Lord Halifax proceeded to draft a letter, such as he would desire to obtain from the Archbishop. It was constructed out of the Archbishop's previous letters, with suggested additions. To this draft, which is in my possession, are appended the following notes by the Archbishop:—

Halifax's draft omits from my letter among other things, (1) that Rampolla's letter is based on the representations of Portal as to the state of religion in England: (2) that Rampolla's letter is in very general terms: (3) that some of its expressions are wholly inadmissible and inconsistent with teaching of Church of England.

In December Lord Halifax wrote again to the Archbishop:—

HICKLETON, DONCASTER.

Dec. 12th, 1894.

MY DEAR LORD,

I have been anxiously hoping for and expecting a letter from your Grace. The Archbishop of York told me he was to see your Grace at Addington about a fortnight ago, and I had in consequence almost counted on a letter from your Grace which should enable me to decide in what way the present situation, so far as the little I can do is concerned, can be turned to the best account.

Rightly or wrongly—I trust rightly, for it would not be to the credit of the Church of England were it not so—the authorities at Rome have been given to understand that there is a real desire for unity in England on the basis of the faith of the Undivided Church—and as a step towards such reunion, though obviously a very remote one—Rome has been induced to take steps to look into our Orders in a way she has never done before, and under conditions the most favourable to ourselves. Simultaneously with this there have been, whether intended so or not, very unfriendly—

to say the least of it—utterances on the part of the Ecclesiastical Head of the English Roman Catholics, which however are known to have been viewed with disfavour at Rome. It is obvious that nothing can be easier than by a mistake on our side to play into the hands of Cardinal Vaughan and to give the impression at Rome that his view of the Anglican Church is the right one, and in consequence to throw back the favourable disposition of the Pope, and to risk all that might be obtained under present circumstances from the investigation by the Abbé Duchesne, a most favourable critic, into our Orders.

It was for this reason that I so earnestly besought your Grace to write me such a letter as I had ventured to put together out of the two letters your Grace had been good enough to send me. May I still ask it, and with all the earnestness of which I am capable. There was nothing in that letter which could compromise anyone—it merely gave expression, if one may say so, to sentiments which everyone who believes in the Catholic Church must feel. Will not your Grace trust me in this, and accede to my prayer? In any case will your Grace let me have back the letters your Grace was good enough to send me, which I left at Addington the last time I was there?

I am, my dear Lord,

With much respect,

Your Grace's very sincere and devoted,

HALIFAX.

To this letter is appended a memorandum, written in the Archbishop's own hand ; probably the draft for a contemplated reply :—

Let the Pope silence his Rabshakeh who talks to the men that sit on the wall, if he wishes Hezekiah to listen to a secret messenger of peace.

His Cardinal is filling all English minds for many a day with the idea that their Orders are at least so doubtful that any Sacramental teaching or life in the Church is practically impossible.

Let him push enquiry as to our validity on his side. We don't want to be in a Conference with the prospect of being ignominiously dismissed with a "not proven." Let him appoint his own learned men as the Russians did.

Pope himself says (in his memorandum) that to settle Orders is the first point.

The reply sent by the Archbishop to Lord Halifax's letter of Dec. 12th was as follows:—

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.

Dec. 14th, 1894.

MY DEAR HALIFAX,

I know how much tried and how anxious you have been. I hope all this diminishes. After much consideration I feel able to write with confidence on the compound letter which you offered me for adoption. I really cannot accept it. It omits safeguards which I had used. It inserts phrases which would compromise me extremely in England, and which do not represent my views. The effect is to alter the tone and *animus* of both the letters, entirely different as they are from one another. But this is what you intended naturally. I do not know what importance to attach to statements in newspapers as to the views of some Cardinals or as to the trust assigned to the Abbé Duchesne. I have no proof that the question of English Orders is being examined. If it is, still it is not the enquiry, but the result arrived at which would matter; I expect they are a long way off from that. If they did acknowledge our Orders, it would not alter *our* view of our position. We know it, and *their* coming to a sensible and historical standpoint on that particular might give some hope, but would not settle the Roman Controversy. There are questions of primary importance unconnected with *that* question, which keep us apart in doctrine and in discipline—vital questions. All that I have openly and avowedly before me on their part is that their representative in England had gone with more and more violence and contumely into an assault on our Orders and our whole position. There is no proof whatever that he has not the Vatican at his back. If he has not, their counsels must be strangely divided. What they themselves state is that he is gone there to advise on the Conversion of England.

All this affects the position you take. And I must be pardoned for saying, what it is only the part of friendship to say, that I am afraid that you have lived for years so exclusively with one set of thinkers, and entered so entirely into the usages of one class of churches, that you have not before you the state of religious feeling and activity in England with the completeness with which anyone attempting to adjust the relations between Churches ought to have the phenomena of his own side clearly and minutely before him. And as to me, any action of mine in the matter of

the relations of Churches is *ipso facto* by the nature of the case public action. It is impossible for me to accept private assertions as to what is going on. It is equally impossible for me to adopt the part of a secret diplomatist among the Counsels of the Church.

Secret Diplomacy is a recognised part of the machinery of the Church of Rome, and it is contrary to the genius and sense of the English Church.

The only thing for me to do consistently is to wait until public proofs are produced, and then to see what they prove.

Ever sincerely yours,

EDW. CANTUAR.

You misunderstood that the second was drawn by the Archbishop of York. E. C.

Lord Halifax shortly after this delivered an address at Bristol on the subject of Corporate Reunion, copies of which he sent to many of the English and Scottish Bishops. He asked at the same time what answer he ought to make if he was asked at Rome what would be the attitude of the English Episcopate towards a step on the part of the Holy See in the direction of suggesting a possible conference on the validity of the English Orders.

To this the Archbishop replied :—

LAMBETH PALACE.

March 3rd, 1895.

MY DEAR HALIFAX,

I thank you much for writing to me again, and with so much patience and warmth. I believe that you really know how I sympathize with the far-off desire and hope of the Unity of Christendom; but I am sure I must say at once that it would be impossible for me to frame or approve any answer to a question which has not been asked.

If I were to attempt to do so, it is certain that, without any thought of such a result, mere accidents of phraseology in the subsequently formulated question, might make the answer appear very different in colour from what had been intended. But even apart from such a possibility, I do not think you would yourself consider it wise or prudent to provide an answer for any hypothetical question.

Neither, I am afraid, can I give the most capable and trusted

person leave to give to any probable supposed question replies in my behalf in any specified direction.

This would be constituting a delegacy—almost appointing an ambassador, which I certainly should not think of doing, however great my confidence. Misunderstandings would ensue. But even if it were not so, no such plenipotentiary delegacy ought to exist when responsibility is so great as mine is.

You however know, I am certain, something at least of my views and of the strength of them, as to the gain which would accrue to Christendom if the Church of Rome would take pains to understand the History and Principles of the Church of England; and you are able to judge of what would be our attitude towards any genuine and generous attempt to understand the facts of our position.

To extend their study and knowledge of those points could only be productive of good; and as it must precede action of any sort on either side, any attempt to secure it must be welcomed by everyone who loves the truth and peace.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

EDW. CANTUAR.

In the month of April the Archbishop and Mrs Benson went to Florence to stay with Lady Crawford at the Villa Palmieri. There he again heard from Lord Halifax, who wrote from Rome.

On the 9th he wrote to Lord Halifax :—

VILLA PALMIERI, FLORENCE.

April 9th, 1895.

MY DEAR HALIFAX,

I will not attempt to answer your most interesting letter in full, both because you have more to tell me and also because I am not over "fit."

I suppose the Jesuits have been at work on my letter as on all other (earthly) things,—revising it for the press. No chance could have produced such a version¹.

The one most necessary thing now is that all people in England should be well assured that neither you nor anyone else

¹ This refers to a French version of the foregoing letter made to be shown to the Pope.

dreams of Corporate Reunion without Rome's admitting the possibility of error on her part, while we affirm that she "hath erred." If she lays down as a fact the historical genuineness of our Orders, there is a footing for discussion on fair terms, although we are then no nearer to Reunion than the Greek Church is. But even that is an approach to Christian charity and concord for which every Christian soul must be devoutly thankful.

Ever sincerely yours,

EDW. CANTUAR.

While at Florence the Archbishop had several talks on the same subject with Lord Halifax at the Villa Palmieri: the Archbishop wrote in his Diary:—

April 20th. Very long talk with Halifax about his interviews with the Pope, Rampolla, Duchesne, Von Hugel, Gasparri, Gasquet, Vaughan, etc., etc., at Rome. He has, he says, prevented the Holy Office from pronouncing against our English Orders directly or indirectly¹. The subject new to Romans. English Roman Catholics bitterest against them, French rather disposed to take Portal's part, Duchesne quite clear of their validity. Halifax does not seem to have done harm or compromised us, but to have made himself pleasant to them. It is not a very important question, for if they admit them, we can but hope they may go a little further in enquiring. But they will only have come to what we know without a doubt. Halifax thinks the matter should now wait for the Pope's Encyclical to our nation. It is an Academic affair. But good feeling is a gain.

The Pope's Apostolic Letter, "*Ad Anglos*," appeared in the papers two days later. It showed no recognition of even the existence of a Church of England, but was addressed by Leo XIII. "to the English people who seek the Kingdom of Christ in the unity of the faith, health and peace in the Lord." How far the Pope was from going half-way to meet English Churchmen, how singly he was bent on welcoming Anglicans back to Rome, as to an

¹ Lord Halifax tells me that this is too compressed a statement and that what he said was that he believed that his visit to Rome had prevented the Holy Office, at the instigation of those who were anxious to prevent any change in the attitude of the Roman Church to English Orders, from pronouncing directly or indirectly against them.

allegiance to which they had been disloyal, can be judged from such extracts as the following. He writes:—

That the English race was in those days wholly devoted to this centre of Christian unity divinely constituted in the Roman Bishops, and that in the course of ages men of all ranks were bound to them by ties of loyalty, are facts too abundantly and plainly testified by the pages of history to admit of doubt or question. But, in the storms which devastated Catholicity throughout Europe in the sixteenth century, England too received a grievous wound; for it was first unhappily wrenched from Communion with the Apostolic See, and then was bereft of that holy faith in which for long centuries it had rejoiced and found liberty.

And again he mentions his own sympathy with a project already initiated

for extending a society of pious people to pray for the return of the English nation to the Church—¹.

The Archbishop's Diary continues:—

April 22nd. Halifax, very much agitated about the Pope's "Encyclical to the English," which appeared in our papers to-day—very anxious I should make an answer in the same spirit, and say nothing of difficulties—very determined in minimising every Roman error as if they were all matters of taste, pious opinion or "allow a large liberty, and say nothing about it now!" as if it were a matter of which the English ever could think yet lightly. These principles in which all Teutons *see* Latins bewildered. As if the Reformation did not rest on principles far beyond all he talks about. But he is a most saintly man of heart.

On the 26th of April he says:—

Read very carefully four long memoranda given me by Halifax, one presented to the Pope by him, one a narrative of his interviews in Rome, one a letter from himself to Cardinal Rampolla, and a supplementary account. I wrote a first draft of a letter to him on my position, which he must show to anyone to whom he gives the rest. He represents me as desiring to reconcile our Church with Rome, only desiring to do it prudently, and hesitating only because anxious about the effect in England. This

¹ From *Guardian*, April 24, 1895, the official translation.

is the *effect* of his *Mémoire*. I have pointed out to him that I have always stated that Union could only be on Truth. That it was impossible to unite with Rome as it is. And that even if they recognised our Orders (I am quite sure they cannot so stultify their action) this would only be a preliminary to Conference. That our Orders cannot be submitted to the decision of a conference with them, though we are willing to supply them with proofs. But that we sue for no recognition, as if our view, or anything else depended on their view.

On April 28th the Archbishop writes :—

Signor X——, a leading banker here, has a brother who is one of the Pope's chaplains and secretaries, who says the Pope cannot be got to talk about or attend to anything except Union with England. X—— thinks the Encyclical excellent, except that it names two things sufficient to spoil all its effect: Indulgences and the Cultus of the Virgin. I said I thought the Pope was trying his best to be honest, that hereafter it might not be said that his letter had compromised doctrine or held out any hope of modification.

The following is the letter alluded to above as having been drafted on April 26th :—

LAMBETH PALACE.

April 29th, 1895.

MY DEAR HALIFAX,

I have carefully read the papers which I have received from you, and I feel that I must again restate the position which I have tried in writing and conversation to affirm as my own. The *Mémoire* which you presented to the Pope does not describe it as accurately as you would wish. Forgive me if I feel that the fulness of your conviction minimises not only the difficulties of the subject, but also the force of your friend's convictions.

An unbiassed reader of the *Mémoire* would conclude that I am desirous of "reconciling the teaching of the Church of England with the doctrine and discipline of the Church of Rome"; that I regard the Church of England as possessed by "prejudices," and only desire to proceed with "prudence" in meeting them; that my "hesitations" are due to the thought of how any action would be regarded in England.

These are really not my views. It has escaped you that your not considering it necessary in such a *Mémoire* to be complete

would lead to misunderstanding on the part of people who do not know me.

It should appear from the first that the basis on which alone our Union with Rome or any other Church could take place is a basis of Truth, a basis of Faith. If conference showed any point to be not vital, good. But to reconcile our Church to the Church of Rome as it is, only to do it prudently, is not my view.

With my whole soul I desire Union. Disunion with Nonconformists, Foreign Reformers, Rome, Easterns, is the main and most miserable cause of delay in the Christianisation of all men in Christian and heathen countries alike. The Love of Christ compels a burning desire for Unity. There is no doubt that this is rising in many unexpected quarters—I am truly touched by the tender Christian spirit of the late Encyclical.

As to minor points: I should regard the recognition of English Orders as a sign of being in earnest. But we do not sue to have them recognised—we know the facts, are sure of their validity, and, though quite ready to supply the proofs, we could not submit them to the decision of a conference. Their recognition would make conference on other subjects possible.

“Secret and private” correspondence would be certainly impossible—any communication should be duly arranged. I have said that it is impossible to say what answer I could make to any proposal without having it before me. Cardinal Vaughan’s utterances were no surprise to me, and did not irritate me into any change of view, but they exemplified what I had said was the natural view of a Roman Ecclesiastic in England.

I assume that you will kindly allow this appendix to be submitted to anyone who may have seen the *Mémoire*.

As to the main point, I should once more say that I desire as earnestly as you can for all Christian Churches a unity for which you are generously and wholly ready to sacrifice yourself, and that I can welcome nothing more than practical efforts directed to that great end. Meantime, we shall all be moved by the exhortation which is repeated simultaneously from many quarters that we “ought always to pray and not to faint.”

Believe me,

Ever yours most sincerely,

E. W. CANTUAR.

Lord Halifax wrote to acknowledge this, and promised

to subjoin the Archbishop's letter to the memorandum he was preparing for private circulation.

On the Archbishop's return to England he wrote further in his Diary (May, 1895):—

Long letter and printed memorandum from Lord Halifax on the position between Rome and England, wants the Bishops to take a step corresponding to that of the Pope in wishing and praying for unity. If they do, it will be with a total ignoring of the Pope and the Church of Rome. For in addressing the English people, the Pope makes no allusion whatever to the Bishops and Church of England.

In his speech at the Diocesan Conference in the summer of 1895 the Archbishop said:—

The Roman Communion had once in its bosom the whole of Western Christendom, but it proved itself incapable of retaining those nations. And now the representative of the Roman Communion had, in his desire for reunion, spoken to the English people as if they possessed no Church at all, apparently in total ignorance of the existence of any Church with any history or claims, and offered this reunion with a parade of methods of worship and of rewards of worship which was totally alien to the feelings of a nation which had become readers of the Bible, and who could never admit that such things had any attractions for them. They did not question the kindness which invited their common prayers; nor the sincerity of an appeal which was transparently sincere; but those two qualities only made more evident the inadequacy for the plea for unity which it contained. Its acceptance would mean the bidding farewell on their part to all the Eastern Churches and to all the other reformed Churches of the race, and the setting aside of the Truth which had been gained by severe sacrifices, which was deeply cherished, and which they believed to be the necessary foundation of all unity.... It was the duty of the laity as well as the Clergy to preserve in purity and loyalty the Faith and practices which characterized the Reformation, which had this peculiar mark—that nation and family and individual all had part in it.

At the end of August 1895 the Archbishop wrote a Pastoral Letter, published early in September, which, though it could not from the nature of the case be a reply

to the Papal Letter in April, was on the subject of "a certain friendly advance made from a foreign Church to the people of England without reference or regard to the Church of England." He embodied much of what he had already said to the Diocesan Conference, adding:—

A desire for sympathy among classes, for harmony among nations, above all for reunion in Christendom, is a characteristic of our time. We recognise the fact. We cannot fail to find in it a call to renewed faith in the mission of the Church, and to more strenuous labour for the realisation of Christ's bequest of peace. We, therefore, commend this call to the candid thought and prayers of "all who love the Lord Jesus in uncorruptness." We know that our divisions are a chief obstacle to the progress of His Gospel. And we accept the many expressions of anxiety to be delivered from them as a sign among us of God's purpose at the present time. * * * [The Anglican Communion] by its Apostolic Creed and constitution, by the primitive Scriptural standards of its doctrine and ritual, by its living catholicity and sober freedom, by its existence rooted in the past and on the whole identified with education and with progress, by its absolute abstention from foreign political action, by its immediate and intense responsibilities for the Christianity of its own spreading and multiplying race and of its subject races, it seems not uncertainly marked by God to bring the parted Churches of Christ to a better understanding and closer fellowship.

The Pope eventually appointed a Commission to investigate the subject of Anglican Orders. But the course taken was not the one which had been contemplated by Lord Halifax and the Abbé Portal and which had inspired all their action. From what Lord Halifax tells me I learn that instead of conferences on which both sides would have been represented, a Commission was appointed composed exclusively of Roman Theologians. M. Duchesne was no longer to be entrusted with a sole commission, as was supposed to be the Pope's first intention. Further, the question, instead of being considered as a point on which both sides could be brought into friendly contact, with a view to future discussions,—as had been con-

templated in the letter addressed by Cardinal Rampolla to the Abbé Portal in September, 1894,—was limited to a mere discussion of the validity of English Orders, and that in a way which put the opinion in favour of their validity at an obvious disadvantage. What led to the change, if, as Lord Halifax thinks, there was a change? In any case, whether the policy of the Vatican was consistent throughout or not, the attitude taken by Cardinal Vaughan from the beginning of the proceedings may perhaps supply the answer. On the invitation of one of the members of the Roman Commission, and without the knowledge of the Archbishop, the Rev. F. W. Puller, a Cowley Father, and the Rev. T. A. Lacey¹ went to Rome to give any information in their power that might be required. The Commission finished its sittings in June, 1896.

Mr Puller says:—

I waited on the Archbishop...and gave him various details about the Commission, and about our relations with some of the more friendly members of that body, as also with some of the Cardinals. He asked whether we had seen the Pope, to which question I replied that from beginning to end we had refrained from taking any initiative in any matter. We had gone to Rome on the invitation of one of the members of the Commission. Friendly members of that body had called on us continually to obtain information, which we gave to the best of our power. We had called on certain Cardinals, because an intimation came to us from Cardinal Rampolla that it would be desirable that we should call on those particular Cardinals. But that, pursuing our policy of never taking the initiative, we had not asked to be received by the Pope, and that therefore we had had no interview with him.....

The Archbishop was kind enough to say that we had acted wisely in not asking for an audience. If we had done so, our action might have been misinterpreted.

The Papal Encyclical, *Satis Cognitum*, on the Unity of the Church was issued on the 29th of June, 1896.

¹ Mr Lacey is Vicar of Madingley, and joint author with the Rev. E. Denny of a book named *De Hierarchia Anglicana* which discusses the question of Anglican Orders.

In September followed the publication of the Bull *Apostolicae Curae*, which declared English Orders entirely null and void, partly on the ground of previous Roman decisions, partly on the ground of defects of "form" up to 1662, and also on the ground of defective intention on the part of the framers of the Prayer-book. The Bull threw a great obstacle in the way of all further *rapprochement*¹.

The *Revue Anglo-Romaine*, which had been started by friendly French ecclesiastics in 1895 for the purpose of diffusing information with regard to the English Church, was suddenly suppressed by authority, and the movement came to an end.

At this time the Archbishop was in Ireland, and speaking at Dublin on the restoration of the Cathedral of Kildare he laid stress upon its "witness to the historic continuity of that branch of the Church Catholic to which we have the privilege to belong." Alluding to the "struggle to be rid of the yoke of Rome," and to the renunciation of its "alien jurisdiction," he continued:—

This very day the papers tell us of another new defiance of history on the part of that great Church, a new defiance of history which is perfectly in accord with all we knew of Rome before.

¹ It was published at Rome on the 13th of September, 1896.

It did not reach England till about a week later. A Bishop of the Province who had received several letters on the subject, wrote to the Archbishop, who was then in Ireland, suggesting that he should reply to it, and that certain other Bishops should so far assist the Archbishop as to collect materials which might be of service to him. The Archbishop agreed to this. Several letters passed between them on the subject; and just before the Primate's death a document reached him embodying the suggestions of one of the Bishops concerned. It must have arrived on the Saturday night or Sunday morning, and a few days later it was returned unopened, much to the disappointment of the sender.

The Archbishop therefore contributed nothing directly to the *Responsio*. But his brave and strong words, the last he wrote, were, as the two Archbishops remark in the *Responsio*, which was published on Tuesday, 9th March, 1897, a legacy to the Church and a commission to them to take up the question. "In his last written words" (they say) "he bequeathed to us the treatment of the question which he was doubtless himself about to treat with the greatest learning and theological grace."

We could not imagine, we could not reasonably expect, that the present authority of the See of Rome would be asserted in contrariety to so much that has been asserted in that See heretofore. But it may be a lesson of the greatest possible value to those who have been led in quiet years to believe that the Church of Rome has become other than it was¹.

On his return from Ireland, in Oct. 1896, he was working at a draft reply, while on the way to Hawarden, which might or might not have been intended for further qualification: there is no possibility however of discovering his exact intentions in the matter, for the draft was written only the day before he died.

The document appeared in the *Times* on the 22nd of October. It runs as follows:—

Some letters which I receive expect, (I believe mistakenly) that positiveness of assertion may still have an effect on some who mistook the kindness of a personage for the thawing of the frozen Church-policy to which he is committed. If there remain any such, after the strong disavowals that have been made, they ought not to be thrown over, they are the very persons to be treated with tenderness.

I write these to say that a statement will shortly appear which may, I hope, comfort any who think it is required. Infallibility has, happily, this time ventured on reasons. But the subject of Orders, as needful to a perfectly constituted Church, has been as jealously scrutinized in England as by Rome, and with much more knowledge of facts. Authorities of theirs have till lately, at any rate, taught mere ludicrous fables about English Orders, and the late Papal document exhibits ignorance of which their own scholars and critics are as well aware as we are. The result of scrutiny with that fuller knowledge was, and is, to establish that our Holy Orders are identical with those of the whole Catholic Church. They are in origin, continuity, matter, form, intention, and all that belongs to them, identical accordingly with those of the Church of Rome, except in the one modern point of subjection

¹ From the report given in "Archbishop Benson in Ireland," pp. 24, 25, 26, taken from newspaper reports but not revised. See note, p. 5. His MSS. notes for the speech give "*a new instance to-day of defiance of history perfectly in accord with all we knew of Rome. A lesson to those who thought Rome open to argument.*"

to the Pope, on which point at the Reformation we deliberately resumed our ancient concurrence with the whole Catholic world, besides. There is not a break anywhere in our orders, sacraments, creeds, scriptures, spiritual gifts, in all that compacts and frames the "holiness" of the "one Catholic Apostolic Church" of the ages.

And, as it would be an evil unfaithfulness to saddle with foreign allegiance the gifts that we derive from Christ, so now this remarkable challenge, with its accompanying offers, undoubtedly moves Churchmen to consider what we are exposed to through our unworthy separations, to be really in love with unity at home, as well as abroad, not to be deceived by pretensions to unity and assertions which have historically created the widest and deepest of all separations, but to draw closer together in faith, firmness and forbearance.

The gravity and delicacy of the controversy which has been described need no comment; the last word has not been said on the subject.

To show the Archbishop's desire for a unity which should be a unity in truth and a freedom, not a mere uniformity, words more fitting can hardly be found than those with which he concludes his *Cyprian*, the book at which he was working all through his most vigorous life, and up to the day of his death.

Such unity as the Lord prayed for is a mysterious thing. It is no fantasy, but it answers in no way to the idea that, "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism" can be condensed into one Rite, one Code, one Chair. A mysterious thing. Nothing formal, mechanical or limitable by words.....

A true Unity has to take account equally of Christ's Prayer and of Christ's Laws; of the Prayer which He offered over the Sacrifice of Himself, and of the Laws which Himself, our Creator, impressed on the intellectual existence of our race. One centre we have, but the approaches to it from without, the radii of thought, are infinite¹.

¹ *Cyprian, his Life, his Times, his Work*, p. 534.

CHAPTER XIX.

DIARIES AND LETTERS.

*"The sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on."*

GEO. HERBERT.

"Lord, I am coming as fast as I can."

ARCHBISHOP LAUD'S Prayer on the Scaffold.

THE Archbishop's work grew more heavy and continuous year by year; but in spite of the pressure, the Diary, with certain gaps, continues to be full. At the beginning of 1895 there are many blank pages.

On March 19th he writes:—

Have found diarising impossible. Yet most interesting and apparently historical things swinging along. Mere incessant occupation lords it over every person and moment.

About this time he notes of a Mission sermon which he heard:—

A terrible man drest like a kind of monk under his surplice delivered to a Church full of experienced and cultivated men and women a sermon of the most vapid and childish character, chiefly questions like "Have you ever thought you were a sinner?" "To me the love of Christ seems the chief thing, does it to you?" and with an assurance of manner intolerable even in point of manners. This is why laymen drop away from Church, for this style, introduced by missions of incompetent missionaries, is gaining in pulpits.

A walk restored tranquillity—but deepened the thought that a Church which loses the laymen is ἐγγὺς ἀφανισμοῦ¹ by the hypothesis.

¹ "Near to vanish away," Heb. viii. 13.



Early in April he went out with my mother and Miss Tait to the Villa Palmieri.

On the 24th he writes:—

Up to “Alberghetto,” Savonarola’s awful cell at the top of the Tower of the Palazzo Vecchio....

A very depressing sight is this *Judaea Captiva*¹—common attendants in uniforms where saints were at home. The graceful Library with its ranges of gray columns bookless, and its space taken up with the hideous cases in which lie dead and motionless the Choir Books—whose glorious gold pictures show real good signs of use and wear—and all indicates simplicity of life.

But Lady Crawford says how little the monks themselves seemed to feel the glory of their inheritance and the pain of its loss. How she was present once when some of the Franciscans, who were kept, came to Assisi;—without even lifting their eyes to the buildings, or even a remark like “How changed all this is!”—they were immediately talking of the price of oil. It became a mere quiet profession. The old frescoes give the monks such good heads and wise faces and tender expressions—but the ability, I fear, left this “profession” before it was broken up, and went all about the world—leaving only the poorer creatures. Perhaps the land is only enjoying her sabbaths, and they shall return with singing to Sion.

The next day they returned, going straight to Lambeth.

On May 4th he writes:—

Rustem Pasha called as Turkish Ambassador to appeal to my “sense of justice and equity” to stop all English clergymen from joining the Demonstration against the Armenian atrocities. He offered many denials and many explanations, e.g. that the Turkish Government had mistakenly allowed Robert College to be built at Constantinople, that 60 or 70 missionaries from thence had converted about 2000 or 3000 Armenians who are centres for diffusing Armenian ideas. Then the troops had been called out, but as matter of necessity, and a small number comparatively—there had no doubt been bloodshed but no sanctioned cruelties. He seemed to think I could direct the part taken by the clergy. I assured him I believed the Clergy and Church people would *wait* as long as was necessary for attainment of *knowledge* of facts and not prejudge, but that if the reports were

¹ This refers to San Marco.

true, the clergy must be expected as one man to demand a protectorate of Christians for all the East. I admitted that it was difficult to feel that the Armenians had not political aims, but that massacre was the impossible solution.

On May 6th he went down to Bristol for the Reopening of the Cathedral. He writes:—

May 6th. Went down to Bristol at 10.15 (and returned by 8.15) to preach at the reopening of the Cathedral. Was received in much state by the Mayor, and lunched with the Corporation and others. Streets full, bells of all Churches ringing, all flags flying in the harbour, ships dressed, vast congregation, and beautiful Service and Procession. Have we really only “a name to live” as our enemies say? The devoutness of such a congregation, so largely composed of men, seems to tell another tale, and Citizenship seems again to be foregathering with Churchmanship. Or will politics prevail against οὐρανοῦ πύλαι¹? Our main work is to take care that our leaves do not forerun our figs.....

Nevertheless in the working crowds outside I do not (I sadly confess) recognise *sympathy*. They look at it as if we belonged to a nice and satisfactory (on the whole) order of things, but an order of things which is not *theirs*. Abroad the Cathedrals belong apparently to the *poor*; the greater the Churches the more the poor seem to use them. Not so here. I yearn for that sight.

On the 8th of May he went to Blackmoor to attend the funeral of his revered and beloved friend Lord Selborne, who had been a constant, wise and patient counsellor. He writes:—

May 8. Went to Lord Selborne's funeral, and was admitted as a mourner with the family and the Cecils, which much touched me. He was laid at the East end outside the Church—which he built before he built his own house. The day was brilliant, and that beautiful country was fair with its own rare blue and peculiar brightness. They began the Service with his own hymn, which opens with the *deepest* humility and confession of sin, and it was unspeakably moving as he lay there silent before the Altar. At the morning service was sung the Te Deum which entered well into our hearts as a real triumph. I feel as if the head of the English Church were gone. His

¹ The gates of heaven.

learning, his perfect taste, his quick acumen, his intense loyalty made him at any rate the eldest son of the Church. With such sunshine over all the place which he planted and made, spiritually as well as materially, his sudden departure seems matter of idle tears and of deep acquiescence. Many from London and many from the whole country side.

On the same evening, the Archbishop, in company with Mr Peel, late Speaker of the House of Commons, was admitted to the freedom of the Skinners' Company. He writes :—

In the evening (strange contrast) had to receive the freedom of the Skinners' Company and feast there. The late Speaker, Mr Peel, received it too. He spoke well and interestingly. Our caskets are gorgeous. Sate between Sebastian, the Master, and A—— who told me how uncertain he felt as to the position of the companies—whether it could reasonably be justified. But it is intimately locked in with so much else that when they are meddled with it will be only a signal for far wider change. Till then, the best they can !

May 22. Went with wife to dine with the Queen at Windsor. She was well and lively, interested in the earthquake at Florence and in the Welsh Church. Her complexion clearer and healthier than formerly and her figure with rheumatism more gallant. A. J. Balfour and Geo. Goschen there—both earnest about Church. The former to relieve Bishops of drudgery that they may have *time*, the latter to procure an order of preachers—good preaching the chief need of the Church.

The long gallery more beautiful than ever—electric light shining out from among groups of ferns and plants like magnified glow-worms.

On the 11th of June he writes :—

Lady A. B. and Mrs C. to discuss my “enquiry” into the Kilburn Sisterhood. I told them that I had done my best and had nothing satisfactory to report, and as she had desired, I gave Lady A. her papers back. They were bent on learning all I had done, and I had to lie low. They too think I have done nothing, and Lady A.'s countenance expressed scorn and wrath. The fact is the Kilburn Sisterhood is a dissenting community owning no Bishop or authority of any kind. And there are no worse mines under the Church than such bodies.

On the 19th he writes:—

• Meeting of Bishops here, a good, wise, brotherly meeting. The Bishop of London favours “hammering away” with Bills on Temperance, though they will not be carried. I think it more important for the Church to carry very much smaller measures *through*, and not introduce what will not be carried. I do not care how slowly she advances if it *is* advance.

I read a long memorandum to the Bishops on the conduct of the Kilburn Sisterhood in respect of the enquiry which I undertook to hold. The Bishop of Lincoln spoke with much earnestness of the harshness of temper produced by a rule of obedience—a wilful as opposed to a natural obedience.

On July 13th he says:—

Seventy artisans came to the Chapel for me to give them a talk on its history and aspect—my usual talk, Continuity, Indestructibility—Comprehensiveness.

On the 14th, his 66th birthday, he writes:—

Preached in the afternoon to a full Church, of men only. These services are becoming remarkable. A more attentive and sensible-looking congregation one could not have. They brought their own band. They have sent me letters and presents on my birthday, my 66th. They rang peals on the Church bells for it. I pray God this singular and sudden reaction is not political.

The General Election was now going on.

On July 17th he writes:—

The election is proceeding in the most extraordinary manner—one general exclamation; “Sir William Harcourt turned out at Derby!”

I have had the Arms of all my predecessors since Lanfranc, 61 in number—the first 10 or so fictitious grants—carefully blazoned and put up on the panelling of the Guard Room. I have had 40 blank shields put up for my successors and for the edification of Disestablishment.

The Duke and Duchess of York with other very good people dined here. Lord and Lady Salisbury were called away. Their Royal Highnesses were really interested in things. I showed them both the volume of Divers Letters of the Royal Family containing a good many from James, Duke of York to Charles II., docketed “from my brother,” and a good many from Henrietta

Maria to Charles in exile, all addressed "To the King," or "Au Roy," and beginning with "monsieur mon Fils!" They both of them spelt out several of these.

On the 21st of July he writes:—

Thunder and a deluge. My last evening at Lambeth, at least this year. Six months gone indeed like a shadow, and rather a dark one; gone yet abiding. A life with so much to do that none can be done *well* and so complicated with traditions of what is essential that much is not worth doing—and character and ὁ ἕως ἀνθρώπου¹ what becomes of *him*? and what *is* to become of him? Miserere is the only word which can be written over this half year (and nearly *all* others)—Yes, Omnium annorum meorum, Dñe? omnium dierum, miserere, miserere.

On July 27th he sums up his experiences of his Diocesan tour:—

I have seen then all I could from three centres working hard, 28 churches with their pastors, churchwardens and others of the parishes. There is reason to be happy. The Church is clearly everywhere alive and working. The buildings are almost always in beautiful order, or if otherwise, preparations are being made for their restoration. The places are often so lonely that the resident clergyman and his family dwell among them to the highest purpose. No one else there. The gentry and the farmers are very severely punished by agricultural depression—almost despairing. Only two clergymen struck me as inadequate, one porcine, and his Church carelessly kept, the other active with a kind of selfishness—but still all good to look at. The tone is decidedly high church. There is much dissent, often hereditary and ancient, but no bitterness—one Board School seemed as good as possible religiously, the mistress said, "We can't quite keep doctrine out of a hymn".... The historic and family history of some of the Churches is immense. The scenery has been charming, mere pleasure. The churchwardens are excellent fellows, without exception earnest for the good of the Church. Many of the clergy evidently devote large means of their own to the work—nearly all the Livings are impoverished.

We lunched at Milsted Manor, delightful reception by Tyldens², a Priest's chamber quite comfortable, cleverly contrived through the bookshelves of the Library.

¹ The inner man.

² Richard James Tylden and his wife.

On the 29th he went to Winchester to attend the funeral of his friend Bishop Thorold. He says:—

July 29th. Laid in his holy grave, chosen by himself, beside the south of the Lady Chapel at Winchester, the frail, severely tortured remains of my dear and devoted friend, Antony Thorold. A manful spirit, a scarcely endurable physique, the most loving temper. He has spent £8000 in putting Farnham into perfect order, and has generously bestowed furniture, carpets, and curtains (as well as portraits which he had had painted), on his successors for ever. His chivalrous aim was to make Farnham a place which his successors could occupy without crushing themselves with debt. He began as a very strong Evangelical, and never lost his Evangelical piety—but through observation of good work, he grew tolerant, and then friends with the best high churchmen in his Diocese.

The Cathedral was crowded, almost as when he and Selborne were sitting side by side and I preaching to the Wykehamists so short a time ago. Both gone—and I — —

It was a singular thing that at Winchester an impression prevailed that a Bishop was to be buried with face to West. It was so done. In the night the position was reversed.

On August the 14th he went for a holiday to Malvern where he had taken a house.

On the 20th of August he writes:—

Wrote to ——— a very long letter because he was to be blamed. Went to Priory Church to Evening Service, and afterwards over it and its windows, which are mainly intelligible. They prefer not to understand them. Their blue and white effect is most touching and elevating, but our best people have so little notion of worshipping. Took tea with the dear old Saint Isaac Gregory Smith—who still writes Latin Verses and epigrams. How can a man be a Parson without? He was so modest that he waited in North Porch for us, until I heard of it and sent for him to come and show us all. In no respect a modern, but a most saintly man and accomplished gentleman. May such as he bridge the space between the “antique time” and a newer day.

On August 21st he notes:—

Walked in evening to top of Worcestershire Beacon and of North Hill. Another still of those gorgeous hazy days in which

the plains look Elysian and the sun goes as red as Hyperion to his palace.

Heavenly-tempered letter from —, Ps. xxxiv. 18.

Discussed with the Duchess¹ the Temperance Reform which to me seems practicable and obtainable. "Temperance Legislators" are Dog and Shadow.

On the 28th he went to stay with Lord Norton at Hams to meet Mr Gladstone. He writes:—

August 28th. Wrote some of my short essay on Sixtus II. and came to Lord Norton's at Hams, picking up Mr Gladstone at Birmingham. A large ring of people to see him and cheers as train went off and he bowed to them. Lord Leigh² and daughter Agnes, Viscount Peel, Sir Frederic Peel³ and wife, Mr Cholmondeley, two of the young ladies.

August 29th. Went with Mr Gladstone, Lord Norton, my wife and others of our party over to Drayton. The new Sir R., who came in a fortnight ago, is busy in putting everything to rights, cleaning and rehangng pictures, caring for Library, and in every way house and garden are coming into beautiful order in this short time.

He received us most kindly and was keen to show us everything.

I would have given anything if I could have had a shorthand writing machine with me. I never saw such interest in anything as Mr Gladstone took in every point. He had not been to the house for 60 years⁴. There is a wonderful collection of paintings and busts of statesmen—nine Prime Ministers, including Lucas' painting of Gladstone himself. There are several of Lawrence's pictures. The bust of Peel the Minister himself was bought by the *last* Sir Robert at the Aberdeen sale. Aberdeen came up and said, "That bust has been sold by mistake. It was not intended. Pray let me have it back." Sir R. refused, and being afraid about it, waited till a wheelbarrow which he had sent for came, and himself wheeled it to Whitehall Gardens. W. E. G. spoke of Disraeli's attacks on Peel. Young Sir R. said, "My mother told me that when someone remonstrated with D. on this he said, 'Oh, it is only as a small dog barks

¹ Adeline, Duchess of Bedford.

² Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire since 1856.

³ Second son of the great Sir Robert; a Railway Commissioner.

⁴ In 1835 he was Under-Secretary for the Colonies under Peel. It is strange that he did not visit Drayton again before Peel's death in 1850.

at a large one.” But Mr G. said, “I know a good deal more about that story and I’ll tell you. When he was remonstrated with he said, ‘I attacked him because he was the only man by attacking whom I could bring myself really forward.’ The story of the dogs is superficial, but that I tell you shows how deep, *deep, deep down here* the motive was. Disraeli’s career is, taken from first to last, *the* most extraordinary of any political life I know of. No one can write it. I could write it better, I know more of it, than anyone. Pitt’s early life was full of course of a strange romance—but, taken all through, Disraeli’s was the most strange that ever was.”

He said that Sir R. Peel and Prince Albert had the conscience burdened with public duty “more than any two people he had ever known. A most noble sense of duty.”

Haydon’s¹ picture of Napoleon at St Helena looking at the sky over the sea just after sunset was at the end of the dining-room, and Sir R. gave us Wordsworth’s sonnet. Mr G. immediately replied that Manzoni’s Ode² was far finer and might have been the theme on which the picture was painted. And he sat down and wrote the verse out straight for him. Books of autograph letters very good.

The old Sir R. preserved every letter written to him in so perfect a way that Stanhope and the others who were to write his life, could not face the mass of them, and the biography will never be written³.

Mr Gladstone said last night that the most ungentlemanly thing ever done in the House of Commons was done by the most gentlemanlike of mankind. John Bright said that “Ireland was standing waiting for England to do her justice”—(of course in finer language), but he unfortunately resorted to Latin, and said “*passis criminis*”—There was a dead silence in the House. Everyone in

¹ Haydon committed suicide on June 22, 1846, having been assisted a week earlier by Peel, then Premier, with a present of £50. It was the height of the Corn Law Crisis. On the 16th the artist wrote in his journal:—“Sat from two to five o’clock staring at my picture like an idiot, my brain pressed down by anxiety, and the anxious looks of my family, whom I have been compelled to inform of my condition. I have written to Sir Robert Peel, to — &c. &c. Who answered first? Tormented by Disraeli; harassed by public business; up came a letter from Sir Robert Peel.”

² See Manzoni’s *Poesie Varie* (Ed. of 1843), Ode vi, *In Morte di Napoleone*.

³ In 1891 one volume and in 1899 two more volumes appeared of “Sir Robert Peel from his private papers” edited by C. S. Parker. In this work the now celebrated letter from Disraeli of Sept. 5, 1841, sees the light, the letter asking for office and appealing to be saved “from an intolerable humiliation.”

a constrained, perfectly maintained silence till he went on. John Manners had the execrable taste afterwards to allude to his Latin quotation. "It was the vilest thing I ever heard done there." Lord Peel said, "I think he only just in passing said, 'in spite of his eccentric Latin.'" But Mr G. would not be appeased and repeated that it was "vile." "Was it," I asked, "really the *worst* thing he had ever heard said?" and he replied, "The worst." (So much for "classes and masses.")

August 30th. Went with Lord Norton, Mr Gladstone, Helen G. and my dear wife to Stoneleigh. Drove there and back. The interest and enthusiasm of Coleshill and the villages was most remarkable,—villagers all turning out and waving and cheering with the merriest faces. He sitting very quiet and looking old, though strong, and very seldom waving his hand or touching his wideawake with his forefinger.

Mr Gladstone very interesting in the way of recollections etc. but apparently ceasing to have any interest in politics and measures. Says of politics what all politicians say who have done with them—"There will never be ideal politics—men and parties being in far too vast an admixture—it is a sorry concern."

He returned to Addington:—

Sept. 10th. Have had a few quiet days of extraordinary sunlight and heat—never able to ride till evening—and doing a good deal of work under the cedar where we have had tea daily till now—never before that I remember. Have done fairly at Cyprian.

On Oct. 12th he says:—

I pray that the tyrannous impotence of the Turk may be near its close. Armenians have done amiss. Who would not? But an Armenian provoked by horrors is an angel to a Turk in cold blood.

On Oct. 14th he writes:—

Received by telegram the sad news of the Bishop of Chichester's¹ death. Ever since 1877 he has been the kindest, tenderest, most judicious of friends. He was born in 1802 the same year as my father, and my father has been dead more than 50 years....

He spoke French, Italian and German with a *verve* and a native *sound* which I have never heard equalled. I am told he spoke Spanish equally well, and that everywhere he had the

¹ Richard Durnford.

wonderful gift of catching the patois of the peasants in a short time and talking easily with them. His quotations of Horace and Virgil and Greek poetry were most rapid and ready. He surpassed the Bishop of Hereford, and we shall have alas! to reckon him as almost the last of the quoters. Dante he quoted almost more often and with the greatest appreciation of the beauty of both sound and sense. The last time I saw him was in my Chapel. He was the picture of devotion and simplicity. His white hair, his eyes without glasses fixed on something before him, the reverent bend of his shoulders, his clasped hands as he sat unconscious of eyes, his bright, fresh, clear complexion, made him a perfect picture. He was of a generous spirit. He was a true Churchman without fads, an evangelical spirit with a true Ecclesiastic's love of peaceful order. I had a letter from him last week full of pain at a Brighton man's reservation of the Blessed Sacrament with rough defiance of his Bishop, and a setting of "Canon Law" above Rubric as settling the question! I was to see him on Thursday and bring him here with me to see how we could deal with this man and not go to the Courts.

The following letters are very characteristic of the Archbishop's love for children, and of the trouble he took to amuse them. He gave a doll, called by his desire Miss Addington, from its supposed home, to little Margaret Eden, aged five, the daughter of the Bishop of Dover. On giving her the doll he said he wished a Nurse for his little daughter who was to be called Miss Addington. She was to be fed entirely on cotton wool.

Jan. 4th, 1895.

Tell Miss Eden that *this* Miss Addington is fast asleep under a white sheet tucked in all over—and that though it's very cold she has the white sheet only over her and no blanket. Poor thing!

Ten months later the Archbishop heard at Canterbury that the doll which he had given to Margaret had been dropped and had broken its nose. Whereupon he wrote to Margaret the following letter, supposed to be addressed to the doll.

To Miss Margaret Eden.

ADDINGTON PARK, CROYDON.

Oct. 26th, 1895.

MY DEAR MISS ADDINGTON,

I hear with great regret that a surprising fall has removed half your nose. I am truly sorry. I should not like it myself—but do not think it will spoil your beauty in the eyes of those who sincerely love you.

I hope it will comfort you to remember that other great persons have had serious falls. There was Humpty-Dumpty for instance. *He* must have been a *very* great man. For there was some talk of having out all the King's horses and all the King's men, to set him up. Of course we know they couldn't; though I believe no one knows which King it was.

I am sure the loss will not be fatal if only you stopped the bleeding. If you can prevent that until you can come here and breathe your native air all will be well. When you come you must bring kind Miss Eden, who never dropped you before and didn't mean to drop you then.

You and Miss Eden will be in charge of the whole family; and we hope soon to arrange all this, only you must promise not to drop the Bishop or Mrs Eden as you dropped yourself. I should have come to see you to-day but the sky cried so much I had to dry its tears and was too late.

Your affectionate friend,

EDW. C.

To Canon Mason.

ADDINGTON.

Innocents' Day, 1895.

* * * * *

It is 22 years to-day since I was installed Chancellor of Lincoln, and 43 since I stood with Lightfoot and saw the bones of the Innocents in S. Paolo fuo delle mura. The seed of the fire-imposture, which might well grow up to burn the glorious temple to the earth!

Your ever affectionate,

EDW. CANTUAR.

On December 28th he wrote:—

I have put out a prayer for the good counselling from above of our rulers in the nations which are now locked together in a

living arch of mutual responsibilities and mutual fears. A firm arch, but not a stone of it can touch or drop upon anything within or beneath it. The Armenians are being exterminated in the regions which all those great nations required the Turk to rule better, and not one of them can stir hand or foot to help them, because England cannot herself gain anything from Turkey's being overthrown, and will not consent to Russia's gaining. On the other hand if we *did* stir, Russia would actually unite with Turkey and protect it (till the time came for the final hug) and France would side with Russia against us. To embarrass the government might entail untold misfortune, and the Duke of Westminster, after summoning a mass meeting to protest, has postponed it for fear of the embarrassment it might cause. Meantime I have been intensely anxious about the Assyrians. A syllable from Constantinople would send the Kurds in masses upon the people we work for and our missions.

And Mr Atkins, Treasurer of the Armenian Committee, in his invitation to join it, thought he ought to warn me of the risk my mission would run if I did, and Rustem Pasha's mysterious visit was undoubtedly a hint from the Turkish Embassy. Nevertheless the horror has mounted to such a height, that the whole Church, which has refrained itself sore against its will, is expecting and claiming to be led to prayer. It is not like a local case of a *limited* want. And while trying to make its clauses "*φωνάντα συνευτοῖσιν*"¹ I have felt that the prayer must be issued now.

On December 29th he says:—

More than a week *ἀνήλτοι*². Carol Service with 9 lessons this afternoon. Read a good deal of Dale on the Atonement. Can't imagine why he is not a Catholic. Only a few stilted phrases and the application to God of unworthy grand epithets letting be seen the Nonconformist. It is almost like the Unity which Christ prayed for, to find Romanist and Nonconformist alike so true and so *πληροφορηθέντες*³ on this, in which lies all as in a casket.

The year 1896 opened quietly and happily: my father was at Christmas in a very serene and happy mood; his work was continuous, but it did not seem to weigh upon his spirits: he said to me once, "The work is tremendous—more than any one ought to have to do; but the strength

¹ "Intelligible to the initiated," Pindar.

² Without the sun.

³ "Fully convinced," Rom. iv. 21.

is given me—I sometimes wonder at my own power of work—I could not do it unless the strength was given me.” I think he was often feeling physically weary—“Always tired now,” he said pathetically to the Dean of Lincoln—but weariness fretted him less than in earlier years; he was beginning to acquiesce in it more. The subjects most in his mind were the needs of religious education, and the attitude of the Vatican as to the validity of English Orders; he was approaching the end of his *Cyprian*, to which about Christmas time he always devoted some quiet spaces of work.

On Jan. 6th he wrote a business note to Mr Dibdin, ending with the words:—

Turned out of your house because of your neighbour’s drains !
How like the position of England ! How like the position of
the Church !—i.e. if some people had their way.

Mr and Mrs Gosse paid us another visit at Addington early in the year; the former sends me an extract from his diary. Mr Gosse wrote:—

January 6, 1896. At breakfast this morning the Archbishop proposed that I should walk with him, but he was detained and we did not start till it was nearly church-time, so we made a little détour to the parish church.

I am astonished by the variety of aspects which rapid changes of mood cause in him. By 11 a.m. to-day I had seen three distinct Archbishops. At Early Communion in the Chapel he was benign and apostolic, the eyes veiled, the whole face very pink, hardly a wrinkle apparent in the skin. At breakfast, when he was extremely gay and vivacious, his face had turned white again, the eyes were wide open and very dark and the skin puckered with laughter. Now, as he joined me in the Park, he had an aspect of sombre gravity, the eye and nose almost vulturine, and the skin of a hard translucent whiteness, like a mask of alabaster. He told me almost at once that his letters had perturbed him, he had received confidential news from Madagascar of a disquieting kind. He continued, “I have every confidence in the good intentions of the French, but they need to be treated with tact, and not every excellent Church Missionary

is a born diplomatist." He spoke of difficulties in other parts of the globe, and then, abruptly stopping, with his hand quickly uplifted in his familiar gesture, he said, "Never before, during my whole Primacy, have the questions of foreign policy in the Church been so stormy as they are now!"

He proceeded to speak of Armenia, and told me that he had received this morning (or last night, I forget which) a long letter on the Armenian Question from Lord Salisbury. "His tone is most kind, most sympathetic, but he realises the difficulties, the almost insuperable difficulties! We are not through that trouble; I know not what is in store for those distressed populations. God guard them!" And then, with one of his abrupt transitions, he went on, "And they are so hard to help, so trying, so evasive; their habits, their points of view so Oriental, so remote! I often feel inclined to say of the poor Armenians, They are Christians of course, but dwellers in tents upon the very frontiers of Christendom."

I have before noticed how very difficult it is to walk with the Archbishop, from the irregularity of his step. It seems to be controlled by his mood, to an unusual degree. This morning our progress was so slow and so sinuous, so constantly caught up to a full stop, so dispersed with brief spurts and long delays, that it was more fatiguing to the legs than a steady walk of five times the extent would have been. This is, no doubt, a symptom of that consuming and irregular blaze of vitality which makes the Archbishop seem to be always living the life of several people at once.

He went up to London in February, and plunged again into work. He began his lectures to ladies again in Lambeth Chapel, expounding St Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians.

He was reading Purcell's *Life of Manning* with deep interest:—

Purcell's *Life of Manning*—fascinating tragi-comedy with a "hero" whose curses are coming home to roost. "Policy" his idol, and such policy!

In connection with these words of my father's, I recall that Mr Gladstone said to me at Hawarden, Oct. 14th, 1896, "Manning, you see, was an ecclesiastic above all things and a diplomatist—an ecclesiastical diplomatist: he was often

the victim of gross self-deception : when it was a question of policy, everything had to give way to that : algebra, or Plato, or the almanac—or truth itself."

On the 6th of March he writes that he is nearing the end of the *Cyprian*:—

Finishing what I really think is the end of my Cyprian,—the examination of the lists of Bishops who attended Councils under Cyprian. The test of genuineness which they offer was one of the first things that struck me. I then wrote out (at) the lists and criticised them. This can certainly not have been later (if so late) than 1865, and I have to-day sent that originally written list and notes, with fresh notes made to-day, to the University Press. So that my copy is at least 30 years apart in its work.

I pray God bless this Cyprian to the good of His Church. If He bless it not I have spent half my life in building hay and stubble, and the fire must consume it. But, please God, may it last.

On the 22nd of March he adds of his book on the Apocalypse :—

If it ever sees the light many will think it a very odd book. Folks are edified in such different ways. But it has edified me, which was what I began it for.

On March 24th he makes a characteristic note on an interview with a clergyman:—

Saw a fine specimen of a High Churchman of the *fin de siècle*. He has refused Communion to someone, and his Bishop has three times written to him that his reason is not tenable. I undertook to see him. He was very polite and, at the end, after I had exhausted my artillery of reasons, besides direct statements, he said, "I am very much obliged to your Grace. I am sorry to have taken up so much time. I quite see the point. And I will at once ask Dr A——, the Vicar of B——, what I ought to do. I always consult Dr A——."

On the 25th he started for his last visit to Lady Crawford at Florence. He had, while travelling, a violent and sudden fit of breathlessness, attributed by himself to asthma. From this he recovered almost at once, and seemed

afterwards none the worse, though my mother was greatly alarmed.

Of the new Education Bill he wrote to the Bishop of Winchester :—

Certainly as to the *whole* question, if we get *all* we want religiously in every Board School, Voluntary Schools will cease. *But* we cannot help the necessity of endeavouring to improve the Board School religion, as we have always avowed our desire. Finally there is the possibility that the Board Schools after being improved, may, by some future Radicalism have their religious teaching suspended again, but that is not the real drift of things and I do not think it will happen before Antichrist comes.

Tell me any more you think and hear. There are some dark places.

He returned to London at the end of April, much refreshed in body and mind, and in a mood of wondering gratitude for the beautiful companionship and devoted friendship of the Villa Palmieri.

On the 6th of May he dined with the Prince of Wales, and describes his evening thus :—

Dined with Prince of Wales. The most splendid company. All the Ambassadors but Russia, who is gone to the Coronation of the Czar. Duke of Connaught, Lord Wolseley near whom I sat with the Lord Chancellor between, two delightful interesting talkers, and on my other side one still better, de Courcel, French ambassador. Lucklessly after dinner the Turkish ambassador asked to be presented, and he held me talking innocently about the Greek Bishops whom I knew, but for his red-handed tyrant's sake he was the last person I wished for, and Harcourt came up and said, "What a picture we have been enjoying! you and the Turk in close alliance!"

On the 11th he notes in his Diary :—

The ways of birds are inestimable. This morning 20 starlings took possession of a circle of lawn 8 feet diameter and picked and pecked some luckless clan of grubs which had emerged in that narrow spot. There was a Sultan among them, who if he saw a starling peck twice at the same inch of ground, chased him and took possession.

On May 20th he went to Windsor to introduce a deputation of Convocation to the Queen; he writes:—

Went with Convocation to Windsor. Archbishop and six Bishops, Prolocutor and 12 Presbyters, officers. The Queen had said she could not attempt to read her address, yet the moment I had delivered ours, she made a little neat extempore speech, full of fire.

Afterwards she sent for me to her own room and spoke a little very tenderly of Prince Henry and her daughter, and then of all things—Florence, bicycling (about which she said the English were a little mad), education, missionaries. The Ashanti expedition had just effected this, that there should be no more such cruelties in Ashanti. She had read *Slatin Pacha* and was full of its interest and horror. Seventy-seven years old, full of life, looks well, so good a colour. Afterwards went to Princess Beatrice; she said, "It was all best as it is." He wished to do something for England as a duty, not for glory. She had suggested Egypt to him instead of West Africa. But he had said he would stand in no one's way—this was volunteering and he ought to take what comes. She spoke of her future as dedicated only to the Queen—she is certainly a brave woman.

At the end of May he paid a visit to Canterbury for the Ordination. He writes:—

Archbishop of Armagh¹ staying with me at the Deanery, very large and lame in body, and very large and agile in mind.

In the evening Armagh preached in a high key *perfectly* heard and eloquently, though less than his old self. He said the life of a Saint was the life of Christ—"a sweet plagiarism," and that some people regarded the Athanasian Creed as a "War-song" with very little of the second syllable and a good deal of the first....

The hospitality of the Deanery is absolutely perfect, and the Dean very interesting. Perhaps he trusts his amazing memory too much. But really the tender kindness would be too bright if it had no foreground.

On the 6th of June he went to Cambridge to stay with the Master of Trinity; he notes in his Diary:—

Came down to beloved Trinity and Cambridge. A great

¹ Dr Alexander.

improvement in the outward appearance of the courts, from the creepers. But not of the men (nor of the Fellows themselves). The College has abolished the Scholars' table because the men no longer were drawn together nor had friends there from their old schools. Time weakens the tie. Life to me at Trinity would have been a totally different thing without that happy and clever Scholars' table. Fancy not dining daily with Lightfoot, Pearse, Ellis, Hammond, Sharp, Prescott, Maxwell Clark, many others, Macnaghten specially, George Burn, Robert Burn. The Scholars' Table was half the life.

On the following day he writes:—

June 7. Early Communion. I celebrated and felt it a most high privilege in the place so revered by that group of dearest friends, now fast breaking up—and where I received it, seldom, unritually, but so solemnly and manly administered by Whewell Sedgwick, Martin, and their peers. There is no doubt about it. Trinity was great in those days.

Preached at 2.15 to the University on “the Apocalypse of Jesus Christ.” Galleries piled as in the old days, but to me sorrow that I can't deliver a better message—such as the two Selwyns, Wordsworth, Blunt, Jeremie, or Dr Mill delivered when *they* piled the galleries in old days. Still I think it is still God's message, and I must leave it to Him. Dined in Hall and went to Combination Room—all very delightful but partly by reason of the grand ghosts that sat among us.

On June 10th was held the National Society's Annual Meeting: he presided, and writes in his Diary:—

Halifax, who meantime is sending me continual reports of the progress, which he thinks satisfactory, made at Rome in the question which he thinks vital, namely what Rome is pleased to think of our Orders, seemed seized by passion and flashed his white teeth and said he was “come to speak strongly.” He had accepted the invitation of the Society to second the motion of increased support being given to it. He now told the Society it was weak and would not hold its own—said the English Bishops ought to have joined the Roman Catholics and adopted their policy—that the Bill had been utterly mismanaged by the Bishops and if it failed it was entirely their fault. I could not forbear saying that Mr P. V. Smith¹ had proposed and Viscount

¹ Philip Vernon Smith, Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester.

Halifax was to be understood to have seconded the motion—and afterwards this came to my mind: •

“The Seer refused to bless or curse
Without Divine permission;
Divine and Peer, our modern Seer
Accepts no such condition.
Agrees to bless, but (swift reverse!)
Swears the Bill's bad, the Bishops worse,
And, as he can't himself caress them,
Runs off to fetch the Pope to bless them.”

On the 14th the Archbishop went to stay with his much beloved friend, Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, at Chenies. He writes in his Diary:—

Came down yesterday to the Duchess at Chenies and preached to the villagers this morning and took part in Holy Communion. The village has been much awakened by a quiet nine months' work of a Church Army Captain—45 have been confirmed.

A good interesting talk with A—— last night on her work in Aylesbury gaol, and in consequence a fearful dream of attempting the lives of three people in a just and compassionate spirit. This evening a very helpful talk on Conscience and Consciousness of self.

June 15. Drove out with A—— to Rickmansworth and was met by Lady Ebury to show me the fine East window which they have put up to their parents' memory. This is by Burne-Jones and Morris, and is as utter a contrast as can be to Kempe. A green forest with afflicted figures and our Lord nailed to a living tree with a serpent at its roots—it is mystical, which I like, if the artists believe. And it is overwhelmingly green. There is room for divers schools and sundry manners.

On the 22nd he writes:—

A real Black Monday. I do not remember a gloomier moment.

The Education Bill is dropped to-day by the Government, a really great measure which, with their majority of 274, they cannot now carry because they have wasted their time on small affairs which they imagined would be non-contentious—with Sir W. Harcourt on the Opposition bench!

To the Bishop of Winchester.

The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill is passed by 142 to 103, many young Lords having taken their seats only to-day, to vote

for it, and others abstaining. (I spoke like waving a pocket handkerchief from a sinking ship.)

On the 23rd, his wedding-day, he writes:—

Thirty-seventh wedding-day. Years of blessing with two such piercing sorrows—such goodly works allowed and assigned—such blank inadequacies. O Bone Domine.

The Archbishop had recently, in an address to the National Society, charged the Northern Counties, such as Lancashire, with not doing their part in the work of religious education. He gave some statistics, which appeared to favour this view, but which, like many statistics, were really misleading: the sequel is related in the Diary:—

The Archdeacon of Manchester¹ came and terrified me for having misrepresented Lancashire. He certainly brings out the fact that Lancashire has educated more children in the Church than London and more economically. But then they have been free to establish Voluntary Schools everywhere; there is no opposition to speak of. But the London School Board have refused to allow us to build schools which we wanted to build—and this oppression has been on a large scale. Nevertheless I shall eat humble pie to Lancashire; and with a good grace, for I am delighted to find how good they are².

On July 5th the Archbishop went to Eton to stay with the Headmaster and to preach to the boys. In Dr Warre my father found a most congenial friend; in 1894 he had lent us his beautiful Somersetshire house for September, and my father and he had several times corresponded in pleasant classical epigrams, a graceful accomplishment which my father loved. The Sunday was very hot, and my father claimed to be nervous at preaching, but he preached extempore, at my own earnest request, on Home ties. He notes in his Diary:—

In Evening Service I could not see one single boy who was

¹ Ven. J. M. Wilson, formerly Headmaster of Clifton College.

² In Nov. 1896 the Bishop of St Asaph wrote to the *Times* to point out that in the above controversy the serious mistake had been made of employing "Church Schools" and "Voluntary Schools" as convertible terms.

not singing the Evening Hymn after Service, "Sun of my Soul,"—and the last verse was most touching, and most touchingly sung; as one thought of school as the waking place of so many souls and minds:—

"Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take."

Saw a number of able and very interesting people; yesterday evening steered Dr Warre (very badly) down the river while he rowed to see the two first eights practise and race: interesting—near relation between *παίλειν*¹ and *παιδεύειν*¹ and how the Englishman *makes discipline for himself in games*.

On the 6th he writes:—

I am told that a certain Dean, lately deceased, secretly opened every grave in his Cathedral. My informant thought this interesting and reasonable. She told me how, as a great favour, he had taken her herself to see him, with two men, open the grave of a Prior. The figure was quite lifelike and perfect, but fell immediately to dust. These are the ghouls and Peeping Toms to whose keeping those great and sacred men confided themselves, with the few little personal things they valued above all others. My Dean and Canons at Canterbury were just as bad, when they broke in on one whom they supposed to be Archbishop Hubert², but departed as wise as they came, only a little richer by stealing his cloth of gold mitre, and ring and a chalice. I have always refused to look at these.

On the 10th July the third Reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was passed in the House of Lords: he writes:—

Wilt not Thou go forth with our hosts?

To-night by 38, a larger majority than ever, even than on second reading, House of Lords passed third reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, changed as it is, the principle extracted from it, as the pea from under the box—a juggling trick.

July 13. The Queen's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace was of 4000 persons. The grounds looked delightful. And as it was very hot, the mass of white silk umbrellas or parasols which was

¹ To play—to educate.

² Hubert Fitzwalter, who was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1193 to his death in 1205. The work of rebuilding the Cathedral was carried on during his Primacy, and he left many bequests to the Chapter.

before us, heaving and gracefully moving, was like the wave of the sea.

The Prince after glancing my way several times, came up holding out his hand *as if* diffidently, and saying, "Will you shake hands with me?" I said, "Vicisti, Sir." He said, "What?" But on my saying again, "Vicisti," he laughed very heartily in his own way¹.

On the 14th of July, his last birthday on earth, he notes:—

My birthday, and much kindness both in Heaven and Earth.

We did a good deal which was off the ground and only useful as sharpening the countenances of our friends. But one good thing we did, namely to start a Committee for caring for the religious condition of deaf-mutes.

On the 22nd of July he officiated at the wedding of Princess Maud of Wales; he writes:—

Married the Princess Maud to Prince Charles of Denmark. The brightest of the Princesses and almost as young as when I confirmed her. He a tall gallant-looking sailor. Hope he will make her happy. The Chapel an old conservatory ineffectually disguised by Church furniture—all well arranged and the banquet also. The whole very royally done. The group of great peers of the Queen's household afterwards was striking, as were the greater peers also in Chapel, and Mr Gladstone decidedly ageing and paling though they say he is well.

The Queen was the wonderful sight, so vigorous. In the Bow Room afterwards where 50 Royalties signed the Book, she called me to her and I knelt and kissed her hand and she talked very spiritedly a few minutes. As soon as it was over an Indian servant wheeled in her chair to take her out—she instantly waved it back, "Behind the door," she said, and walked all across the room with her stick most gallantly.

August he spent quietly at Addington, writing at his *Cyprian*, riding and working. He and my mother paid visits to Lord Ashcombe, the Attorney-General, and Lord Northbourne, and were much interested in what they saw and heard.

¹ The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York voted in favour of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

On the 16th of September he started with my mother for his visit to Ireland.

The diary of the tour is very minute throughout; but I have not space for it all: moreover a full account of his speeches and sermons is given by Dr J. H. Bernard in his little book *Archbishop Benson in Ireland*. I give one or two extracts from the Diary:—

The Bishop of Clogher¹ a really marvellous man—aet. 72, most upright, clear-eyed, quick, light-stepping man equal to any fatigue—was brought up on Loch Erne, knows every gentleman, farmer and labourer in his diocese, and every haunt of pike and trout in the whole lough,—every rock and island—breeds and keeps the best horses, and is a great gardener, and withal a faithful pastor.

Told us endless things worth remembering, and illustrating the old life he remembers his father talking of. Pity no one writes him out.

Cardinal Cullen² was mentioned. "He was a cruel man," he said, "sent here by Cardinal Wiseman to put an end to the Gallican Clergy; they were gentlemen educated well in France and on kind terms with all. 'Jesuit' and 'Papist' were terms which they used about Ultramontanes, exactly as we do. He worried them, all but broke their hearts, made them resign, killed them with trouble, appointed extreme curates to look after them. 'I can't turn in my bed without his writing to the Cardinal about my doing so,' said one of them. One showed the Cardinal his bees and his flowers, 'We want none of these bee-businesses nowadays,' said the Cardinal and transplanted him to a lonely bare place in the mountains."

Canon A—— says the satisfaction with which the disestablishment people regard the advance of the Church of Ireland is like the end of the parable of the good Samaritan. The thieves came on and put up at the inn and congratulated the man on being so well cared for there, and getting so well so soon. "If it hadn't been for us you wouldn't have been here!"

My father and mother went on to stay with Lord Macnaghten, at Runkerry, Co. Antrim, for a few days' rest.

¹ Dr C. M. Stack.

² Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, 1852—1878.

He left for England on the 9th of October, charmed and delighted with the enthusiastic hospitality with which he had been received in Ireland, and reached Hawarden on the 10th: in the train he wrote very busily at the letter in reply to the Roman claims, which was published exactly as he wrote it.

Thus he came back full of vigour. His *Cyprian* was finished and he was carrying with him his book on the Revelation which was close on completion.

CHAPTER XX.

CHARACTER AND CHURCHMANSHIP.

*"Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream."* TENNYSON.

ONE of the chief difficulties under which a biographer labours in the case of a temperament like my father's, is the necessity for bringing out the two strains that existed side by side in him—strains which are generally strongly contrasted.

On the one side he was a stern Puritan : he was severe, strict, and if not in all ways disciplined, with a natural and deliberate love of discipline. He had dark and melancholy moods in which he dwelt gloomily upon his own and others' deficiencies. He hated luxury, waste, extravagance, worldliness, wilfulness, idleness, folly. He disapproved of much innocent pleasure and gaiety, and the light-hearted, thoughtless youthful cynicism, which proceeds more from pure ignorance of the world than from any philosophy, was to him a thing to be sharply reproved. All graceful, indolent trifling with the serious side of life was inconceivable to him.

Thus to the outer world he often seemed to have more of the master than the priest in his character ; he had more respect for strength than sympathy for weak-

ness; he had trained himself carefully in the latter, as in other graces, and could give, if it was required, a strong, wise and tender sympathy; but it was more deliberate than instinctive; and it was not so much his nature to bear the burdens of others in the realm of sympathetic emotion as to provide for their welfare; he was more disposed to emend weakness and correct faults than to penetrate motives or allow for shortcomings.

The feeling of responsibility was a primal instinct in him, developed not only by deliberate purpose but by the force of circumstances throughout a lifetime. At a singularly early age he had to share responsibilities with his mother, and far sooner than comes to the lot of most men to assume the chief responsibility of younger lives.

His very strenuousness could be at conflict with itself in some ways. He made friends without great difficulty with apparently congenial people, but his friendships were apt to deepen or diminish in proportion as the friend had large reserves of strength and feeling. He asked so much from those he admired, believed so much in them, and was so sensitive to their defects, that his friendships were sometimes strained and broken in the making. He had a natural shrinking from giving or receiving eulogy, though he valued it deeply if he thought it sincere. A certain shyness, not always recognised, made it easier for him to express appreciation and admiration in writing than in speech.

The grinding discipline of a life full of responsibility, acting on a will eagerly set to find and follow the Divine will, brought a great softening of the masterful element which had been strong in early life.

In 1876 he wrote to his wife, on a visit from Lincoln to Wellington:—

...The masterful feeling is quite gone, and one quite forgets how one used to think it was the work of one's own hands, and

feels that for all that may have been good one was only the merest instrument moved by a power—which in the greatest things which really were within, one often rejected. All the unhappy feeling about the reminiscences is only due to want of Love. Oh, how little one knew the value of that. How little all those years one thought about Grace and graces. Strength and Finish seem to have been one's compassless aims...But I can try that the coming years, if they are given, shall have the work of Love and Grace in them...

And again he wrote to my mother two years later :—

14th July, 1878.

...So this is my birthday. Nine and forty years, like the knights and squires of Branksome, but not of name or of fame. Only of work, such as it is according to my very poor notions of working, and service according to my very poor notions of service. ...I think the most grave and altogether best lesson which I have learned in nine and forty years is the incalculable and infinite superiority of gentleness to every other force, and the imperious necessity of humility as a foundation to every other virtue. Without this it appears to me the best characters and noblest have to be taken to pieces and built up again with the new concrete underlaid—and without gentleness things may be done, but Oh, at what needless cost of tears and blood too.

In contrast to the Puritan element of character he had a great deal of the artist and poet in him, and was possessed by an almost passionate love of the beautiful. This mood pervaded all his thoughts, though he regarded it as strictly secondary. Thus to him the pursuit of beauty—the untainted, unsensual beauty of statuary, holy imaginings, stately buildings, gnarled forest-trees and snow-topped peaks—was the relief from what was stern and practical and dry : it was his recreation.

But the poet's mood he carried about with him—and though it found but rare expression in verse, his intense idealism, his penetrating love of God and Christ broke out in glow and rich ardour, and adorned all that he wrote or acted, like the woods which clothe the lower mountain slopes. Beauty was to him primarily symbolic. The

Poetry of the Church, the Poetry of Religion, high associations, ancient traditions were to him the spring of life—and it may be that in enforcing this, in kindling what to many are but outworn and antiquated forms to a living and leaping flame—that he served his generation best, if the ideals which he so passionately cherished are destined to survive and grow.

To a nature, then, where these two elements of character met in unison, conscientious sincerity in art was the deepest charm. My father had a great admiration for what he called "cryptic" or concealed decoration. It was agreeable to him that the front of an altar should be elaborately carved, even if it were to be permanently covered with a magnificent frontal. "Think of the splendid old fellow," I have heard him say of a piece of work of this kind, "who chiselled away never caring that his work should be seen, so long as it was beautiful." For the utilitarian argument that he might have done twice as much work that was to be seen, he had nothing but scorn. On the other hand superficial finish he felt to be repellent; he loved to see the chisel-marks left on finely carved stone, and delighted in the very rake-marks on the gravel.

Many human things indeed he counted altogether alien to him, but he passed through the world with an extraordinary reverence for the creations of God and the greater works of men; for their ideals and ποιήματα, not altogether for their affairs. "There was never anything worth contemplating," he said, "from a Raffaele to a railroad, which did not begin from an ideal¹."

My father has been not unfrequently spoken of as lacking, in some matters, a sense of proportion. The estimation of this criticism is a difficult matter, and one cannot but think it may come, in some cases, from a misunderstanding of his aspect towards life.

¹ *Seven Gifts*, p. 13.

His attention to detail has been often remarked ; he himself knew it was at times overmastering, but it was nevertheless in the main the outcome of a principle,—of an intense love of perfection. The “policy of thorough” would lead him to pay minute attention to the place on a page where a letter should be dated ; to draw all possible and derivative meanings out of a word in the Greek Testament. An economy that seemed to others to be disproportioned, a luxury he seemed arbitrarily to condemn, were perhaps in the same way single, typical instances to him of some great principle which he insisted on or warred against. The actual instance might be trifling but in it he saw the principle. He could not understand the total absence of love of perfection ; in whatever form it was present it was grateful to him.

The vitality which was one of the most striking elements in his character made him give himself, not merely his relaxed attention, to even the details of life, as if for the moment these were the only things worth doing.

As the scientific man will not reckon with chance, so in the moral world my father refused to join issue with carelessness. Carelessness never seemed to him an elementary principle of human nature, but the outcome of some deeper trait of character—selfishness, cruelty, laziness or the like. He knew it was not always so, but he had the tendency always to think it so.

To minds of a more material tendency, such reverence as he had for plants and animals seemed even ludicrously disproportioned. As children we thought him unnecessarily severe to the childish carelessness of striking off young shoots and leaves from the hedges—“It is breaking the Third Commandment,” he said once to a friend ; and he appeared to show an unreasonable vexation with little fingers that spoiled, by touching them, the tender crumpled ends of the fern leaves. His horror of a holocaust of birds

for the sake of ornamental feathers, his attention to the needs of a dog, or his wonder and admiration of its half-grown intelligence, seemed disproportionate to those who consider animals as playthings and the beauties of plants as an object of relaxed attention. He thought of nature and the world of sentient creatures with something less of intimacy than many professed Nature-lovers, little of ownership, and with far greater reverence.

"The live-bird plaything," he said once, was the test of the morality of a nation. The quality of mercy or of charity, it seemed to him, could be as surely shown towards a sparrow as towards a child; the comparative smallness of an object did not seem to him to dwarf a motive. Animals, birds, plants were naturally dear to him in themselves, dearer still in their mystery and beauty as the creation of God.

Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, writes:—

It is cold work to revive these memories now that his voice is stilled for ever; one feels as if the fire had gone out, and the room were dark and lonely. Best perhaps (in closing this brief sketch) to dwell on the words that he spake "concerning them that are asleep," as he now is, and the fuller life, which in inconceivable ways, expands the spirit into maturity. No one ever felt more profoundly the mystery of death. But when thoughts of gloom preyed upon him he threw his mind forward (like a fine steed plunging through swift currents at night) till it found foothold in the Eternal. To one in heavy sorrow he wrote:

"He who asked God those frightening questions,

'Wilt thou show wonders to the Dead?

Shall the Dead arise and praise Thee?

Shall Thy loving-kindness be declared in the grave?

And Thy righteousness in the land of oblivion?'

knew he could never answer them intelligibly in this world, and so he says, 'But unto Thee have I cried, O Lord, and in the morning shall my prayer prevent Thee.' This '*But*' means '*there is no knowing.*'

"Do not let the earthly mind torment you with innumerable questions and imaginings, but having 'cried unto the Lord' say,

'Liberasti' as I told you." And again: "To think that it is a week since we were in that cool chancel and under those green shadows, and again in that memorable chapel. And since then my brother has given a gentle soul to God, and I have laid his fair head in the dust. How fast the world μετασχηματίζεται, and even when the life which goes is so simple and quiet and useful a life, still one feels that the secret of the next stage must be *education* on that ἐνδύμησις πρὸς τὸν Κύριον which has so struck you and so dwelt with you. How very soon we shall know (be known)."

He drew from depths of suffering not only a negative gain of submission, but a positive good in the shape of added power for life and work. "Do not think life intolerable," he says in another letter to the same friend, "it is not, though the storms are fierce and deep. 'Life' is a long word. It is only a *piece* of life, and it is only *almost* intolerable. Why the trial is yours I cannot divine. But only I see that it *is*, and therefore there *is* something to come out of it, more than out of any soul which has not had such trials. The Travail of the Soul! What would prevent its fruitfulness is a sense that it could not be endured." The "transfiguration of Trial" was an expression he often used. Sorrow was, in his thought, not only a process purifying to the sufferer, but a part of redemptive work, linked to the Cross. The sense of hopelessness and waste went out of the trial, when, summoning all the forces of his nature, he unfolded to a crushed and suffering spirit the mysteries of the larger life and the glory of participation therein. The "Altar-stairs which slope through darkness up to God" are steep, but who would not ascend them to such a goal? This is high doctrine, but he knew that nothing lower could meet the questions of Pain.

It is natural, though perhaps needless, to read a meaning into last words because they were the last, and yet some change is apparent in utterances which grow deeper because the "hour" had come. The messages to Ireland speak for themselves. To the writer of these lines, who was leaving for a short journey to France, he said: "Go and look at the Rose-window at Rheims, you will have a glimpse of the 'rainbow round about the Throne.'"

The Bishop of Natal¹ writes:—

To pass from a provincial Parish to Lambeth Palace might seem to be to exchange the realities of personal religious work and warfare for mere machinery of organization. It might be like passing from the glowing realities of the battle field to the War Office in Pall Mall. With Archbishop Benson at Lambeth the change for

¹ Arthur Hamilton Baynes, D.D.

anyone was far different. It was at once to gain a broader view not only of the sphere of the Church's operations but of the underlying principles, to come into touch with its heart and brain. With the Archbishop there was no fear of losing sight of the great spiritual realities which underlay all the manifold and sometimes wearisome detail of a great office. With all their differences of character there was in this a great similarity between the three school-fellows and lifelong friends—Lightfoot, Westcott, and Benson. The Church was at all times the actual Kingdom of God in England, the organized life of the nation on its spiritual side, the ideal human society in process of realisation. It was this which kept continually luminous that cloud of official detail which might well shut out of Lambeth the spiritual rays—details of Ecclesiastical Commission, House of Lords, great Societies, Annual Meetings, Blue Books and Reports. "These are the times of Christ," he said in his Charge to his Diocese. And with him all these details were the business of Christ. Nothing was dull, nothing was secular, nothing was unimportant, just because it was all part of the one great work by which life was being spiritualised, and the Body of Christ edified. In the midst of all the drudgery of business routine, I fancy the Archbishop had always present to his mind's eye far other aspects of Church work, which yet this drudgery was making possible—the work of the village Priest with his schools, his varied offices of love and help for all his flock, and his ministrations by cottage sick-beds.

It was a perfect marvel for instance during the Lincoln case how the Archbishop had found time to get through the huge amount of reading and research involved when his day was filled with engagements and we seldom saw him at work. Of course one secret was that he needed little more than half the time for sleep...which ordinary men need.

At quiet hours of the night those absorbing and interrupting domestic details could be forgotten, and all that carefully elaborated work which was his special characteristic was accomplished. There was never a sermon to be preached but it was carefully written out at full length, corrected laboriously, and often sent in MS. to the printer that a proof might be corrected before it appeared in the *Guardian*. In the same way week by week during the Lambeth half of the year the addresses to ladies on Wednesday afternoons which were a standing institution were always ready in time for a syllabus to go to the printer and be in the hands of the congregation. There was no such thing as "a few words" put together at the last

moment. There were indeed few things of which the Archbishop had such a horror as this expression, "A few words." He used, again and again to warn his ordination candidates against the method of the clergyman who said once to him "My people do not care for set sermons; they like me to say a few plain extemporary words." There was no man who could say those few plain extemporary words so well as the Archbishop when circumstances left him no alternative, but yet when a choice was left him he would prepare every utterance with the same sort of precision that he would have written a copy of Latin Prose in the old Schoolmastering days.

But this was not the Archbishop's only style. He never could have been in the strict sense a popular orator; he had not for one thing the knack which John Bright was said to have acquired, by careful preparation, of making telling perorations. Many a sentence which had really carried his audience with him, and which, with a more effective termination, would have "brought down the house," ended tamely and without applause for want of a mere knack of voice and manner. But he had the power of direct and telling speech. We never heard it at greater advantage than in his addresses to his ordination candidates. Those Ember Days were throughout a "time of refreshing." It was a great boon to us older priests, whose ordination was receding every year further into the past, to go over the old ground with its solemn thoughts under the Archbishop's guidance. One feature of the week was the viva voce examination in the Greek Testament. He would first test the knowledge of the candidates as to the finer shades of thought and interpretation to be gained by scholarly attention to tenses and particles, and then, leaving the halting efforts of the candidates behind, he would himself proceed to expound the passage, showing us what wealth of meaning there was, hidden indeed to the careless scholar but yielding to the careful and minute examination to which he put it. One's feeling at such times was "Why has all this never been told us before, and why even now is such wealth of teaching not made available to the ordinary student?" But the crowning feature of those great Ember Weeks was the final Charge delivered by the Archbishop himself as a rule on the last Saturday afternoon. It was at this time that he showed that he had, when he cared to use it, the power of direct and forcible and simple utterance. He spoke as a father to his sons, as a prophet to his disciples, of all the manifold toils and needs and dangers of the clergyman's

life. We listened with unflagging attention, though the address was sometimes prolonged beyond two hours; I am not sure that we could not have listened for as long again—so intensely real and solemn, so full of love and solicitude, so permeated by the spirit of wisest counsel, were these charges. They read to us our own hearts and all their weaknesses, our lurking egotisms, our worldliness, our ambition, our want of the simple ungrudging surrender of all but the one perfect motive. We felt at those times that we knew at least something of what the absolute following of Christ meant, of what it was to put aside all thought of applause or success or ease, and find our happiness and our reward only in the love of Christ and the love of souls for His sake....

Happy as the Archbishop was as a host, there was yet a special charm about the home life when the last guest had left and for a short time the little family circle was left all to itself except for the presence of us chaplains who enjoyed a privileged position. I had heard years before I ever thought of having any connection with it of the perfect home life of the Benson family whether at Wellington or Lincoln or Truro. And certainly there are few families where the love is so real, where the tone is so high, and where out of so great diversity of elements and gifts such perfect unity is secured. Others have more right than I to draw aside the veil from that happy privacy and to speak of the personnel of that home circle. I venture to speak only of the Archbishop in the midst of it. One of my pleasantest recollections is of the afternoon tea at Addington when the family was alone. At these times we had tea not in the drawing-room but in the school-room, and it was a sociable meal at which we sat round the table, and Beth, the nurse both of Mrs Benson and of all her family, presided. The Archbishop sat on the opposite side of the round table. It was I think the meal of the day which he most enjoyed. He was allowed three cups and generally availed himself of his right, and would indeed sometimes complain of the bondage of convention which laid down as a Law of the Medes and Persians that tea must not interfere with the sacred rite of dinner and that therefore one must on no account, whatever might be the demands of appetite, take enough to "spoil one's dinner." Whatever might be the pressure of work or of vexing and perplexing problems nothing was allowed to intrude upon the gaiety and humour which characterised these gatherings in the school-room....

The Archbishop had indeed a very keen sense of humour. One often wishes one could recall more of the bright and witty things

he said, but as a rule such sayings divorced from their original context have lost the flash and glitter. One day we were driving back from a function at Miss Octavia Hill's Settlement in Southwark, at which some enthusiastic advocate of the higher culture of the people had spoken of the day when great works of art should be no longer in private collections but at every patient's bedside in every Hospital ward. The Archbishop said, "He might as well wish to see a pulpit between every bed and a well-endowed preacher in each."...

Hopeful, enthusiastic, warm-hearted, considerate to all, the Archbishop had yet his days of reaction—days when the hopefulness was clouded, days when the cloud would even for a moment settle down on his nearest and dearest relationships. We all knew, I think, when one of those dark days came. The whole household was as it were alert and wary. One wished on those days for the power of David's harp. There was thunder in the air, and sooner or later the storm would burst. Woe to the unlucky one who happened to act as the lightning conductor. The Archbishop could be terrible in his wrath. I daresay Wellington boys could say something under this head. We, in the Lambeth days, still felt probably much as they did. But the storm passed as quickly as it came and then the air was clear again, and we were all the best friends. It was often a question with me whether the Archbishop was himself conscious of the effect these times had on the household. There is no doubt that the power of his wrath was a great instrument which he could at times use with righteous and wholesome effect. I have seen a guilty clergyman flinch and cower and cry like a child before the terrific vehemence with which he would bring home to a conscience, which was not as yet awakened, the depth of the abyss before it in the path of drunkenness or immorality. Seldom as it was used I cannot doubt that it was the consciousness of this reserve of force in the background which helped to give the Archbishop the power he had in the leadership of men.

But while I have ventured to speak of this quality of the Archbishop, I should be giving an altogether wrong impression if it were supposed that, except on those rare days of depression, which was primarily physical, he was other than gentle and considerate and affectionate. Again and again he would think of his chaplains, and be careful to save them what he never saved himself. If for instance he found us sitting up late at night over arrears of correspondence or other work, he would come into our rooms and gently reproach us for overtaking ourselves and would

send us to bed, though we knew well enough that he himself was continuing his work for hours later. And his generous and loving interest in us reached far further than our outward health. From the first day of beginning my work at Lambeth when the Archbishop took me into his study in the midst of my unpacking that he might say a few words of earnest prayer for a blessing on our work, down to the day when I had to pass on to another the happy responsibilities which had been mine for nearly four years, I had always the consciousness that my chief was also my dearest spiritual friend and guide. And I can thankfully say that there has been no period in my life in which I have learnt so much of the spiritual life or had set before me ideals so lofty. Much that I then gained will be to me a life-long possession, and if I am not a better man for my years at Lambeth and for the fatherly guidance of the great Archbishop I ought to be.

But with all that one can collect of vivid incident or ardent impression, with all that one can show of personality in his handling of affairs, with all that one can indicate, if not fully express of that which inspired his life, it is almost impossible to give expression to the intense vitality that characterised him, the restless eager spirit, full to the brim of definite hopes and aims, and yet so acutely sensitive to opposition or criticism.

It is difficult for a son to enlarge upon such matters as these, yet it is even more impossible to tell the story of a life without attempting to indicate where the sources that fed it, lay. The very basis of life to my father was his belief in "the vital matter of Prayer." One of his strongest beliefs from his earliest days, was in the value of intercessory prayer as a living and vital force. It has been brought home to me by reading his letters, how deeply he desired and how earnestly he asked for the prayers of all who loved him that he might be sustained and guided. His own "bede-roll," as he called it, contained the names of old school-fellows and college friends, many of whom he had not seen since his University days, but for whom he never omitted to pray. This was not

in him a mere sentiment, but a deep conviction of the actual power of intercession in the world. It gave him a great sympathy for the contemplative, the cloistered life, and he used to say that if one could see behind the veil of things, into the secret agencies of life, we might and he believed we should find that many of our most real victories were won on the strength of the prayers of others for us. He deplored the tendency to "depreciate specific petitions to the Source of Grace in favour of what may be figuratively called an Attitude of Prayer." "That 'your Father knows what you have need of before you ask Him' is made a reason for not asking him anything as a Father¹."

But he himself clung not only with instinctive desire but with settled conviction, to "the teaching of an older age, which knew 'that more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.'"² Many have heard him speak of the omission of thanksgiving for answered prayer as the cause of that "general lowering of the conviction that every petition is certainly heard and certainly answered³," and I can recollect nothing more fundamentally characteristic of him than this instinctive, this settled, this profound conviction of the power of prayer in matters the least and the largest.

Thus he had written to Sir Arthur Gordon⁴ in 1877:—

That your prayers should have been offered for me in the wonderful land you rule is, I am sure you know, a great joy known, as it is a great strength unknown. What perpetually adds spirit and life to my work is just this feeling, that though I *know* my own faith to be weak, to be dying out almost, when I am tried, and my own will to be so visibly *not* set on unity with God's, except at the rare moments when recollectedness returns, and makes one wish that that should be, which one forgets generally to wish; yet in spite of these defects, blanks of faith and will, the way is made so easy before one. *Then* one feels that the γαλήνη⁴ is the smooth breathing on the world's waters of

¹ *Fishers of Men*, p. 95.

³ Now Lord Stanmore.

² *Ibid.* p. 97.

⁴ The calm.

that breath of intercession "quam Christus secundat." These things are the *δυνάμεις μέλλοντος αἰῶνος*¹, are they not? The supernatural influences which fly about like magnetic currents, and which can be conveyed by magnetic faiths hither and thither? But I must not fill my letter with *not* succeeding in telling you how at Land's End I have *felt* you praying at Fiji. Only pray on—and I will for *your* work.

There are some to whom this position seems retrograde, narrow, unscientific. He would have retorted on them that greatness is not synonymous with vagueness; that "a real breadth is not the slurring or obliterating of particulars, but the treating them in such a manner that all blend into one harmonious view," "the view of the true relation of the soul to God²," and that to call the belief in Prayer unscientific was, as he hinted, to limit science: "Prayer looks to immaterial causes and immaterial sub-causes³." Then rising to heights where the unmystical find it hard to follow him he argued "What in Him is Divine purpose, in us is Prayer, and again in Him is Fulfilment⁴."

Yet any faithless suggestion that this attitude must inevitably fade into an isolated cherishing of a Devotional Life, he met with a stern warning.

"Devotional Life in itself is not peculiar to Christianity. It belongs to all nations and religions"—"It cannot then be in its mere self a good, nor yet in the fact that it is Christ who is taken to be adored, unless the adoration is itself a true one. The quality of it is what matters—that it should be a manly, womanly life—not hysterical, not finical." If "the chief end of Devotion is Devotion..... then of course there may be no limit to the importance of a phylactery. But the Kingdom will be a mustard tree no more; it will be a petty herb of mint or anise⁵."

Thus that a man could love God, could truly adore

¹ "The powers of the world to come," Heb. vi. 5.

² *Fishers of Men*, p. 99.

³ *Ibid.* p. 100.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 105.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 119 ff.

Him in an emotional isolation, my father hardly contemplated—his aspiration was rather to this end—"to get Him¹ set at the heart of Society as the spring and principle of effort¹."

"There is only one 'Victory that overcometh,' only one Power to win 'the world'—the Faith of Christians²."

The first and deepest preoccupation of his whole life was the preaching of Christ; the knowledge of Christ, and the Father through Christ was to him the one thing worth attaining. If his many-sided nature, with its immense variety of interests, had ever in early life distracted him from this oneness of aim, through labour and disappointment, by prayer and patient waiting upon God, the single heart was cleansed and strengthened: his spiritual nature grew and deepened: his devotion to Cathedral life, at first an aesthetic devotion, was rewarded by a position of unique capabilities, and he then found how small a part in that life the aesthetic element played: he was brought into contact with men, with democratic forces, which seemed to him to need even a deeper hallowing than the vivid energies of boyhood. Then I think the feeling gathered strength that the world was as it were the lost heritage of the Church, which by sad neglect and easeful indolence she had nearly forfeited, and which needed to be reclaimed and reconquered by patience and pure example. There followed the quiet years of Cornwall, consecrated by a great sorrow, in which his spiritual life assumed proportions that it had never before reached.

He wrote to his wife from Wellington in 1879:—

...The few people left here are as good and dear as ever, and look back to the times when all went with so glorious a rush and spin, and with so much love. But oh! how I lament that I was so sour and so clouded and so bitter and so hot, so incessantly that the sweetest place on earth has its scowling ghosts—and you

¹ *Ibid.* p. 130.

² *Ibid.* p. 131.

my dearest, know more of this than anyone. I hope you can forget. Lincoln would not be near so much so—in fact is quite different in this respect. Light not so bright but shadow not so dark, more glow and more softness. Kenwyn is all peace. Martin's sweet spirit that was pained at nothing but disunion, seems to have entered in there, and brought rest with power. God keep it so.

Then followed his elevation to the great work of his life, and there as before he genuinely doubted of his fitness and capacity for the mighty task. If to some the historical traditions, the great memories of the throne of Augustine might be a temptation to glory in achievement, he was sobered by his sense of almost tremulous responsibility, his deep consciousness that these ancient glories had represented a secular influence which the Church no longer wielded, and which she had lost because she had deserved to lose it. He did not underestimate the great influence which the Church possessed, but he felt bitterly how small that influence was compared to what it might have been, had the sense of religion grown in proportion to the secular and commercial prosperity of the land: he regarded the Church as co-extensive with the nation, and as possessing a title to national respect which she had to fully earn; he refused to look on her as the possession of any sect or school, or as a separate fold, fitted for certain natures and certain modes of thought, but not adapted for all; if the truth of her doctrines were denied by some, he held that it was because she was unfaithful, or petty, or narrow in her presentment of them, not that the doctrine was not essentially true. His own instinct for beauty in worship and his knowledge of ancient traditions gave him a peculiar power over the largest and most dominant party in the Church, but it was sometimes forgotten by those who valued his special sympathy, how unessential to truth he held the outward observance to be, and how comprehensive he wished the Church to be.

Such a nature, with its fervid prepossessions and intense enthusiasm, was bound to have its restrictions ; and the intensity with which he valued antiquity and decorum and ceremonial, charged as they were for him with all kinds of subtle associations, made him perhaps unsympathetic to those over whom such influences had no power.

All very effective work is done by natures whose objects and aims are very definite, and in one sense my father was a partisan. It was impossible to him not to take a side. He was not one who, in an attitude of philosophical abstraction, could see the various sides of great questions, and weigh the different elements of truth in each divergent view. He was a soldier and in the foremost of the fray ; but he did not, as some unhappily do, reserve his shrewdest thrusts and his fiercest denunciations for those who differed only in trifling details from himself : the enemies that he fought were irreligion and scepticism, impurity, worldliness, hardness and self-satisfaction : and where he saw or thought he saw these qualities deliberately adopted, his sympathy failed.

I can hardly imagine any definite line of practical life which my father could not have pursued with success. If, by birth and circumstances, he had been and had remained an artisan, he would have had the old feeling of the Guild, the pride of being a master in his own handicraft ; he would have loved every several tool, known its most exact and best use, and left an individual impress on every piece of work. He would have been great in commerce, if his lot had fallen there, from the capacity for detail and the practical shrewdness in finance he possessed. He would have been an admirable soldier, as he had all the qualities of a leader of men ; he would have been a really great architect, from his intense appreciation of artistic detail ; he might have been a great writer ; had he succeeded to an unembarrassed estate, such as his grandfather wasted,

he would have thrown himself into civic business. He was not only intense in his perceptions, but he had that basis of practical shrewdness that ensured success, while his native humility and sensitiveness secured him against the baneful self-elation which undoes so much noble work.

But he was led by God along a fateful path, and placed again and again in positions which he did not seek but for which his eminent fitness pointed him out. His friend Lord Ashcombe used in early days to tell him that as he had been the first Master of Wellington College, and the first Bishop of Truro, so he would be the first Archbishop of a disestablished Church; as it was, it is hard not to believe that his wise and gracious presidency of Church matters did much towards retaining for the Church its position as the Church of the Nation, while it certainly enriched and encouraged her spiritual energy.

Much of the real strength of my father's work as Archbishop lay, not in his public utterances, dignified and inspiring as they often were, but in the immense mass of patient unsuspected work, the minute attention to detail, the zeal for perfection which dominated all that he did. By endless interviews, careful letters, accurate inquiries, ceaseless little hospitalities, he acquainted himself with the *personnel* of the Church not only in England but in the Colonies. There was an endless succession of visitors to Lambeth, Colonial Bishops, Secretaries of great Church Societies, Missionaries, clergymen of every kind, who came perhaps for a night; had a quiet hour's talk with the Archbishop, saw him in the happiness of his beloved home circle, and went away with a prayer and a blessing from a Father in Israel. The effect of this work was not immediately visible; it was gradual, but it was permanent. Every year increased the number of devoted workers in the cause of Christ, who felt that they had indeed a chief pastor who kept a corner of his heart and a daily prayer for their work and life. Year by

year the number steadily increased of men who at critical periods of their work, in situations which needed tact and judgment, or in moments of depression or exhaustion, received counsel, encouragement and sympathy,—and thus year by year the number grew of men who in such moments naturally and without any sense of official constraint thought instinctively what would be the wishes of the eager, anxious, masterful, fatherly man at Lambeth, whose earnest blessing they had received and who, if he did not fail to mark what they did amiss, never failed either to appreciate and praise devoted work for the cause of Christian truth and love. In the sense of our Lord's words that "he that is chief among you let him be your minister" he was indeed the *διάκονος πάντων*. It was this which I believe was the secret of his work and the way in which, perhaps unconsciously, he best served his generation.

His belief of the benefit to the country of a material and national Church, deeply and securely rooted, can hardly be put more clearly than by a quotation from a sermon he preached on Monday, July 2nd, 1888, in Westminster Abbey before the assembled Bishops of the Anglican Communion. He said:—

An unworldly Church, an unworldly clergy, mean not a poor Church or poverty-stricken clergy. A poor, unprovided, dependent clergy is scarcely able to be an unworldly one, and certainly cannot betoken an unworldly laity. A laity which breaks the bread of its ministers into smaller and smaller fragments, and has none of the Divine will to multiply, works no miracle and has no honour.

Unworldliness is not emptiness of garners, but the right and noble use of garners filled by God. An unworldly clergy is not a clergy without a world, but one which knows the world, uses and teaches man how to use the world for God, until it brings at last the whole world home to God.

Once more. No soul was ever lowered by the sight of this wondrous fabric into material thoughts. No man ever failed to

see, read, hear its witness to things spiritual. From mysterious triforium to roadside porch the stone cries out of the wall, and the beam of the timber answers it, "Put not your trust in man nor in any child of man. Come up here, and I will show the things that must be hereafter."

Of the substantial unity and lifelong development of my father's work for the Church, Bishop Westcott writes :—

My friendship with Archbishop Benson began in 1848 when he came into residence at Cambridge. I had indeed been with him in King Edward's School, Birmingham, four years before, but I had not known him there. In a correspondence which lasted from Aug. 14th, 1850, till Oct. 7th, 1896, and in the happy intercourse of nine summer vacations he opened to me his inmost thoughts. Bishop Lightfoot was with us during most of the vacations, and up to his death at the close of 1889 he was a partner in all our hopes and plans and efforts. It would be difficult to find a parallel to such a fellowship, and its very closeness makes it almost impossible for me to attempt to analyse impressions and influences and powers which were in some sense part of my own life.....

One conclusion was pressed upon us with overwhelming force, that there was no effective spiritual power in England able to bring the Faith into living contact with all the forms of human activity and thought. The Universities and the Cathedrals, the homes, as we held, respectively of all the Sciences studied side by side and of Theological Science in particular, seemed to us no longer to fulfil their offices. Research and study were broken up into isolated provinces, and the Ministry of the Church was undertaken without any serious discipline. As a necessary consequence there was on all sides a want of solidity and comprehensiveness in religious conviction, and a dangerous readiness to accept unverified formulas. To recognise the problems suggested by this state of things was at least to make one step in the right direction.

Before long we were in a position to deal with them more directly. In the beginning of 1869 I was appointed to a Canonry at Peterborough.....My own plans, which I had just begun to carry into effect, were interrupted in 1870 by a call to join Lightfoot at Cambridge; but two years afterwards Benson accepted the Chancellorship of Lincoln and soon showed with irresistible power how a Cathedral may become a centre

of teaching, and brought the influence of the Faith to bear naturally on all the activities of civic life. "I see," he wrote, "new roads and alleys spiritual opening before me, not to tread but just to look down." He left however none of them untraversed. He was equally great in organisation and in inspiring enthusiasm. In 1875 he rightly declined an invitation to accept a Professorship at Cambridge, for his Chancellor's work required to be seen in its completeness, though it cost me much to come to this decision.....

The appointment of Benson to the new Bishopric of Truro (1877) gave full scope for the exercise of his gathered experience. A new Cathedral was a splendid monument of his never-failing conviction that the life of our fathers is one with our life. This inspiring principle came into close discussion in the debates on the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission (1881-3). In this Commission it was my happiness to sit by Benson's side, and to watch as he did with unflagging interest the gradual determination of the relations in which a national Church must stand to the Nation, itself also a divine society, and to mark, now in one form, now in another, the essential continuity of our own ecclesiastical life under changing circumstances from age to age. The ruling ideas of the Lincoln Judgment were really defined by these inquiries.

The translation of Benson to Lambeth in 1883 brought to him under difficult conditions the supreme duties of Leadership. But he was already trained to look at the English Church as a whole, Catholic at once and Reformed, animated by the traditions of a great and varied history, and charged with unparalleled obligations to the future. Thus looking behind and before, master alike of principles and details in all that he undertook, he bore with untroubled courage the burden of the initiation and the direction of the public action of the Church. A fine temper fitted him to conduct delicate negotiations, and firm beliefs gave him resolute patience. He set himself at once, in the spirit of the prayer which he gave afterwards as a watchword in a crisis of great anxiety, to labour for the redress of abuses in our ecclesiastical system and for the strengthening of our corporate life. To "cleanse" the Church and to "defend" it were for him two aspects of the same work.....

The Lincoln Case (1888-1890), the central event of his Primacy, had brought to him a unique opportunity of setting out plainly the historical position of the English Church. Nothing could have been better fitted to call into play his special

gifts, his unwearied diligence, his liturgical instincts, his exact scholarship, his breadth of historical view, his unobtrusive courage. Perhaps I can tell better than others what the Judgment cost him, and how completely it answered to his deepest convictions. Nothing can be more false than to speak of it as "politic." It was—and it was recognised to be—the just result of a complete survey of all the facts. Where it differed in details from earlier judgments, the difference was due to the larger view which was taken of the range of the inquiry.

It was my privilege to observe from the first the various aspects in which the case presented itself to the Archbishop's mind. Even when others of far larger experience than myself doubted as to his right course, I was confident that if he were once assured of his jurisdiction in the matter, he would not only be bold to admit fresh evidence on points alleged to have been finally decided, but also have the power effectually to commend his action to the Church and Nation. If he still consulted others after it had been legally declared that jurisdiction belonged to his office, it was not that he wavered in his own mind but because he wished to view the question from every point of sight. At last he communicated his resolve to me in a note of a single word, "*Audeo*," which expressed at once his sense of the grave responsibility which he assumed and of his own steadfast purpose to exercise his power freely. The result justified the largest hopes, and vindicated beyond reversal one master principle of his faith, the historic continuity of our Church. The Reformation was shown to be not its beginning but a critical stage in its growth only to be understood by reference to that which went before.

The Lincoln Judgment was indeed "a legacy of peace" to the Church, not by any personal arrangement but by the affirmation of principles which established the breadth of its inheritance. It is alone sufficient to give distinction to Archbishop Benson's primacy. But after this was given there still remained much for him to do. In the last years of his work he had to meet two dangers which imperilled in different ways the unity of the Church, the movement for Welsh Disestablishment, and the impoverishment of the Beneficed Clergy. He faced both with characteristic wisdom. For him the question of Disestablishment was a religious and not a political question, a question affecting the interests not of a party only but of the whole nation. He turned the attack into an occasion for arousing throughout the country a fresh zeal for studying the history of the Church. At the same time he emphatically reminded us that these also are "days of Christ," and that

we must, as we may, justify our position by the use which we make of our heritage. . . .

The first thing which strikes anyone who looks back upon the record is the perfect continuity of development which it reveals. Work grows out of work naturally. There is no waste, no going back, in passing from one duty to another. From first to last there is an ever-growing depth and balance of judgment. Special tendencies, tastes, pursuits, are gradually merged in something vaster and more comprehensive.

Corresponding with this we see in all Archbishop Benson's thoughts a sense of the manifestation of one divine life revealed in the history of the Church "in many parts and in many fashions," one through the abiding presence of Christ. Thus he was able, as we have seen, to set the Reformation in its true light as a stage in a great growth. At the same time the faculty which gave for him a true permanence to the past gave reality to that which is to come, and brought reasonableness to hope. He was made not to lead a party but to quicken the whole body with a fuller life; and he brought men together not by commending compromises to them, but by raising them to a loftier and more commanding point of sight.

These large views of the spectacle of human movement were brightened by a lively imagination and a keen perception of the correspondences which underlie different aspects of the great sum of things. Even details apparently trivial assumed a real importance to him. He had an unfailing sense of the whole because he "saw the whole in the least part." The arms of the See of Truro were designed with the most minute care—I have four letters on the subject—so as to represent the characteristic features of the Bishopric. The seal of the Church House, in which Fra Angelico's figure of the Lord at the Transfiguration—the central decoration of the Archbishop's Library—stands in sovereign majesty between Aidan¹ and Augustine, symbolises the traditions and the faith of the English Church; while the Archbishop's own seal *ad secreta*, bearing the chair of Augustine, witnesses to his confidence in its continuity. Nothing could be happier than his adaptation of classical and mediaeval language and imagery; and yet he felt the peril of excessive refinement: "An obligation to some bodily work" he wrote in the spirit of a Gamaliel or a Benedict, "seems to me to be necessary. Practically we shall not overcome 'daintiness' moral and physical, without it.".....

¹ Aidan (d. 651) the first Bishop of Lindisfarne, the friend of the Northumbrian king Oswald.

No one could be less inclined than he was to surrender himself to dreams. He entered with zest into the manifold interests of life. A fulness of sympathy and a singular graciousness of nature gave him an unusual capacity for joy. The winter tints of Borrowdale, the woods and waters of Deeside, the evening skies at Lambeth alike touched him with delight. Masterpieces of art disclosed to him their meaning. He was even able to look upon the splendid shows of society without feeling the distress or anxiety which they bring to many. These seemed to him to express something which needed expression and to call out salutary powers of service and emotion. Over all things transitory he saw the light of the Eternal. The inscription which was placed on the memorial of one of his heaviest sorrows illustrates a faith which influenced his whole temper: "In the midst of death we are in life.".....

Above all the continual vision of the glory which transforms earth to the eyes of the heart kept fresh his early passion for devotion. Again and again he spoke to me at Lambeth very sadly of the long hours which some of his predecessors spent there in quiet meditation, "impossible for him." "Why are people who are sent to look to other people's souls," he wrote shortly after his appointment to Truro, "as if they had none of their own?" But it was easy to see that the old spirit was not quenched, and that a fervour not less than that of the saintliest of those who had gone before still quickened him when he was wearied with the "care of all the Churches."

What this care was none can fully know. From the first, Archbishop Benson formed the loftiest idea of episcopal work. After he was transferred to Lambeth he constantly lamented the increasing pressure of local work on the time and thoughts of Bishops; they were becoming, he thought, ministers of a Diocese and not of the Church. "Diocesanism," he said, "is a new force of dissent as virulent as Congregationalism—and more." "If every shepherd is to tell his own tale alone, we shall be cut off in detail." For himself he recognised to the full the claims of the English Church and of the English nation upon the fullest exercise of his mature judgment. The last letter which I received from him, written four days before his death, contained a full answer to a question addressed to me from Australia which I felt bound to lay before him: a few days after a letter was sent to me, written by him, if I remember rightly, on the same day, in which he pressed upon a young friend the needs of the Assyrian Mission. In these two letters we have a sample of the problems with which he continually dealt, not perfunctorily but with the most careful

thought. Only the power of a divine fellowship could have made the burden endurable for a time. He knew the cost but he did not shrink from it. "I am in want of rest," he writes in 1895, "but here [at Lambeth] I cannot get rid of an hour of work." "I am going straight on by the Grace of God," he wrote to me even in 1889, "without breaking down, though I never feel at night that it may not have come before the morning." "It is really necessary to do something distracting if any head is to be left me." This was the meaning of his labours on Cyprian. Here he found the reading which he needed. And when he looked at the sheets, "practically finished," just before his journey to Ireland, he said half sadly, "my only amusement will be gone."

But it was so that he required it no more. His "recreation" ended at the same time as the need of it. To the end his energy and courage and cheerfulness and hope were unimpaired. His whole character grew deeper while life lasted; and he was in the judgment of all strongest when in fact his work was done.

Archbishop Temple, speaking of my father a few months after his death at the gathering of Convocation, said:—

...There was one thing which I seemed to recognise, which I may add to all the rest, and that is that he showed, beyond what most other men showed, a power of growth in intellectual force, in insight, in the faculty of dealing with men, in the faculty of handling difficult matters, a power of growth which continued down to the very day of his death....He became, as it were, bigger before our eyes. He certainly gained in the estimation of the public, not only because of his greater experience arising from all that he had to do, but he gained also because of his own internal expansion of soul, and his whole life seemed, as it were, to be perpetually casting a light upon his own past.

This I believe to be a very wise and true criticism. Looking back through the years one sees my father the idolised son of a home-circle which never questioned his will (for his father died when he was quite a child), intensely absorbed in culture, in the aesthetic side of religion, in sacred and classical art, conscious of strength and will and intensely definite aims, with very precise ambitions, but without any very deep sympathy with humanity, inclined to condemn rather than to condone,

to command rather than to lead, and imperiously claiming love from others as his right—love which his brightness and eagerness easily won. He had at first little of that simple love of others, the patient waiting upon others' needs; the pleading desire for others' happiness—the watching for stubbornness to melt, for wandering feet to return—the spirit that rejoices more over the penitent than over the just, the spirit of humblest self-sacrifice—the spirit of Christ.

The terrible catastrophe of his early life, the loss of his mother and sister, brought the need for self-reliance and prudence, and the burden of the disposal of others' lives. Then came the years of fullest strength and conspicuous professional success; but wedded life, and uncertain health and the failures of the educator, felt all the more sensitively probably by one whose success seemed so secure, the growing consciousness that the best educator can only modify, not alter temperament, can only partially shelter from evil influences, only partially implant the seed of virtue—all these widened and deepened his view: he began to feel that his will was not to be paramount—that he was but an instrument in mightier hands. Then followed the Lincoln days when he was brought still nearer to human nature: and when the lesson was beginning to dawn upon him came the crowning sorrow of his life, the death of his son, which altered him as radically as any nature can be altered whose habits of thought are more or less formed: it was then I think that he grew to see the power and depth of love—how it overshines and puts into the shadow all other forms of human striving—how it is the divinest attribute of man. Then again came the elevation to the chief seat of the Church; but by that time he had learnt the lesson, and in the place of elation and self-confidence came the crushing sense of inadequacy, the tremendous weight of responsibility, and the entire leaning upon God. I do not say that his temperament was altered entirely—he knew himself

that over sensitiveness, over discontent, over sharpness, he had still many victories of grace to win ; but the spirit in which he set his hand to his later work was utterly different from the buoyant self-sufficiency of his early manhood. He had been faithful to light ; he had prayed that God should lead and guide him, and the answer had come ; he had learned to follow the Will of God even when it thwarted and crossed not only his human inclination but his highest and holiest hopes and resolution. So all his life he grew in faith and love and deepened year by year ; and for one whose life has been a progress, an advance, we may rest in joyful hope that in the land which is nearer to the Father's face he still goes from strength to strength, mounting onwards to the Perfect Vision to which he ever aspired.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE END.

"Post hæc vidi, et ecce ostium apertum...et statim fui in spiritu."

REVELATION OF ST JOHN.

WHEN anyone is beckoned very swiftly into the unseen world, it is natural to ask oneself whether such a one has manifested any premonition of his approaching and impending fate, uttered any words to show that such a sudden departure was in his thoughts, whether he was touched with any shadow of the end.

I do not think there was any such thought in my father's mind; there had been periods in his life when his spirit had been overclouded with presentiments of evil, troubled with the shadow of death, but in those last few months it was not so. All September before he went to Ireland—we noticed it at the time and are unutterably thankful that it was so—there was about him a peculiar radiance, an equable cheerfulness which was not characteristic of him. Seldom have I known him in so acquiescent, so gentle a mood. Often at Addington away from the stir of London, his cares of policy dwelt heavily in his mind. But then he seemed to have no preoccupations.

Once or twice indeed, talking to me after prayers late at night, he said with a humorous despair that he did not know what he could find to say in Ireland, but the idea of

the tour seemed to be a genuine satisfaction to him, and he was looking forward with keen delight to the idea of spending a few days at Hawarden.

When I went away to Eton he said a few encouraging words to me about my work, sent particular messages to our Headmaster, for whom he had an affectionate admiration, said how much he had enjoyed the holidays and came out to see me off, waving his handkerchief as his custom was till the carriage had surmounted the brow of the hill.

He enjoyed his Irish tour very much, and was full of life and energy. He was rather conscious of the strain, but his nervous force, as it had so often done before, came to his assistance. His spirits were very high. Just after he had been preaching in the Cathedral at Kildare, and was walking with my mother to the Deanery for luncheon, a sudden burst of wind and rain overtook them ; my father had no umbrella and my mother hastily opened her own and endeavoured to shelter him. "You may put out my eye, dearest, if you please," he said, "but don't spoil my new hat."

He found the Archbishop of Dublin, the late Lord Plunket, the most cordial of hosts, and also enjoyed particularly his stay with the Primate, Archbishop Alexander of Armagh ; his farewell of the latter was most characteristic. The Irish Primate in a letter to the Archbishop of Dublin wrote :—

May I be allowed to mention something which happened under my own roof on the morning when the Primate of All England left it—something which will ever make it to me a holy and a haunted spot? The time was come to say good-bye. I had received heavy tidings, and as I walked with him to the carriage I asked for his benediction. He laid his hand upon my head and tenderly cheered me with the Aaronic benediction, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee." The while he lifted up his eyes and poured out some words of prayer and pleading. As

I looked upon his earnest, hushed, and radiant face I instinctively understood a little better that wonderful effect of prayer in the pattern of humanity—"As He prayed the fashion of His countenance was changed." Then as if in the Archbishop's subtlety of gentleness he would leave behind no possible impression of superiority, he took my hand and smilingly kissed the archiepiscopal ring upon it, saying, "I salute the ancient See of Armagh."

My mother wrote for us an account of the last days; I give a few paragraphs here:—

The meeting at Belfast on Oct. 9th was one of the most inspiring we had had. The big hall, holding, I suppose, about 2000, quite full. It was a wet, cheerless day and we had driven down from the Castle—the welcome was thundered—the platform was very full of magnates and clergy.

He spoke as well as—better than—I have ever heard him, I think, and the enthusiasm was tremendous. A letter was read from the Primate of Ireland, who was absent owing to the death of his daughter-in-law in England and his long journey there. It spoke of your father in such warm terms that when he mentioned the letter in his speech he brought the house down by saying after he had spoken most affectionately of the Primate—"but you must remember—he is a poet."

There was a roar of laughter—the speech was warm, inspiring, encouraging, full of life, right up to the close, and the whole place sang with one voice at the end a beautiful doxology to the tune of Rousseau's Dream—I can never lose the memory of that hymn.

We drove to the station and ran down the lovely little bit of line to Larne—as we went I said to him, "You've spoken beautifully all through, and this was the best of all"—and he just smiled. At Larne he was met also, and listened to a hearty little address, read with difficulty by a flaring station light—it was then quite dark—with a crowd surging about—and he answered warmly. After we had got on the boat he stood waving to the people as the boat glided away, and a railway journey brought us to Carlisle at 12 o'clock. Next morning we went to the Cathedral in torrents of rain, and heard together "Send out Thy Light and Thy Truth, let them lead me"—we were so happy to be in an English Cathedral again. As we travelled to Chester he was so busy writing that though I asked him if he would lunch he did not hear me even, and went on writing till half-past two, and was suddenly

very apologetic when he realised how late it was. We had some agitating moments at Chester station where a despatch box went wrong—we feared it contained his “Christian Year,”—but all was serene when we arrived at Hawarden. He was looking forward immensely to the visit—we had constantly been asked, but never able to go. Mr Gladstone received him with the greatest warmth and deference—just as his manner always was,—and they settled down at 5 o'clock to talk about all the business of the Pope's Bull which had come out whilst we were in Ireland. Mr Gladstone was smarting with the knowledge which had only been given him the day before, that when the Pope issued his commission to inquire into Anglican Orders, he instructed them *not* to examine into the past.—He seemed to feel he had been deceived—he never would have taken the part he did, he said, or written to the Archbishop of York as he did, if he had known this at the beginning¹. He was very hot on it, and they talked most delightfully. I left them talking, and your father did not come upstairs till nearly 8 o'clock, full of animation and interest.

My mother continues :—

When your father came upstairs at night he was very bright and full of talk ; he and I went on talking on every subject till 12 o'clock—I never saw him better, more active, serener. He slept well, and when he got up on the Sunday morning he drew up the blind, and behold ! a white world—snow had fallen during the night and everything was covered. He was immensely struck with the beauty of Hawarden—we had neither of us any idea of the picturesqueness of the whole place.

My father and mother went up with Mrs Drew to the Early Celebration. It had been seldom of late years that they had been able to receive the Sacrament kneeling side by side. After the Service the hymn “Thine for ever, God of love” was sung to a beautiful Welsh tune that they had not heard before.

After breakfast and another talk about Mr Gladstone's “*Soliloquium*,” he went again into his dressing-room to

¹ Mr Gladstone had written, in May 1896, an open letter on the subject of the Papal claims, called a “*Soliloquium*,” to the Archbishop of York, by whom it was, with Mr Gladstone's approval, made public. It was republished in the volume of “*Later Gleanings*” with a short Postscript by Mr Gladstone, in which he explains his “intervention.”

write. My mother came in, and finding him hard at work was anxious, wondering how, if he was working again so hard after the exertion of the Irish tour, he could be ready for the fresh work in the spring and the Lambeth Conference, which was arranged for the summer. When she came down ready for Church she found the others waiting for him in the hall. He was to walk up to Church with Mrs Drew and Dorothy while my mother drove with Mrs Gladstone. She ran up again to hurry him, and he laid down his pen and came. Mrs Gladstone was seated in the hall and he greeted her with the warmest deference and kissed her hand. My mother noticed how well and happy he was looking, full of kindness and interest.

He did not get to Church until some time after Mrs Gladstone and my mother. Mrs Drew says that he did not hurry at all, but stopped many times, as his way was. She noticed that he was out of breath. They were talking about Mr Gladstone and Mr Balfour. People who had seen him enter the Church said afterwards to her that they noticed how bright and how well he looked. Before they went in he was speaking to Dorothy. "I will show you my cross," he said. "when I come out." He asked where he was to sit. Mrs Drew showed him Mr Gladstone's place at the corner of the seat next Mrs Gladstone. Beyond Mrs Gladstone my mother sat. Mrs Gladstone asked if she should move her husband's prayer-book. He smiled and took up the book tenderly, glancing round, they said, as if he was glad to be sitting there.

He was still smiling as he stood through the Exhortation, but some one noticed that he raised a hand to his eyes, looking up towards a window as if he were not quite sure of what he saw, or were testing his sight. As he knelt for the Confession his head was sunk upon the book and my mother heard a sound of hard breathing which

frightened her. She went round to him, and others came, a doctor among the number, and raised him. He was quite unconscious.

The Lord's Prayer was beginning as they carried him out of Church, and as they went down the path to the Rectory they saw the spirit had passed without a word or a pang.

They laid him on a wide sofa in the library, and tried, as they were bound to do, some remedies. After half an hour they ceased and went quietly out, leaving my mother alone with him.

The knowledge of his passing had come back to the Church. Mr Stephen Gladstone told it in a few words, and gave out the appointed hymn; by a strange and beautiful coincidence, it was "For ever with the Lord."

Later he was arrayed in his robes, his hands were crossed on his breast, and he lay there looking kingly and strong, and on his face not the hush and awed serenity of death, but a smile as of one utterly content and at rest.

My mother stayed at the Rectory all day, going down from time to time into what seemed like a royal chamber. The blinds were up and the sun streamed in. Near him was a little table with a cross.

Then my mother went back to the Castle. Mr Gladstone said to her, "It was a soldier's death—a noble end to a noble life," and many other strengthening words.

So passed, in a moment, with the holy words of pardon sounding in his ears, on a day of tranquil joy, in the midst of his most beloved employment, the sacrifice of prayer, with eye undimmed and force unabated, a Levite indeed, a true son of Aaron who had ruled with diligence and served in fear. Like Cyprian's the act of his death was so full of power that there was no need for speech. From the time that he lay in his robes in the great library of

Hawarden Rectory, with lights round him and one of the faithful clergy of Hawarden kneeling in prayer at his side, we never faltered for an instant in the conviction that his death was in every smallest detail exactly what anyone who loved him would desire most tenderly for him—what he would have desired himself. What had been feared was an ever increasing weariness and weakness, a life which could only have been prolonged by the sacrifice of the activities of work and thought in which he lived. It is impossible even to think without pain of what this would have been to him. But this was a death that made one feel the very beckoning of God to a beloved servant. "It will be very easy for my Lord to give me the signal when my work is done," he had written ten years before; and easy indeed it was. He had but left his work for prayer when the signal came, and he rose up, and the doors of death and life were flung wide, and he went to meet his Lord, leaving even the earthly tabernacle radiant with glory.

Then and for many days it seemed impossible to realise that that vivid life, that ardent personality had passed from sight. On his dressing-room table lay all the signs of activity. His Irish journal, his proofs of *Cyprian*, the document dealing with the Papal pronouncement on Anglican Orders, which we published just as he left it, a letter—still open—and the untiring hand was still.

Letters and messages poured in from every side; and though we had naturally expected love and grief to flow, we were fairly amazed at the intensity of feeling, of love and loyalty and devotion that breathed through the messages: the Queen, the Emperor of Germany, the Prince of Wales, expressed their sense of personal loss in feeling words; the sorrow, the bewilderment, the love of Bishops and Churchmen of every station was conspicuous; and the many expressions of sympathy from Nonconformist bodies,



THE ARCHBISHOP'S BODY RESTING IN HAWARDEN CHURCH.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1896

From a photograph by Wadnough Webster, Chester.

leading Dissenters, and Jews showed that they esteemed him as indeed a man of God.

On the Monday (Oct. 12th) he was laid in his coffin; the lid bore a plain metal cross and a plate giving his name and the date of his death. The coffin was covered with a magnificent white embroidered pall¹, which Mrs Gladstone tenderly provided. All Tuesday it lay in the Church at Hawarden. In the dim dawn of Wednesday morning the Bishop of St Asaph with the Bishop and Dean of Chester celebrated the Holy Communion, and the body was borne with a procession of the Hawarden choir and many of the neighbouring clergy down the long descent to Sandycroft station. At intervals there were halts while hymns were sung. It was a bright October day, the woods yellowing with early frosts: there was a calm sunlit haze everywhere, as if nature was welcoming her winter rest. The last hymn ended just as the train came up, and the body was lifted in while the *Nunc Dimittis* was sung. Mr and Mrs Gladstone had joined the procession in an open carriage, as it passed the Castle gates; as the train went slowly away, Mr Gladstone stood bareheaded and very pale, with Mrs Gladstone in deep mourning leaning on his arm, to say farewell to the guest that they had welcomed four short days before with such different anticipations. All down the line at the principal stations were clergy and other churchmen bareheaded to do him honour. The Bishop of Winchester and the Rev. E. L. Ridge, my father's senior chaplain, who had accompanied him on his tour in Ireland, travelled with me to Canterbury.

From Willesden the carriage was taken to Victoria; and we arrived at Canterbury on a dark drizzling evening, to be met by the Dean and Canons. The coffin was taken in a hearse through the crowded streets; it was received

¹ Afterwards used for the same purpose at the lying-in-state and funeral of Mr Gladstone.

at the Cathedral; the Cathedral was dimly lighted, and only a very few were admitted; the body was borne slowly to the East, to Becket's crown, the choir singing "For ever with the Lord." The contrast of the quiet stately church, and the ravishing music of that strong Puritan hymn stealing through the arches, with the wild and rainy evening outside was infinitely grateful and encouraging. All that night and all through the Thursday the coffin lay with lights around it, watched by friends who had loved him, and bearing only a wreath of white flowers from the Queen and Mrs Gladstone's white cross. During the whole day there was a continuous procession of people passing silently through the Chapel, many of them kneeling for awhile in prayer. The same evening it was moved to the Choir, and was similarly watched through Thursday night; after the early celebration it was moved to the Martyrdom¹.

From here it was borne through the cloisters and in at the West Door; the wind blew fiercely outside and the rain beat upon the regimental escort who guarded all the West Front. The muffled military music, the quiet playing of the organ filled the air. The body was followed by the Duke of York and Prince Charles of Denmark, to represent the Queen and the Prince of Wales; and the great majority of English Bishops came to do their chief Pastor honour. The first part of the service was in the choir; the coffin was then borne to its last resting-place under the N.W. tower, and lowered slowly into the vault. My youngest brother, who had carried his father's train at the enthronement, read the lesser litany by the grave, the Dean, Canon Mason and the Bishop of Winchester also officiating. The anthem sung was

¹ There appeared to be almost insuperable obstacles in the way of my father's being buried in his own Cathedral. The Home Secretary intimated that a special Act would be needed—but this was overcome by the kindness of Captain Austin, who gave up a portion of his own family vault under the N.W. tower.



THE ARCHBISHOP'S GRAVE IN THE N.W AISLE OF THE NAVE
OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

From a photograph by Collis, Canterbury.

Gounod's "Send out Thy Light," to which he had listened a week before at Carlisle. The Archbishop of York pronounced a benediction. The ceremony was one of the stateliest that it is possible to conceive; and the pomp of burial was sweetened by the evident and heartfelt grief of the great silent congregation, who seemed to feel that it was the laying to rest of a true father in Israel.

Whether or not I have been able to depict that noble personality is for others to judge.

Yet I cannot but think that the record of his actions and such revelation of his thought as we may here and now give, must show how he who began in eager strenuous aspiration, grew in all that is lovely and gracious to the very end. There are many struggles towards perfection of which the knowledge is hidden in the heart, known only to the man and the God who made and sanctifies him, but it is well for the rest of us that something at least of the striving may be seen.

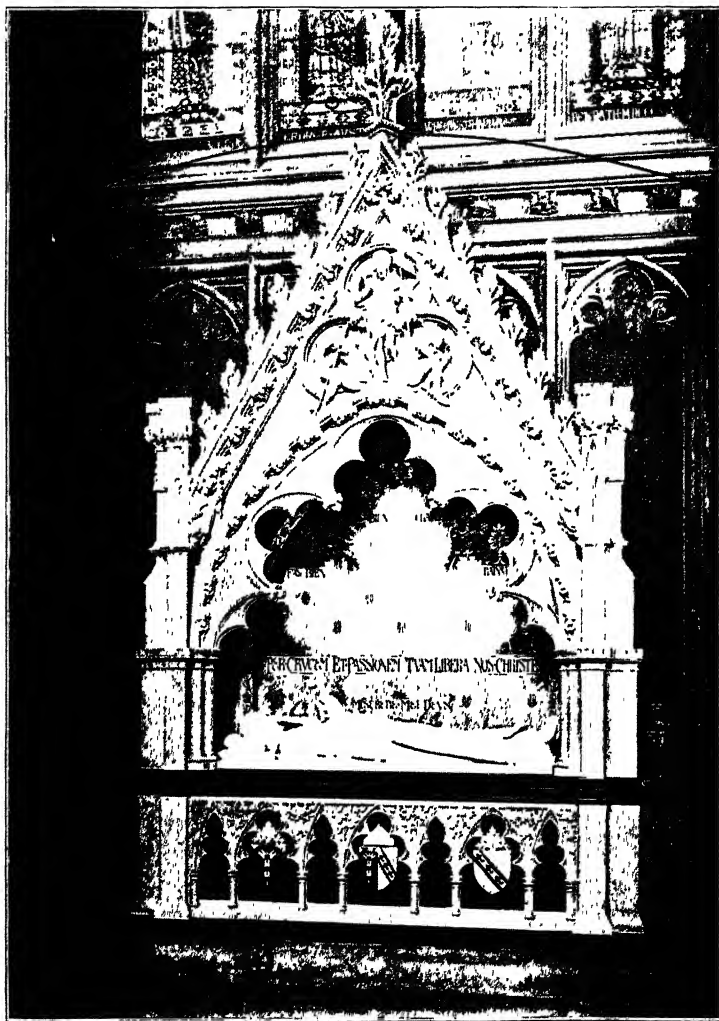
In reality of spiritual instinct, in deep yearnings towards Christ, in large ideals of service to His Church, he began where many end. He had laid down no petty lines of life and action, so that the disappointment which comes to many a narrower soul from seeing the ideal itself contract could not touch him, and a singular unworldliness robbed cynicism of its vantage ground. He was above all an idealist, yet not one of those idealists who force unassimilated theories on a world of bitter experience; though the man of the world might sometimes distrust his optimism, it rested fundamentally on the belief that God was yet in man, in the individual, in society, in history: above all it rested on the belief that in the greatest things nothing short of the greatest could be leant on or demanded.

No "working substitute"¹ could be accepted in the place of spiritual power. The child of God could not

¹ *Fishers of Men*, ch. v. "Spiritual Power."

consent either for himself or for others to lighten the burden of responsibility, or ease the strain of reaching towards the Spiritual, by yielding to a "beautiful materialism," resting on human mediatorship, and so declining to some easier way than the Free Access to God Himself. The soul which believed in God could not seek for less than God,—“We know it to be no metaphor by which we are called sons of God.”

From boyhood he had hankered after the secluded life, had longed for contemplative quiet, had even formulated in words the hope that before death he might have enjoyed some brief period of study and thought and prayer and freedom from worldly cares, and sink into sleep among his beloved books, with his dear ones round him, in some sequestered home; but such was not the will of God for him. He had been endowed by Heaven with gifts of grace that fitted him all his life through to enact a seemly and gracious part before the eyes of the world, to show forth in word and gesture and look the dignity of holiness, and he was to enact it to the end. And so his very passing was to shine before men:—“When Mr *Standfast* had thus set things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the River. Now there was a great Calm at that time in the River.”



THE ARCHBISHOP'S MONUMENT.

The monument stands under the North-West Tower of Canterbury Cathedral, close to the Archbishop's grave. It was unveiled by H.R.H. The Duchess of Albany on July 10, 1893. The figure is by Mr Thomas Brock, R.A., the rest of the design by Mr T. G. Jackson.

INDEX.

Aberdeen, Lord, visit to, 447
 Abergeldie Castle, holiday tutorship at, 26; visit to, in 1888, 340
 Abinger, Lord, visit to, 338
 Addington Park, description of, 228-232; visit to Archbishop Tait, 206
 Advancement of Holy Living (Church Society), 165
 Africa, Natal Controversy, 463; visit to North Africa, 438-441
 Aged Poor, Conference at Lambeth, 449
 Akers, Miss, 378
 Albany, Duke of, funeral of, 275
 Albert, Prince, interest in Wellington College, 56, 57, 67
 Alexander, Dr, Archbishop of Armagh, speech against Home Rule, 470 (note); Diary extract concerning, 541; farewell to, 577
 Alfred, Prince, Duke of Edinburgh, 27, 271
 Algeria, visit to, 438-441
 Allon, Dr, 357
 Anglican Church
 Church Services (*see also* Lincoln Case)
 Christmas Eve Service arranged by the Archbishop, 198
 Cranmer's arrangement of Liturgy, 346
 Dorking, 119
 Haddo Parish Church, 447
 Hawarden, the Archbishop's last Service, 579
 "High Church," comments on, 349, 350, 352-354

Anglican Church (*continued*)
 Private Chapel, 231, 251
 Roman Catholic, 124, 348
 St Paul's, Celebration at, 472
 Wellington College Chapel, 73, 75, 91
 Disestablishment, Gladstone and Chamberlain's attitude, 292
 in Wales, 366, 435-438, 484, 485 (*see also* Suspensory Bill *under* Parliamentary work)
 Missions
 Foreign: Assyrian, 324-332, 459, 484; Church Missionary Society, 323, 432, 452; Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 431, 451; views on 450-464
 Home: Lenten Mission, address to, 308; Mission Sermon comment on, 524; Wesleyan 460; working-men, method of conducting, 303
 Party spirit, fear of, 348, 349
 Politics and, 290; progress and legislation, views on, 295
 Ritualism (*see also* Church Services Lincoln Case)
 High Church party, attitude towards, 321, 349; question of Bishopric of Jerusalem, 320-32
 Views on, 347, 348, 351, 365, 366, 373, 374, 417
 Rome, question of *rapprochement* with, 480-523
 Work of, high ideal, 563, 564, 567, 568-573; elements of disruption, 98

- Animals, feeling for, 553
 Apocalypse, the, Book on, 539
 Apostolical Succession, 295; question of, 490-523
 Arabs, comments on, 441
 Arch, Joseph, 479
 "Archbishop Benson in Ireland," by Dr J. H. Bernard, 547
 Argyll, Duke of, speech in favour of Church Defence, 472
 Armagh, Archbishop of (*see* Alexander, Dr)
 Armenian massacres, 525, 533, 535, 538
 Arnold, Dr, admiration for, 42, 48
 Arolla pine-tree, 474
 Art and Architecture, views on, and love of, 16, 41, 71, 101, 276, 543, 551
 Ashcombe, Lord (George Cubitt), 30, 118, 144, 470, 546
 Assessors, question of, in Lincoln Case, 396-399, 401
 Assyrian Mission, 324-332, 459, 484
 Atkins, Mr, Treasurer of Armenian Committee, 536
 Atlay, James, Bishop of Hereford, 30, 400

 Badger, Dr, sent on Assyrian Mission in 1837, 326
 Baker, Miss Harriet (*see* Benson, Mrs E. W., Sen.)
 Baker, Sir Thomas, 34
 Balfour, A. J., interest in Church matters, 443, 527
 Balmoral, visit to, 340
 Bamborough Castle, residence for two months, 304
 Barclay, Bishop, of Jerusalem, 320
 Battenberg, Prince Henry, death of, 541
 "Bawen Rock, The," lyric written by Archbishop Benson, 199
 Baynes, Rev. A. H., offer of Domestic Chaplaincy, 334; appointed Bishop of Natal, 464; reminiscences of the Archbishop, 555-560
 Beaconsfield, Lord, speech at Meeting of Oxford Diocesan Society, 97; offer of Truro Bishopric, 157; reminiscences of, by the Archbishop and Gladstone, 531
 Bec, Anthony de, 138
 Becket, Thomas à, curious incident concerning chasuble of, 307
 Beckett, Sir Edmund (Lord Grimthorpe), 288
 Bedford, Adeline, Duchess of, account of Society Women's Movement in London, 281; memorial to M. E. Benson, 430; visit to, in 1896, 543; reminiscences of the Archbishop, 554
 Bedford, Duke of, visit to, 449
 Belfast, visit to, 578
 Belgium and Holland, tour in, 306
 Belief, incident of uncertainty of, amongst educated people, 372
 Benefices Bill, 299
 Bennett, George L., reminiscences of the Archbishop, 244
 Benney, Mrs (of Truro), 198
 Benson
 Ada (Mrs McDowall) (sister), 34, 48, 168, 206
 Ancestry, 1, 447
 Arthur Christopher (son) (*see under* Letters)
 Charles (brother), 34, 473
 Christopher (Sen. and Jun.), ancestors, 1
 Christopher (brother), 381
 Edward, ancestor, 1
 Edward Frederic (son), 266, 438
 Edward White, Sen. (father), 2-5, 7, 9, 10, 16
 Mrs E. W. (Sen.) (mother), marriage of, 3; earliest recollections of, 8; affection and deep sympathy, 61; death of, 33; letters to, 26, 32
 Mrs E. W. (Mary Sidgwick), early devotion to, 47, 48; engagement and marriage, 56, 60; letters to (*see under* Letters)
 Eleanor (Mrs Hare) (sister), 34, 371; letter to, 32
 Harriet (sister), 32
 Martin White (son), death of, and grief of the Archbishop, 173-177, 359
 Mary Eleanor (Nellie) (daughter), letters to, 202, 203; illness and death of, 379-381, 474; memorial to, 430

- Benson (*continued*)
 Robert Hugh (son), 197, 272, 318,
 357; Ordination of, 487
 Thomas, ancestor, 1
 Capt. White (grandfather), 2
 Bernard, Dr J. H., author of "Arch-
 bishop Benson in Ireland," 547
 "Beth," old Nurse in the family, 232,
 558
 Bethany, Sisterhood of, 329
 Bible, the, Revised Version of, 145,
 289
 Bickersteth, Bishop of Japan, letter
 to, 460
 Bingley, carvings by, in Wellington
 School Chapel, 72
 Birmingham, Bishopric of, suggested,
 371; Church Congress at, 475
 Bishops, in closer touch with the
 people than formerly, 278; the
 Archbishop's views of duties of,
 350; Colonial Bishops, 147
 Biskra (Algeria), visit to, 441
 Blake, T. W. Jex, Dean of Wells,
 50
 Blyth, G. F. Popham, appointed
 Bishop of Jerusalem, 321-323
 Bolton, visit to, 44, 447
 Books, arrangement of, at Addington,
 229
 Boulay, Rev. H. H. Du, 164
 Bourret, Cardinal, views on validity
 of English Orders, 493
 Bowman, Rev. J., reminiscence of
 the Archbishop, 44
 Boyd, Rev. H., visit to, at Oxford,
 478
 Bradley, G. G., Dean of Westminster,
 50, 369
 Bradshaw, Henry, 30, 302
 Braemar, house taken at, 340
 Braemore, visit to Sir John Fowler,
 339, 448
 Brassey, Albert, 448
 Bright, John, Mr Gladstone's remi-
 niscence of, 532
 Bristol, visits to, 44, 526
 British Museum, Sunday opening
 question, 284
 British White Lead Co., 9
 Browne, Edward Harold, Bishop of
 Winchester, 161, 400; letter to,
 218
 Browne, Rev. W. H., Assyrian Mis-
 sioner, 326-332
 Browning, Robert, opinion on work
 of, 369, 370
 Bubb, Mr, 198
 Buckingham Palace garden-party,
 545
 Bunsen, Baron, 57, 320
 Bush, Rev. Paul, 164
 Butler, George and Montagu, 116
 Calcutta, Bishopric of, declined, 151
 Calvinism in Cornwall, 171
 Cambridge, life at (*see under Career*)
 Cambridge revisited, 335, 541
 Campbell, Rev. Colin, reminiscences
 of the Archbishop, 252, 263
 Campbell's "Atonement," reference
 to, 201
 Cann, Rev. J. P., 204
 Canterbury, Archbishops of, authority
 of, 461; arms of sixty-one, put up
 in Guard Room, Lambeth, 528
 (*see also Tait, Archbishop, and*
Primacy under Career)
 Canterbury, visit to, in 1896, 541
 "Canvas bag" incident, 255
 Cardiff, Church Congress at, 366
 Career
 Tutorship to Wicksted family, 26
 Cambridge life, Subsizarship, 28;
 pecuniary position, 29; studies
 and friendships, 29, 30; loca-
 tion of rooms, 31, 47; prize
 for English declamation, 38;
 honours won, 40; Chancellor's
 Medal, 45-47; elected Fellow of
 Trinity and ordained, 50
 Rugby, Master at, 50-65
 Wellington College Headmaster-
 ship, appointment, 56; descrip-
 tion of College, 66; visits of the
 Queen, 68, 69; Chapel and Ser-
 vices, 71-74; Confirmation by
 Bishop Wilberforce, 79; building
 of Master's Lodge, 99; work and
 life, 70, 83-102; D.D. Degree
 taken, 128 (note)
 Prebendary of Lincoln, 103; fare-
 well sermon, 130
 Lincoln Chancellorship, appoint-
 ment, 126; Chancery described,
 138-140; Chapel restored, 141;

Career (*continued*)

- Theological College founded, 141, 144; Night-schools started, 142-144; regrets at leaving, 159
- Truro Bishopric, appointment and consecration, 157, 162; Diocesan tours, 166; building Cathedral, 178-184; consecration of Cathedral, 316; opening of Chapel, 203; work and influence, 163-172, 188-199, 205, 569; farewell addresses, 224-227
- Primacy, offer and acceptance of, 216-220; enthronement at Canterbury, 271; presentation of Primatial Cross, 289; selection of Chaplains, 223, 246; D.C.L. Degree taken, 275; pressure of business, 246, 290, 312, 317, 479, 486; question of *rapprochement* with Rome, 480-523; Diocesan tour, 529; work and influence, 235-268, 555, 566, 569-573 (*see also* Lincoln Case, Parliamentary work and Missions)
- Caricature of the Archbishop in "Vanity Fair," 313
- Carlisle, Bishop of, Dr Harvey Goodwin, 315
- Carlyon, Edmund, 156, 164
- Carnarvon, Lord, 246
- Carter, Canon F. E., opinion on Fasting Communion, 469; reminiscences of the Archbishop, 209-211; letter to, 434
- Carthage, visit to, 440
- Caste among the Hindus, 458
- Cat, incident concerning a, 140
- "Cathedral, The, its necessary place in the life and work of the Church," 105
- Cathedral at Truro, building of, 178-184
- Cavendish, Lord F., death of, 211
- Cecil, Lord Sackville, incident at Wellington College, 68
- Central Church Committee for Church Defence and Church Instruction, 477 (*see* Church Defence)
- Certosa, Florence, impressions of, 467
- Chacewater, 206
- Chamberlain, Rt Hon. Joseph, 292
- Chancellor's Medal, Sen., won by the Archbishop, 45-47
- Chapel, Private (*see under* Anglican Church)
- Character and characteristics (*see also* Reminiscences of the Archbishop)
- Ability, general, 565
- Animals, feeling for, 553
- Art and Architecture etc., love of, 16, 41, 71, 101, 276, 543, 551
- Autobiographical note, 358-361
- Consideration for others, 265, 559
- Conversational powers, 237; table-talk, 243-248
- Depression, days of, 86, 240, 559
- Detail, attention to, 92, 110, 257, 261, 331, 553
- Development of, 573-575
- Dignity, 91, 236
- Domestic life, love of, 61, 265-268, 558
- Ecclesiastical tastes, early, 10, 16, 262
- Feudal instinct, 265
- General information, scope of, 260
- Humour, keen sense of, 558
- Ideals, 93, 563
- Influences on, in early life, 16
- Liberality and economy, 256
- Memory, occasional inaccuracy of, 259
- Moral courage, 469
- Non-political, 216
- Observation, habits of, 248
- Recreation, incapacity for, 253
- Responsibility concerning his children, 146
- Riding, love of, 50, 253
- Shooting, dislike of, 6
- Sympathy, dependence on, 159
- Work, 61-64, 83-97, 383, 407, 422
- Working-men, sympathy with, 7, 262-264, 287
- Various, 16, 41, 44, 96, 101, 210, 260; general review by the author, 585
- Charteris, Hon. A. W., incident at Wellington College, 68
- Chasuble of Thomas à Becket, incident, 307
- Chavasse, Mrs, 7
- Chenies (*see* Duchess of Bedford)

- Chichester, Bishop of, Richard Durnford, 534
 Choughs, Cornish, 271
 "Christ and his Times," Charge by the Archbishop, 366
 Church, the (*see* Anglican Church)
 Church, Dean, sounded as to accepting Primacy, 216; visit to Addington, 279; opinion on Lincoln Case, 386, 390, 415; death of, 426
 Church Army, visit to headquarters, 362
 Church Association, complaint about Ritual and the Archbishop's reply, 366 (*see also* Lincoln Case)
 Church Communities, suppression of, in Italy, 481
 Church Congress, Birmingham, 475; Cardiff, 366; Folkestone, 448; Wolverhampton, 315
 Church Defence, formation of League, 468; Meeting in Albert Hall, 471-473; organisation for diffusion of Church Knowledge, 476
 Church House Council, 377
 Church Missionary Society, 323, 432, 452
 Church of England Working Men's Society, 287
 Church Services (*see under* Anglican Church)
 Churchmanship, 564, 566
 Churchyard, comment on a, 120
 Clarence, Duke of, as a boy, 182; death of, 441-443
 Claughton, Bishop, appointed to St Albans, 157
 Clementine Homilies, 97
 Clergy and Laity, possible alienation of, 185
 Clergy Discipline Bill, 443, 444
 Clogher, Bishop of (Dr C. M. Stack), 547
 Coenobium, Canon Westcott's scheme of a, 105
 Colenso, Bishop of Natal, 463
 Coleridge, Arthur Duke, 30
 Coleridge, Dr, 161
 Coleridge, Lord Chief-Justice, 445
 Collie in Scotland, incident, 339
 Communion, Fasting, 469 (*see also* Church Services)
 Confession, views on, 125, 490
 Connaught, Duke of, 540
 Cooper, Mrs Margaret, 6
 Cope, E. M., 30
 Cornish, Archdeacon G. J., 161
 Cornish, Rev. J. R., 164
 Cornwall, work in (*see* Truro life *under* Career); influence in, 163-165; love of Cornishmen, 224-227
 Corrie, D1, 54
 "Corrody," the, 264
 Courcel, M. de, French Ambassador, 540
 Cowley, Lord, 77
 Cranbrook, Lord, 273, 279
 Cranmer's arrangement of Liturgy, 346
 Crawford, Lady, visits to, 465-467, 481-483, 525, 539
 Creighton, Bishop of London, 496
 Crew, Lord, 304 (note)
 Crofts, Miss Henrietta, 46, 49
 Crowds, orderliness of, 311, 316
 Crowfoot, Canon, at Lincoln, 141, 142, 144; death of his little daughter, 153; opinion on Lincoln Case, 416; reminiscences of the Archbishop, 144; letters to (*see under* Letters)
 Crummell, West African undergraduate, 44
 Cubitt, George (*see* Ashcombe, Lord)
 Cullen, Cardinal, 547
 Cutts, Rev. E. L., 326
 Cyprian, St (*see under* Literary work)
 Daily routine, 246, 250, 290, 479, 486
 Dale on the Atonement, comment on, 536
 "Dalesmen," 1, 447
 Danckwerts, Mr, Q.C., 400
 Davey, Sir Horace, 400
 Davidson, Bishop of Winchester, 340, 425, 583; letters to (*see under* Letters)
 Davidstowe, 204
 Deal, visit to, 470
 Deane, Sir James, 391, 407
 Death, reflections concerning, 356, 449; death of the Archbishop at Hawarden, 580
 Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, 543, 545
 Degrees taken, 129, 275

- Denmark, Prince Charles of, marriage of, 546
- Derby, Lord, 57, 92
- Devon, Earl of, 156
- Devonshire, Duke of, 336
- Devotional Conference of Clergy, 165
- Devotional life, views on, 562
- Diary kept by the Archbishop, nature of, 269
- Dibdin, Chancellor, concerning the Archbishop's Parliamentary work, 296, 298, 299, 300
- Disestablishment (*see under* Anglican Church)
- Disraeli (*see* Beaconsfield, Lord)
- Dissent, views on, 167, 185
- "Dodo," 266
- Domestic life, 61, 265-268, 558
- Dorking, living of, offered to the Archbishop, 118
- Dovedale, tour in, 274
- Drayton, visit to, with Gladstone, 531
- Dreams, 38, 186, 249
- Drew, Mrs, 579
- Drudgery, comments on, 334
- Dublin, Archbishop of, Lord Plunket, 577
- Duchesne, Abbé, on validity of English Orders, 493, 506, 514
- Dulverton, visit to, 496
- Durham, Bishops of (*see* Lightfoot, Westcott)
- Durnford, Richard, Bishop of Chester, death of, 534
- Early life and ambition, 3-11, 16
- Easedale House, summer residence in 1887, 314
- Eastern Churches, work and interest in, 319; Bishopric of Jerusalem, 320-324; Assyrian Mission, 324-332
- Ebury, Lady, 543
- Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, 285, 294
- Ecclesiastical life in France, comments on, 339
- Ecclesiasticism, intense feeling for, 344
- Eden, G. R., Bishop of Wakefield, letter to, 380
- Eden, Margaret, 534; letter to, 535
- Edgcumbe, Lord Mount, 164, 190
- Edinburgh, Duke of, 27, 271
- Education Bill, views on, 540, 543
- Education, religious, comment on, 153
- Edwards, Dr A. G., Bishop of St Asaph, on the Archbishop's attitude to Welsh Church, 435
- Ellis, Rev. A., 30
- Embsay Crag, 447
- Employers' Liability Bill, 479
- English Church Union, 349
- "Essays and Reviews," opinion of, 112
- Eton, visit to, 544
- Evangelical party, feeling for, 345
- Evans, Rev. Charles, 12, 50
- Exeter, Bishops of (*see* Phillpotts, Temple)
- Exeter Cathedral, 42; Bishop's Chapel at, 244
- Fabre, Ferdinand, author of "L'Abbé Tigrane," 339 (note)
- Farewell, meaning of word, 227
- Farne Islands, visit to, 305
- Farquharson, Miss, 27; Farquharson family, 341
- Farrar, Dean, 541
- "Fishers of Men," Charge by the Archbishop, 476
- Fishmongers' Co., dinner with, 484
- Fitzwalter, Archbishop, grave of, opened at Canterbury, 545
- Florence, visits to, 348, 465-467, 481-483, 525, 539
- Folkestone, Church Congress at, 448
- Foreign Missions (*see* Missions, Foreign)
- Fowler, Sir John, 279, 339, 448
- Fowler, Rev. Montague, 448
- "Fragments and Specimens of Early Latin," by Bishop Wordsworth, 118
- Franchise Bill, support of, 264, 277
- Franciscan Monks, 466, 482, 525
- Frederick, Emperor, dinner with, 58; sympathy with, 334; death of, 336
- Freeman, Professor, 288
- Gambling, Prince of Wales' views on, 432
- Gardam, Rev. W., Dean of Minnesota, reminiscences of the Archbishop, 145

- Gardiner, Rev. Thory G., 448
 Gedge, Rev. S., 11
 Germany, visit to, 57; connection with
 Bishopric of Jerusalem, 320-324
 Ghent, visit to, 306
 Ghica, Prince Demetrius, Wellington
 pupil, 87, 205
 "Ghost Society," founded at Cam-
 bridge, 37
 Girls' High School, Truro, 168
 Gladstone, Rt Hon. W. E., offer
 of Primacy, 217, 220; views on
 Church Disestablishment, 292;
 Clergy Discipline Bill, 298; Papal
 Bull, 579; estimate of Cardinal
 Manning, 538; opinion in Lincoln
 Case, 386; meeting at Windsor,
 123; interviews with, 285, 468;
 visits to, 312, 579; visit together
 to Lord Norton's, 531-533
 Gladstone, Mrs, 378, 583
 Gladstone, Rev. Stephen, 581
 Goodwin, Dr Harvey, Bishop of
 Carlisle, visit to, 315
 Gordon, Sir Arthur (Lord Stanmore),
 30, 295; letter to, 561
 Gordon, Gen., death of, 286
 Gore, Canon, "Lux Mundi," 372
 Goschen, Rt Hon. G., interest in
 Church matters, 527
 Gosse, Edmund, reminiscence of the
 Archbishop, 537
 Gott, Dr, enthronement as Bishop of
 Truro, 434
 Goulburn, Dr, Dean of Norwich, 47,
 55; letter to, 176
 Granville, Lord, memorial of, at
 Deal, 470
 Greek civilisation, comments on, 243
 Green, Rev. S. F., imprisonment of,
 286
 Grimthorpe, Lord (Sir Edmund
 Beckett), 288
 Guisachan, visit to Lord Tweed-
 mouth at, 448
 Gunwalloe, Cornwall, description of,
 169
 Gurney, Miss Goldsworthy, 182
 Haddo, visit to Lord Aberdeen, 447
 Halifax, Lord, attitude in attempted
 rapprochement with Roman Catholic
 Church, 492-523; action taken at
 Annual Meeting of National
 Society, 542; letters to (*see under*
 Letters) *
 Hall, Miss Brodie, 378
 Hams, visit to Lord Norton, 531
 Harcourt, Vernon, Archbishop of
 York, 2
 Harcourt, Sir William, 479
 Hardy, Hon. Evelyn, visit to Ad-
 dington, 279
 Hare, Mrs (Eleanor Benson), 34, 371
 Harewood, Earl of, visit to, 315
 Harris, Sheriff Augustus, 431
 Harvey, Rev. A. F., Rector of Truro,
 163
 Hawarden, visit to Mr Gladstone
 and death, 579-581
 Haydon, Mr, Artist, 532 (note)
 Hayhurst, Rev. H. France, 470
 Health and physique (*see under*
 Personal appearance)
 Heine, dislike of writings of, 47
 Herbert, George, speech concerning,
 38
 Herbert, Sidney, 58
 Hereford, Bishop of, James Atlay,
 30, 400
 Herons, description of, in the Lakes,
 43
 Herschell, Lord, 378, 470
 High Church party (*see under*
 Anglican Church)
 High School Movement, 168
 Hindus, caste among the, 458
 Hobhouse, Archdeacon, 156, 164
 Hodgson, Mr, 447
 Holland and Belgium, tour in, 306
 Holy Trinity, statement to Unitarian,
 34
 Hort, Dr, 37, 449
 House of Laymen (*see Laymen*,
 House of)
 Hulsean Professorship offered, 148
 Humility Sermon, preached in Ox-
 ford, 479
 Hutchinson, Rev. C. B., Canon of
 Canterbury, school companion, 12;
 reminiscences of the Archbishop
 as a boy, 16; at Cambridge, 30;
 colleague at Rugby, 50; visit to
 Algeria, 438; letters to, 127, 380
 Hymnology, and composition of
 hymns, 74, 100, 242

- "In Memoriam," reflections on, 439
 Inspiration and myths, 372
 Intercession (*see* Prayer)
 Inverlochy, visit to, 338
 Ireland, visit to, 547, 577
- Jackson, Bishop of London, 117
 Jackson, Rev. Stephen, 3
 Jackson, Rev. William, 15, 42
 Janischeff, Father, 486
 Japan, Church in, 460
 Jebb, Prof. R. C., 470
 Jerusalem, Bishopric of, 320-324
 Jeune, Sir Francis, 400
 Jews, remarks on, 243
 Jowett, Professor, 98
 Jubilee Service, impressions of, 311
 Judas, reflections on, 430
 Judgment in Lincoln Case, 405-424
- Kempe, A. B., 400
 Kenwyn, Cornwall, 161
 King, Bishop of Lincoln, friendship with, 407; acceptance of Judgment, 416; opinion on Fasting Communion, 469; on Sisterhoods' rule of obedience, 528 (*see also* Lincoln Case)
 King Edward's School, Birmingham, pupil at, 11-22
 Kingsley, Rev. Charles, friendship with, 69, 76, 81
- "L'Abbé Tigiane," by Ferdinand Fabre, 339
 Lacey, Rev. T. A., visit to Rome, 520
 Ladies, Lambeth Addresses to, 280-284, 538
 Lady Margaret Hall, 107
 Lake, W. C., Dean of Durham, 117
 Lakes, the, visit to, 42, 314
 Laity (*see* Laymen)
 "Lambeth Dole," 264
 Lambeth Fields, 265
 Lambeth Palace, description of, 232-234
 Land's End, visit to, 205
 Lansdowne, Lord, Governor of India, 484
 Lansdowne, Marquis of, 57 (and note)
 Law, "Serious Call" by, 335
- Lawn-tennis, enjoyed by the Archbishop, 140
 Lay Helpers' Association, 165
 Laymen, views on their power and help to the Church, 302, 469
 Laymen, House of, founded by the Archbishop, 297, 302, 304
 Lee, Prince, Bishop of Manchester, opinion on the Archbishop's ability at school, 15; influence and ability of, 17; appointment to Manchester, 21; death of, 121; memorial sermon, 19
 Lee, W. H., 391
 Leeke, Mrs (Dora Wordsworth), 107
 Leighton, Sir Frederick, at Browning's funeral, 369, 370
 Lent, observation of, 234
 Letters to:
 Baker, Thomas, concerning future of Chas. Benson, 34
 Baynes, Rev. A. H., on offer of Domestic Chaplaincy, 334
 Benson, Mrs, description of the Pope, 52; Wellington College appointment, 57; dinner with Emperor Frederick, 58; work, &c., 82; Wellington College difficulties, 88; on St Hugh, 108; Rugby Headmastership question, 114; visit to Dorking, 119; Lincoln installation ceremony, 127; inner religion, &c., 149-151; Canon Liddon's preaching, 152; reception by workingmen, 154; dependence on sympathy and prayers, 159; work in Cornwall, 169, 170, 171, 172; death of Martin, 177; consecration of Lightfoot, 190; London and Cornish life compared, 200; death of Dean Stanley, 201
 Benson, Mrs E. W. (Sen.), description of Royal Family in 1848, 26; on the death of Harriet Benson, 32
 Benson, Arthur C., on death of Lord F. Cavendish, 211; on Public Worship, 352-354
 Benson, Eleanor (Mrs Hare), on Harriet's illness, 32
 Benson, Mary Eleanor (Nellie), on going to Lady Margaret Hall,

Letters (*continued*)

- 202; opening of Chapel at Truro, 203
- Bickersteth, Bishop, Church in Japan, 460
- Browne, Bishop Harold, on offer of Primacy, 218
- Carter, Canon F. E., on loan of pastoral staff, 434
- Church in Cornwall, on leaving Truro, 221
- Crowfoot, Canon, on death of his little girl, 153, 154; work in Cornwall, 169, 171; "Society of Holy Living," 186
- Davidson, Rev. R. T., Archbishop Tait's last illness and death, 213-215; on duties of Primacy, 308; extracts from, 333; on Lincoln Case, 399, 425; religion, &c. in Algeria, 441; death of the Duke of Clarence, 442; result of Privy Council Judgment, 446; illness of, 481; Disestablishment Bill, &c., 484
- Eden, Bishop of Dover, M. E. Benson's death, 380
- Eden, Margaret, on "Miss Ad-dington," 535
- Halifax, Lord, on *rapprochement* question, 504, 507, 511, 512, 513, 516
- Hutchinson, Canon C. B., Lincoln Chancellorship, 127; funeral of Mary Eleanor Benson, 380
- Gladstone, on offer of Primacy, 217, 220
- Gordon, Sir Arthur, on Prayer, 561
- Goulburn, Dean, on Martin Benson's death, 176
- Governor of Wellington College, on Church Services, 75
- Lightfoot, Bishop, concerning Bishop Lee, 21, 121; on the Church, 22; "Society for Holy Living," 23; Cardinal Newman, 24; on his prospects, 31; elements of disruption in the Church, 97; duties of Prebendaries, 106; Confession, 125; Colonial Bishops, 147; Lincoln work, 146; leaving Lincoln, 159; religious education, 153; friendship with, 155
- McInnes, Duncan, on meeting Bishop King, 402
- Macleod, Canon, Assyrian Mission work, 330
- Mason, Canon, work in Cornwall, 170; funeral of Archbishop Tait, 215; on ode sent by, 223; death of M. E. Benson, 381; Florence, 481; present to the Pope question, 491; reminiscences, 535
- Palmer, H., Matthew questions and reply, 13, 14
- Pearse, Rev. J. T., on Dr Temple, &c., 56
- Purbrick, Father, appointment to Truro, 158
- Queen, the, accepting Primacy, 219
- Reeve, Rev. J. A., on going to India, 184; Confirmation at Truro, 212
- Sidgwick, Mrs, visit to Bolton, &c., 44; Church views, 54
- Skerritt, signalman on L.C.D.R., 429
- "Times, The," Temple controversy, 111
- Westcott, Canon, scheme for a Coenobium, 105; Prebendaries' duties, 106; Martin Benson's death, 175; a dream, 186; appointment as Fellow of King's, 211; offer of Primacy, 218; selection of Chaplains, 223; speaking in House of Lords, 294; end of year, 319; Gore Essay, 372; appointment to Durham, 374; death of Dean Church, 426; death of Dr Hort, 449; "Gospel of Life," 466
- Wickenden, Canon, death of Bishop of Manchester, 121; death of Martin Benson, 175, 176
- Wilkinson, Canon, appointment to Truro and resignation of, 222, 428
- Wordsworth, Bishop, Temple controversy, 113; Bishopric of Calcutta, 152
- Wordsworth, Miss E., Temple controversy, 112; Rugby Head-mastership question, 115; Dr

Letters (*continued*)

- Temple's consecration, 116;
 - Paradise, 120; Advent Sunday, 121; death of Dr Meyer, 122; meeting with Gladstone, 123
- Liddon, Canon, views on Bishopric of Jerusalem, 321; on Fasting Communion, 469; on Lincoln Case, 387, 390; the Archbishop's opinion of his preaching, 152
- Lightfoot, Joseph Barber, Bishop of Durham, school and college companion, 12, 29; consecration as Bishop, 190; discussion with Gladstone concerning, 285; various times together, 274, 309, 340; sermons preached by, 162, 316; book by, dedicated to the Archbishop, 155; illness and death of, 342, 356, 367-369; letter from the Queen concerning, 370; letters to (*see under* Letters)
- Lincoln, Bishops of (*see* King, Wordsworth)
- Lincoln, Prebendary of, 103; Chancellorship of (*see under* Career)
- Lincoln, visits to, after Primacy, 272, 402
- Lincoln Case, Church Association prosecution, cause of, 383; authority of Court, 385-394; constitution of Court, 396-399, 401; preliminary points, 400-402; Charges, 403; Judgment and criticisms, 405-416, 421-424; Pastoral Letter, 416-419; appeal to Privy Council, 419, 424; decision on appeal, 445; sermon on, by non-ritualist, 356; remarks on, 355, 400, 401, 405; Westcott's opinion of the Archbishop's work on, 569-571
- Lindsay, Lady Mabel and Lady Jane, 465, 483
- Lis Escop, name of the Archbishop's house at Truro, 161
- Literary work
 - Apocalypse, the, Book on, 539
 - "Bawen Rock, The," lyric, 199
 - "Cathedral, The, its necessary place in the life and work of the Church," 105
 - "Cyprian," Notes and Appendices to, 261; material found in Africa, 439; extract from, 523; work on, 537, 539; completion of, 548
 - Lincoln work, 145, 148
 - "Martin, The," verses, 268
 - Revelation, the, Book on, 548
 - Sonnet to St Paul, 314
 - Specimens of, 132-137
 - Verses, pleasure in writing, 242
- London, Bishops of (*see* Creighton, Jackson, Temple)
- Lucy v. Bishop Watson, 385, 389
- Luxury, definition of, 338
- McDowall, Mrs (Ada Benson), 34, 48, 168, 206
- McInnes, Duncan, the Archbishop's work at Lincoln, 143; letter to, 402
- MacLagan, Archbishop of York, 496
- Macleay, Rev. A. J., Assyrian Missioner, 326-332
- Macnaghten, Lord, visit to, 547
- Macrorie, Bishop of Maritzburg, 463
- Magee, Archbishop of York, 279, 298, 432
- Mahomedanism, views of, 439, 441, 454, 456
- Malvern, visit to, 530
- Manchester, Bishop of (*see* Lee, Prince)
- Manning, Cardinal, 365, 377, 538
- Marriage with Mary Sidgwick, 60
- Mar Shimun, Patriarch of Assyrian Church, 325, 328
- Martin, Francis, friendship of, 30, 36, 45
- Martin, Dr, 164
- "Martin, The," verses by the Archbishop, 268
- Mason, Canon, Diocesan Missioner at Truro, 163; notes of the Archbishop's interview with Abbé Portal, 497; reminiscences of the Archbishop and his work, 142, 171, 198, 260, 345-347; letters to (*see under* Letters)
- Massingberd, Chancellor, 139
- Mathison, Rev. W. C., 31, 42
- Matthew questions, 12-14
- Merriott, Rev. J. H., 77
- Methodism, influence of, in Cornwall, 167
- Meyer, Dr, death of, 122
- Meyrick, Rev. Frederick, 106

- "Miss Addington," Doll given to Margaret Eden, 534
 Mission Priests, Society for (Novate Novale), 146
 Missions (*see under* Anglican Church)
 Monks, Franciscan, 466, 482, 525
 Moyle, Rev. George, 11
 Moyle, Rev. Walter, reminiscences of the Archbishop, 89
 Munro, H. A. J., 31
 Myths and inspiration, 372

 Natal Controversy, 463
 National Society, Annual Meeting, attitude of Lord Halifax, 542
 Nestorian Church (*see* Assyrian Mission)
 Newman, Cardinal, 24-26
 Nidderdale Forest, 1, 447
 Night-schools founded in Lincoln, 142
 Noë, Prince Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein, 30
 Nonconformists, attitude towards, in Cornwall, 167
 Northbourne, Lord, visit to, 546
 Norton, Lord, visit to, 531
 "Novate Novale," Society for Mission Priests, 146
 Novels, rarely read by the Archbishop, 241

 Oecumenical Council at Rome, 118
 "Old Father," name given to the Archbishop in Cornwall, 196
 Omens, &c., 114, 118
 Ordination, Examinations, 52, 54; addresses to Candidates, 557
 "Ordinations Anglicanes, Les," by Fernand Dalbus (Abbé Portal), 493
 Oxford, Bishop of, Stubbs, 400, 421
 Oxford, visit to, 478

 Palmer, Henry, 12-14
 Palmes, Rev. Arthur, 197
 Papal infallibility, 118; Papal Bull of 1896, 579
 Parliamentary work
 Benefices Bill, 299
 Clergy Discipline Bill, 298, 443, 444
 Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, 543, 545
 Education Bill, 540, 543
 Patronage Bill, 293, 297, 471
 Summary of, 291-300
 Suspensory Bill, 468, 469, 471, 473, 486
 Sweating Commission, 335
 Patronage Bill, 293, 297, 471
 Pearse, Rev. J. T., letter to, 56
 Pearson, J. L., R.A., architect of Truro Cathedral, 181
 Peel, Sir Robert, correspondence preserved by, 532
 Peel, Sir Robert (Jun.), 531
 Peel, Viscount, 527
 Pender, Sir J., 376
 Penny, Rev. C. W., reminiscences, 80, 86, 129
 Penzance, visit to, 205
 People's Palace, opened by the Queen, 309
 Pericles, reference to, 180
 Personal appearance, health and physique, 109, 172, 235, 240, 273, 301, 358, 537, 539
 Perugia, visit to, 482
 Peterborough Cathedral, restoration of, 288, 444
 Petit, John Louis, 101
 Phillimore, Sir Walter, 400, 404
 Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, 164
 Picton, Mr, 304
 Plunket, Lord, Archbishop of Dublin, visit to, 577
 Pointing of Psalms, comment on, 354
 Politics and the Church, views on, 290
 Pontresina, visit to, 433
 Pope, the, presentation to, and description of, 51, 52; Papal infallibility, 118; attitude taken in *rapprochement* question, 496-523, 579
 Portal, Abbé Fernand (Dalbus), connection with *rapprochement* question, 492-520; "Les Ordinations Anglicanes" by, 493
 Prayer and intercession, intense belief in, 124, 127, 560; Prayer-Book, value of, 302; prayer, written by the Archbishop, 103
 Prebendaries, duties of, 106
 Pretymann, Chancellor, 139
 Primacy (*see under* Career)
 Public Worship (*see* Church Services)
 Puller, Rev. F. W., visit to Rome, 520
 Purbrick, Rev. Father, friendship with, 12, 489; visit to, 123-125; letter to, 158

- Queen, the (*see* Victoria)
- Raikes, Mr, 216 (note)
- Rampolla, Cardinal, *rapprochement* with Rome question, 496-515
- Recreation, incapacity for, 253
- Redruth, 206
- Reeve, Rev. J. A., work in Cornwall, 162, 171; letters to, 184, 212; reminiscences of the Archbishop, 207-209
- Reigate, visit to, 425
- Religions, study of, necessary to Foreign Mission work, 454, 456
- Reminiscences of the Archbishop
- Baynes, Rev. A. H., 555-560
- Bedford, Adeline, Duchess of, 554
- Bennett, George L., 244
- Bowman, Rev. J., 44
- Campbell, Rev. Colin, 252, 263
- Crowfoot, Canon, 144
- Gosse, Edmund, 537
- Hutchinson, Canon, 16
- Mason, Canon, 142, 171, 198, 260, 345-347
- Moyle, Rev. Walter, 89
- Penny, Rev. C. W., 80, 86, 129
- Reeve, Rev. J. A., 207-209
- Sidgwick, Henry, 61-64
- Verrall, Dr A. W., 90-96
- Warner, H. Lee, 64
- Westcott, Bishop, 568-573
- Wordsworth, Miss, 109
- Revelation, the, Book on, 548
- Revised Version of the Bible, 145, 289
- Rheims statues, catalogue made of, 51
- Richborough Castle, 470
- Ridge, Rev. E. L., 583
- Riding, love of, 50, 253
- Riley, Athelstan, work in connection with Eastern Churches, 319-323, 326
- Ritualism (*see under* Anglican Church)
- Rogers, Rev. Saltren, 164
- Rolle, Lady, 156
- Roman Catholic Church, Papal infallibility, 118; Papal Bull, 579; question of *rapprochement* with English Church, 480-523; Service at Stonyhurst, 124; in Algeria, 441
- Roman people, comments on, 243
- Rome, visit to, 50; by Revs. T. A. Lacey and F. W. Puller, 520; Oecumenical Council at, 118 (*see* Pope)
- Roscoe, Mr, 404
- Rosebery, Lord, 336
- Royal Academy Dinner, 376
- Rugby, town described, 49
- Rugby School, Mastership at, 50-65; question of Headmastership, 114-116
- Rustem Pasha, 525, 536
- Sackville, Cecil, Lord, 68
- St Aidan, reference to, 316
- St Albans, foundation of new Diocese, 157
- St Andrews, Bishop of (*see* Wilkinson)
- St Asaph, Bishop of, Dr Edwards, 435
- St Aubyn, Rev. H. M., 205
- St Augustine, proposed celebration of 1300th anniversary of landing, 470
- St Augustine's Sisterhood, Kilburn, visit to, 362
- St David's, Bishop of, Watson, 385, 389
- St Hugh, stories of, 108
- St Martin, reference to, 342
- St Paul, Sonnet to, 314
- St Pinnock, 172
- St Piran, 172
- Salisbury, Bishop of (*see* Wordsworth, John)
- Salisbury, Lord, 335, 376
- San Marco, Florence, 466, 525
- Scholars' table at Trinity, 542
- School-life, King Edward's School, Birmingham, 11-22
- Scotland, visit to, 338-342
- Scott, Gilbert, architect, 71
- Sedgwick, Professor, lectures on Geology, 30
- Seeley, Prof. Sir J. R., 378
- Selborne, Lord, Chairman of House of Laymen, 302; opinion in Lincoln Case, 386, 387; speech in favour of Church Defence, 472; funeral of, 526
- Sermons, method of preparing and writing, 74, 172
- Servants, consideration for, 265
- Sétif, Africa, visit to, 440
- Sewell, Dr James E., 478
- Shah, the, 357
- Shairp, J. C., Principal of St Andrews, 50

- Sidgwick
 Arthur, 49
 Edward, 49
 Henry, Professor, at Rugby, 49;
 impressions of the Archbishop as
 a young man, 61-64; letter con-
 cerning Lincoln Judgment, 421-
 424
 Isabel, visit to Addington, 279
 John Benson, 15
 Mary (Minnie) (*see* Benson, Mrs
 E. W.)
 William, of Skipton Castle, 2, 5
 Mrs William (*vide* Mary Crofts),
 34, 48, 116; letters to, 44, 54
 William Carr, visit to Addington,
 49, 279
 Sisterhoods, Anglican, canonical
 obedience, 376; vows of, 430;
 of Bethany, 329; of Kilburn, visit
 to, 362; opinion of, 527, 528
 Skerritt, Mr, letter to, 429
 Skinners' Company, 527
 Skipton, reminiscences of, 315
 "Slatin Pacha," the Queen's interest
 in, 541
 Smith, Rev. Isaac Gregory, 530
 Smith, Philip Vernon, 542
 Socialism, horror of, 264
 Society, immorality of, difficulty of
 dealing with, 341
 Society for Propagation of the Gospel,
 431, 451
 Somerset, Lady Henry, 425
 Sons of Clergy, Festival of, 431
 Spargo, Mr, 193
 Sport, comment on English love of,
 339
 Spurgeon, Rev. C. H., character and
 ability, 363
 Stack, Dr C. M., Bishop of Clogher,
 547
 Stanley, Dean, death of, 98, 201
 Stanley, Sir H. M., meeting with,
 376
 Stanmore, Lord (Arthur Gordon), 30,
 295
 Steedman, Mrs, 109
 Stockmar, Baron, 58
 Stoneleigh, visit to, 533
 Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, 400, 421
 Sunday, at Addington, 254-256,
 278; at Lambeth, 313
 Sunday opening question at British
 Museum, 284
 Suspensory Bill (*see under* Parlia-
 mentary work)
 Swans, at Addington, 255
 Sweating Commission, 335
 Switzerland, visits to, 291, 364, 378,
 474
 Symbolism, 343-345
 Tait, Archbishop, friendship with,
 187; interest in State and Politics,
 188; appeal to, by Assyrian Church,
 326; opinion concerning his suc-
 cessor, 228; illness and death, 206,
 213-215
 Tait, Craufurd, death of, 206
 Tait, Lucy, 267, 438
 Talbot, Mrs, 211
 Tatham, Prebendary, 156
 Tea, fondness for, 252
 Tebessa, Africa, visit to, 440
 Teck, Princess May of, wedding of,
 473
 Temple, Dr, Headmaster at Rugby,
 50, 55; admiration of, 56; letter
 to the Archbishop on his marriage,
 60; at opening of Wellington Col-
 lege, 68; incident concerning, 80;
 appointed Bishop of Exeter, 110-
 116; Bishop of London, 285;
 attitude to Assyrian Mission, 332;
 Service conducted by, at St Paul's,
 374; part taken in Lincoln Trial,
 400; opinion on growth of the
 Archbishop's character, 573
 Tennyson, Lord, 369, 448
 Theological College, Lincoln, 141,
 144
 Thirlwall, Connop, Bishop of St
 David's, 117
 Thompson, Dr W. H., 305
 Thomson, Archbishop of York,
 427
 Thomson, old Scotch keeper, 341
 Thorold, Bishop of Winchester, 157,
 400, 530
 Thring, Lord, 285
 Thynne, Canon, 164
 "Times, The," letter to, on Temple
 controversy, 111
 Tournai, visit to, 307
 "Tracts for the Times," 14

- Trebeck, Mrs (Mary Wordsworth), 109
- Tristram, Dr., Q.C., 400
- Truro, Bishops of (*see* Gott, Wilkin-son) (*see also under* Career)
- Truro Diocesan Conference, 167
- Truscott, Sir F. W., 180
- Tunis, visit to, 441
- Tutorship before Cambridge, 26
- Tweedmouth, Lord, visit to, 448
- Tyacke, Rev. Sidney, 164
- Tylden, Richard J., 529
- Tyndall, Prof., 378, 379
- Ullapool Industrial Exhibition, visit to, 448
- Urmi, schools established at, 329
- "Vanity Fair," comments on caricature, 313
- Vaughan, Cardinal, attitude to English Church, 502, 505, 508, 510, 520
- Vaughan, C. J., Dean of Llandaff, 480
- Vautier, Rev. Richard, 161
- Vernal, Dr A. W., 70, 87; impressions of the Archbishop at Wellington College, 90-96
- Victoria, Queen, visits to Wellington College, 68, 69; opening of People's Palace, 309; Jubilee Service, 311; personal appearance of, 26, 311, 474, 527, 541, 546; received by, 270, 277, 311, 340, 483, 527, 541; letters from, 219, 220, 289, 336, 370, 483; letter to, accepting Primacy, 219; message of sympathy after the Archbishop's death, 582
- Victoria, Princess Royal, description of, in 1848, 27
- Vocation, sense of, comment on, 290
- Voluntary Schools, 540, 544 (note)
- Wahl, Rev. R., 326
- Wakefield, Bishop of, Eden, 380
- Wales, Church Congress at Cardiff, 366 (*see also* Disestablishment)
- Wales, Prince of, description of, in 1848, 27; letters from, 432, 442; received by, 540, 545; message of sympathy on the Archbishop's death, 582
- Wales, Princess of, 182; Princess Maud of, 546
- Walker, Dr, 156
- Warner, H. Lee, impressions of the Archbishop's character, 64
- Warre, Dr, Headmaster of Eton, 497; visit to, 545
- "Watch," the Archbishop's collie, 191
- Waterloo, visit to scene of battle, 308
- Watson, Bishop of St David's, case against, 385, 389
- Webb, Bishop, opinion on Fasting Communion, 470
- Webster, Sir R., part taken in Lincoln Case, 390, 396, 416
- Wellington College Headmastership (*see under* Career); revisited, 445
- Wellington, Duke of (Second), 76, 129
- Westcott, Brooke Foss, Bishop of Durham, school and college companion, 12, 30; scheme for a Coenobium, 105; appointed Canon of Peterborough, 105; sermon at Bishop Lightfoot's consecration, 190; elected Fellow of King's, 211; remark on worship, 352; opinion in Lincoln Case, 390; consecrated Bishop of Durham, 375; work and influence of, 444; "Gospel of Life" by, 466; speech on Church Defence, 472; various times together, 274, 309, 340; review of the Archbishop's life and character, 568-573; letters to (*see under* Letters)
- Westminster, G. G. Bradley, Dean of, 50, 369
- Whitaker, Rev. G. H., appointed Chancellor of Truro, 163
- White, Francis, 2
- Whitgift's College at Croydon, 264
- Wickenden, Canon, school and college companion, 12, 30; present of stained glass windows to the Archbishop, 139; letters to, 121, 175, 176
- Wicksted, tutorship to family of, 26

- Wilberforce, Samuel, Bishop of Winchester, 77-80, 333
- Wilkinson, G. H., Bishop of St Andrews, friendship with, 172, 190; appointment as Bishop of Truro, 217, 222; at consecration of Cathedral, 317; resignation of See, 428; letters to, 222, 428
- William, Emperor of Germany, message of sympathy on death of the Archbishop, 582
- Wilson, Andrew, gardener at Abergeldie, 341
- Winchester, Bishops of (*see* Browne, Davidson, Thorold, Wilberforce)
- Wiseman, Cardinal, 37
- Woburn, visit to Duke of Bedford at, 449
- Wolseley, Lord, 540
- Wolverhampton, Church Congress at, 315
- Women, comprehension of character, and views on education of, 168, 283; Addresses to Ladies, 280-284, 538; Mussulman women, condition and treatment of, 455
- Wordsworth
 Christopher, Bishop of Lincoln, Chaplain to, 103; Temple controversy, 111; at Truro consecration, 162; Diary extract concerning, 272; letters to, 113, 152; death of, 287
- Mrs Wordsworth, 107, 288
- Christopher (Jun.), 109, 405 (note)
- Dora (Mrs Leake), 107
- Elizabeth, Head of Lady Margaret Hall, 107; reminiscences of the Archbishop, 109; letters to (*see under* Letters)
- John, Bishop of Salisbury, at Wellington College, 103, 109; "Fragments and Specimens of Early Latin," 118; appointed Bishop of Salisbury, 151; connection with Lincoln Case, 400, 401; pamphlet by, on validity of English Orders, 494
- Mary (Mrs Trebeck), 107
- Priscilla (Mrs Steedman), 107
- Susan, 107
- Working-men, sympathy with, 7, 262-264, 287; attitude to the Church, 444
- Writings (*see under* Literary work)
- York, Archbishops of (*see* Harcourt, Maclagan, Magee, Thomson)
- York, Duke and Duchess of, wedding of, 473; christening of infant son, 487; dinner at Lambeth, 528
- Yorkshire, visits to, 315, 446

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